PHOTOPLAY

MAY 3 1935

JUNE
25 CENTS

NRA CODE

IRENE DUNNE

TRAGEDY OF BEING A HOLLYWOOD MOTHER

WOMEN *Men Despise*

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. You see them lurking in the corner at parties, trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves. They're everywhere—these women men despise.

What does it matter that they are attractive and engaging if they commit the offense unpardonable? Who cares about their beauty and charm if between stands that insurmountable hurdle, halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You Never Know

You yourself never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

Why Offend Others?

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly combats fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

Is It Worth The Gamble?

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine, which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. It is well to remember that excessively strong mouth washes are not necessarily better deodorants. Much of Listerine's deodorant effect is due to other properties than its antiseptic action.

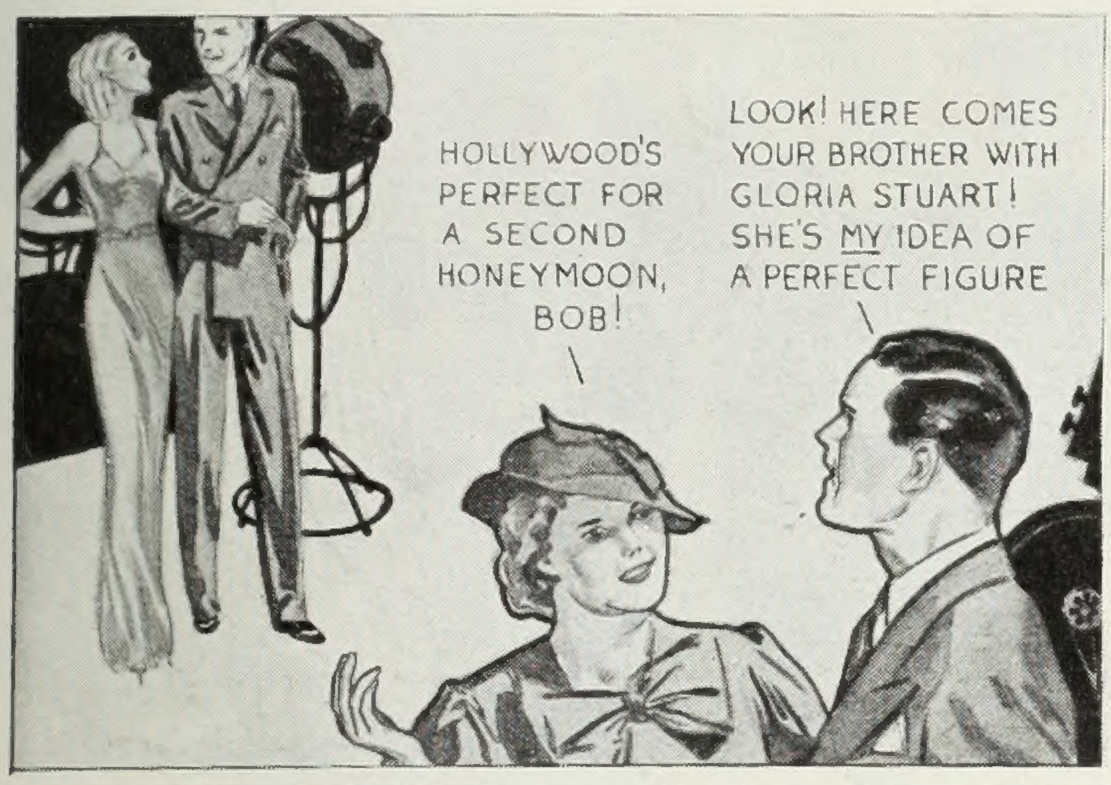
Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

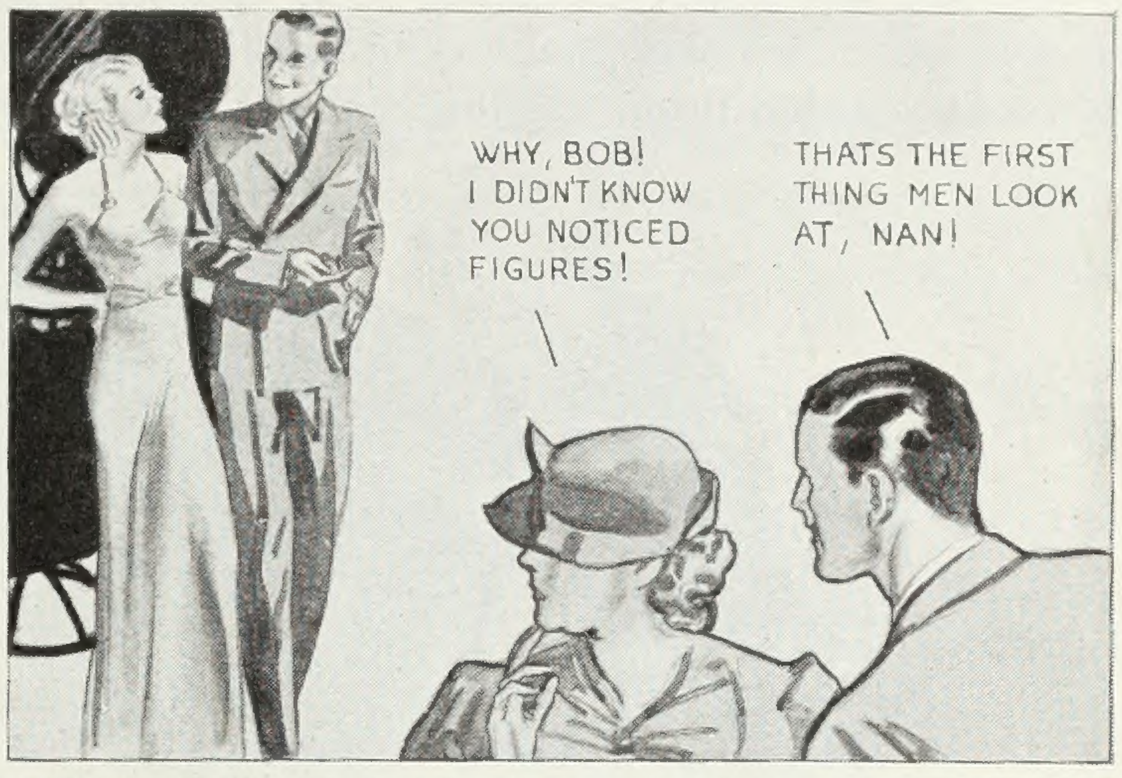
LISTERINE *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

Ap53-56, NBC

GLORIA, YOU ANGEL! SINCE I GOT THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT MY HUSBAND'S ACTING LIKE A SCHOOLBOY IN LOVE!

YOU SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE A SLIM FIGURE MAKES, NAN— THAT'S WHY I TOLD YOU TO EAT RY-KRISP

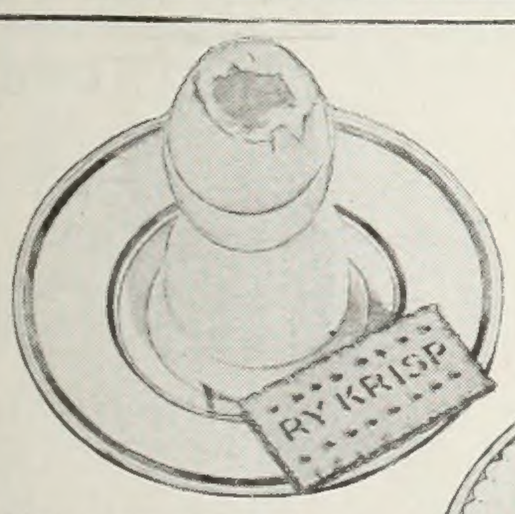




"GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT AND KEEP ROMANCE ALIVE"

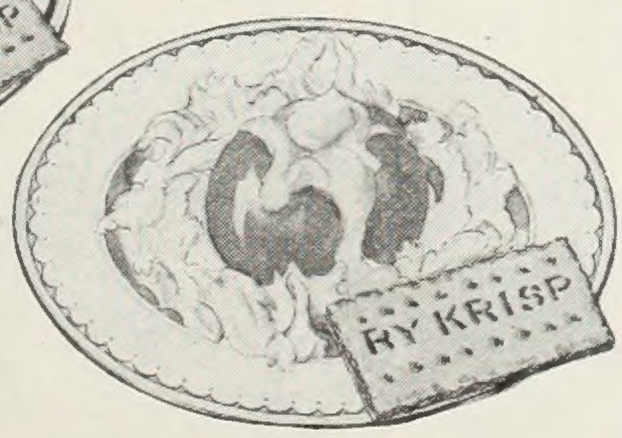
says **GLORIA STUART**

DON'T put up with a poor figure! Don't take chances with a good one. Get the Hollywood Habit and stay lovely the way the movie stars do! Eat Ry-Krisp! Ry-Krisp actually helps you to reduce because it's filling but not fattening. Just whole rye, salt and water—double baked to bring out that temptingly unusual flavor which adds so much to the appetite appeal of any meal. A perfect, and popular food for all the family. Ralston Purina Company, Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.



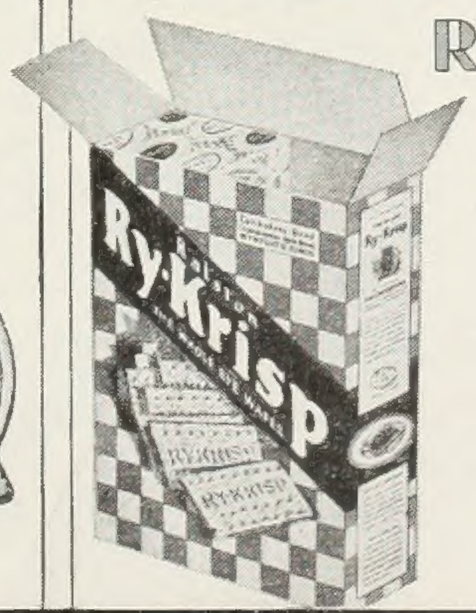
SERVE RY-KRISP TO MAKE BREAKFAST INTERESTING

Its crispness and different whole rye flavor go perfectly with your breakfast egg, coffee, milk or tea. Try Ry-Krisp spread thinly with honey for a doubly delicious breakfast treat.



SERVE RY-KRISP WITH A CHILLED TOMATO SALAD —IT'S GRAND!

In fact, you'll find that *any* salad, served at lunch or dinner, tastes just twice as good when you eat it with these crunchy, golden-brown wafers.



RY-KRISP TASTES SO GOOD

GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT—EXERCISE REGULARLY, EAT RY-KRISP INSTEAD OF HEAVY, STARCHY FOODS—WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WASTE AWAY

LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero" See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.

Jean HARLOW
WILLIAM POWELL
in
RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including

FRANCHOT TONE
MAY ROBSON
TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
'SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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W. T. WALSH, MANAGING EDITOR
IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVIII NO. 1 JUNE, 1935

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Clarence Sinclair Bull

LONG famous in operatic and concert stage circles, Nelson Eddy just recently soared to movie fame in "Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette MacDonald. As a token of friendship after they finished the film, Jeanette gave Nelson an English sheep dog, named Sheba. Jeanette, you know, has a dog of the same breed, Captain, of whom she is very proud. Captain's always high-hatted Hollywood canines, but he has a pal now

THE LAW OF THE PACK . . . WAS HIS CODE OF LOVE!

Like his snarling husky, he heard only the call of his mate! For this was the grim, ruthless land of the Yukon . . . where men were primitive beasts . . . and a woman was a man's to hold as long as he *could* . . . his to keep as long as he desired!

CLARK GABLE

portrays his most virile role in

DARRYL ZANUCK'S
production of JACK LONDON'S
red-blooded story . . .

CALL OF THE WILD

with

LORETTA YOUNG
JACK OAKIE

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

Letters

From all over the world, readers of PHOTOPLAY express themselves and their opinions, pro and con, on motion pictures and on the players

Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre, the two British actors who are doing very well, thank you, in the GB picture, "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Lorre is seen here in films frequently

Olivia de Haviland is a difficult opponent to best in a love set. She's now on the screen in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and she's working with Joe E. Brown in Warners "Alibi Ike"

TO IRENE DUNNE

I WISH to say a few words about a great American actress—and I know that I am expressing the opinion of many people who really understand what personality, acting and singing mean.

I have admired Irene Dunne's acting for several years, and I find now that the singer is as exquisite as the actress.

F. B., Los Angeles, California

A VOTE FOR COLUMBIA

WHEN the judges consider the most entertaining performance for 1935, I think they should long consider "The Whole Town's Talking." Columbia again has come through with a yarn that not only provides all the suspense and thrills of "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill," but it has combined them with as splendid a piece of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde acting by Edward G. Robinson as one would care to see.

STANLEY H. BAKER, Brookline, Mass.

TO GRACE MOORE

I CAN no longer restrain my praise of Grace Moore in "One Night of Love." Her voice is a volume of rich melodious sounds pouring out of her throat, giving the audience a feeling of tranquillity and peacefulness.

CLAIRE NEVILLE, Shanghai, China

TO "FOLIES BERGERE"

I HAVE just seen "Folies Bergere." It's Maurice Chevalier's best picture, so far. It's highly entertaining because the star is given an opportunity to show his splendid acting ability. I liked Merle Oberon, too, very much. I hope to see her in many more pictures.

T. MATHEWS, Houston, Texas

BY REQUEST—

FAVORITE productions—M-G-M; favorite actress—Garbo; favorite novelist—Joseph Conrad. Now if the talents of all three could be combined in the production of "The Arrow of Gold," that grand story of youth, romance, sinister mystery and astounding characters, I think I could predict the destination of at least one Academy Award.

DOROTHY L. HEALY, Long Beach Calif.

TO OLD FAVORITES

I WANT to thank "C. N. E." for expressing what a great many of us have been thinking for a long time, We, too, have lamented the loss of our favorites on the screen.

For instance, Dorothy Mackaill and Evelyn Brent are real troupers; what's more, they have loads of personality, so why can't we see them on the screen once more?

BEATRICE E. HIGGINS, Peabody, Mass.

OH, MISS HEPBURN!

ONE afternoon when passing our local theater I saw a group of three small boys about six or seven years old standing in front of one of the outside display stands showing scenes from the movie then showing. They were evidently on their way home from school and feeling in fine spirits. They had their heads together and were stooping a little to see the bottom picture. One little boy pointed to the picture and turned to his companions with this surprising remark: "Hey, why don't you kiss that girl?" To my great amazement, each boy in turn stooped and enthusiastically kissed the girl in the picture.

It was Katharine Hepburn.

The scene was from "The Little Minister," where Miss Hepburn and the little minister are talking in *Nannie's* kitchen.

I doubt if any other actress has ever had such a unique and touching tribute.

RACHEL BROCKSMITH, Vero Beach, Fla.

WANTED—ROMANCE

WHY should we not have sex pictures? We like pictures, but give us sex and love. Romance is never old and no matter how old we get we like a good love story. I do not say that we should have a lot of mushy lines and so on. So, give us Mae West as she is. We like her pictures of the 90's, a romantic era.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man Joins the "G-MEN" and Halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

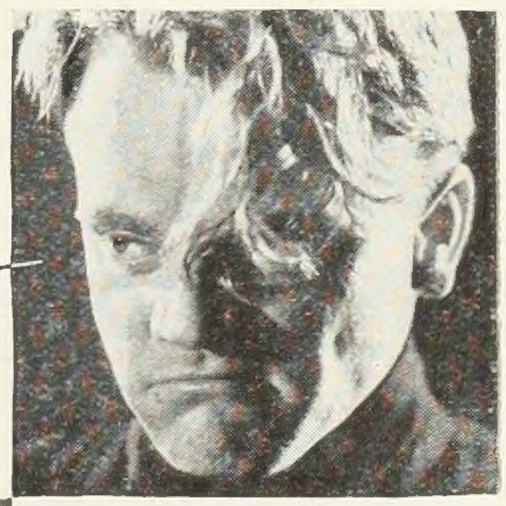
They've brought the G-MEN, mighty manhunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set — and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

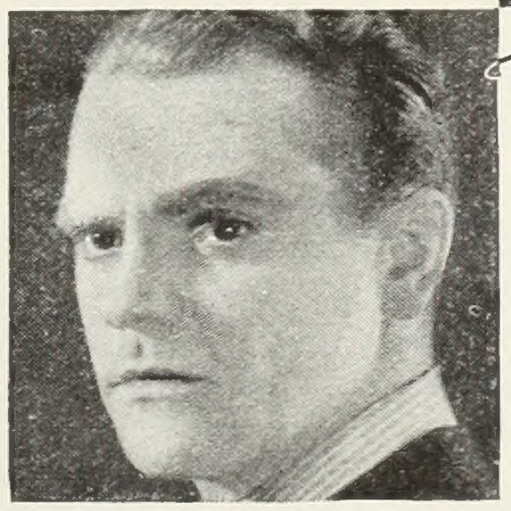
"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Yesterday

Public Enemy No. 1 in the never - to - be - forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."



Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

Letters

In their frank exchange of opinions, movie-goers have a far-reaching effect upon picture policies, also trends

Jean Arthur, during the shooting of "Party Wire," takes advantage of the lunch hour and studies botany at first hand

That's no way to look at the sun, Mary Carlisle. Put those glasses right back on! Oh, we get it, just cleaning 'em, eh?

Ralph Bellamy, like a lot of us, can't stay out of a contest. He even works at it between scenes of "Air Hawks" with Tala Birell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

And give our Marlene Dietrich a chance, too. She is the most beautiful and shapely actress. Hollywood has not done her justice. The only good story she ever had was "Song of Songs."

MRS. ROBERT HILLS, Bridgeport, Conn.

SHOCKED BY ARTICLE

I AM a very regular reader of PHOTOPLAY and if I make a remark here it is not that I mean to be rude for I have always preferred PHOTOPLAY to any other American movie magazine. Yesterday I read the article, "A Look into the Future," as told to Joanna Rogers. I am shocked and sorry for the stars who give us so earnestly all that is best in their art. Why, I am grateful for hours and hours of pleasure given me by motion pictures, especially Miss Garbo's films. She is the greatest actress of them all. I sincerely wish Miss Garbo and the other stars all the great good luck of 1935, and that they be spared from the trouble Gene Dennis thinks is in store for them.

P. DE BRUYN, Nymegen, Holland

THE YOUNG FOLK

WE have a gang and we are all good kids. We go to the movies once a week, picking out a show from PHOTOPLAY. Of course, there are some movies not very good for young folks to see, but we think they're is some good in everybody, and we try to find it. When we see movies like "Sweet Adeline" and "David Copperfield" we feel much better than when we see a gangster picture.

DIANA DARROW, Peetz, Colorado

MITZI GREEN DOING WELL

RECENTLY, I sat in the loge of an Eastern Pennsylvania theater and watched with much interest the work of Miss Mitzi Green in impersonations. She also has an ability to make friends quickly with her audience.

To see a young woman in evening gown, standing well down-stage, with only a conventional back-drop, slowly lose her personality before your eyes, while in her form slowly appear the likeness and mannerisms of such fine artists as George Arliss, George M. Cohan, or any one of several great theatrical lights, is quite eerie, ghostly you might say, and Miss Green does just that.

REV. DAVIS JOHNSON, Towanda, Pennsylvania

MOVIES EDUCATIONAL

PERHAPS this may sound fatuous, yet I confirm that the cinema contributed at least forty per cent of my present practical knowledge. From it I have obtained a better understanding concerning phases of life.

EDWARD WELICKO, Detroit, Michigan

SHIRLEY, TAKE A BOW

RECENTLY, I read one critic's idea of Shirley Temple. He stated that a child her age and type should "get off the screen and stay off."

Never! No, never!!

A child of her ability and sweet ways—who can make the world laugh and cry—should be at the top of the list of great stars.

When Shirley plays with James Dunn, they bring to life the greatest love that exists—the love that only a child can give, a sincere love which James Dunn returns in the proper manner.

The friendship between these two in "Bright Eyes" was beautiful, unforgetable.

It takes Shirley and James Dunn to give the world the "love scenes" that they desire.

J. E. RENKENBERGER, Zelienople, Pa.

PRAISE FROM ENGLAND

OF late, it must be admitted that our British productions have improved tremendously. I think the more tolerant American reviews of our films are ample proof of this statement.

But occasionally you send a film over here that makes our efforts appear feeble, even puerile. I have in mind particularly "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Here is a play essentially British in every respect, but our producers failed utterly to realize what a fine film it would make. And so they have to be content to sit back and applaud.

I may be British, but I can see no sense in letting my patriotic loyalty dull my sense of values.

A. F. MOUSBY, Birmingham, England

TO JOAN CRAWFORD

NOW that another year has rolled around without Joan Crawford being considered for the Academy Award, maybe we can get her to change her style and quit hiding her light under a "bushel basket," said bushel in

etters

PHOTOPLAY readers express their ideas freely about current motion pictures and the stars

'ı remember or have heard ıch about his Dad. Here is 'llace Reid, Jr., doing well r "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"

M-G-M has great expectations in the person of Louise Rainer, from Vienna. Elaborate plans are under way for her bow

Helen Morgan says hello from the stairs of her home in North Hollywood, on the shores of Toluca Lake, beautiful resort

ı being those atrocious clothes that, I like her sweet face and frank eyes, ɔ work past, over and around to see y. Her costumer must be her worst because Joan is literally "smoke-" by bizarre wearing apparel and coiffures. And clothes are known a psychological effect, so poor Joan ɛn act naturally and sweetly—every-stilted and studied.

. M. B. ENGLIS, Portland, Oregon

ORE SPRING

ER us from any more such utterly bable plays as "One More Spring," ı Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter leads.

ɔody put a fast one over on producer ctor when they got them mixed up with kindergarten drivel that gave a polite ectant audience the ga-gas.

ARTHUR LENOX, Washington, D.C.

MUCH?

t asking too much of the public to time to see a picture like "Living on ? We felt sorry for Warren William. cing Dickens' stories in pictures has out fine. Re-issues of such as "Out-ɔund," "Stella Maris," "Earthbound," e welcome.

. GERARD SMITH, Omaha, Nebraska

E'S "MOTHER"?

RE has "Mother" disappeared to? Or n't mothers important in movie fami- more?

most every picture I have seen there n one parent with a girl or two, or a t seldom do we see both parents. To ı a few, there are "Broadway Bill," a "It Happened One Night," a father; "Little Miss Marker," a father; and even in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," just a father. Not that fathers aren't important, but I like to see a complete family. I'd like to be enlightened as to the reason, if any.

ELSIE K. RAUTIO, Eveleth, Minnesota

STAR SYSTEM PUZZLES

THIS star system puzzles me. Seems to me the harder a film actress works, and the better she plays her rôles, the less is the praise and recognition she gets. We hear of actors and actresses becoming stars overnight. But what do they do to earn it?

Take the case of Madge Evans. Here is a girl with beauty, wit, charm, lots of acting ability and years of film experience. Yet she is still a featured player, playing rôles that anyone with even a quarter of her ability could play.

We want stardom for Madge Evans, and bigger and better parts—parts in which she can prove she has all I say she has. How about it, M-G-M?

VERONICA PARKER, York, England

MOVIES AID EYES

SCORE another hit for the movies. Doctor Smith fitting glasses on little Billie discovered the vision in his left eye poorer than the right. Using the left eye as little as possible made it worse. So, movies twice a week. There Billie had to cover his right eye and use only the bad left. Within a month the left was as good as the right. So the good old movies aren't so bad at that: May the benefits continue to increase.

ASAYO KURAYA, Hilo, Hawaii

CHOOSES GRETA GARBO

ALTHOUGH I like Norma Shearer, my choice in this "war" for the leading lady of the screen is Greta Garbo. Miss Shearer has not the acting technique Miss Garbo has, nor the personality. But, I am a Garbo fan. Just to show you how popular Miss Garbo is down here, every one of her pictures packs the theater, people standing up, and sitting on steps. Judge for yourselves.

MARJORIE GARTRELL, Sydney, Australia

BOUQUET FOR MISS DAVIES

AFTER reading Marion Davies' "Secrets of Success" in PHOTOPLAY to say her idea of success is grand would not be saying too much. I may add that I never miss any of her pictures. So, let's have more of that kind of literature and more of Marion's pictures.

HARVEY CLARE, Kingston, Jamaica

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTU E
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SA E
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITI N

★INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REV

AFTER OFFICE HOURS — M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (*Apr.*)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen début, delightful. (*May*)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister. Helen Westley. (*Jan.*)

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking P c-tures.—A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (*Jan.*)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (*Feb.*)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (*Feb.*)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (*March*)

BATTLE, THE—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attache. Superb direction and photography. (*Feb.*)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sidney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (*Feb.*)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, underseas adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (*March*)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (*March*)

BORDERTOWN — Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (*Apr.*)

BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE—Amer-Anglo Prod.—Pleasant romance against a background of Irish country life. Nobleman John Garrick in love with peasant girl Gina Malo. Stanley Holloway sings Irish ballads. (*Dec.*)

★ **BRIGHT EYES** — Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (*Feb.*)

★ **BROADWAY BILL**—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his domineering wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Connolly). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. (*Jan.*)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his forties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how Includes Genevieve Tobin. (*Dec.*)

★ **CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE**—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites It's sprightly and comic. (*Jan.*)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen début. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (*May*)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (*May*)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (*Apr.*)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (*May*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved (*Dec.*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (*March*)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and gags. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snapper twist. (*Jan.*)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. (*Dec.*)

CLIVE OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*, Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (*March*)

★ **COLLEGE RHYTHM**—Paramount.—A bright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (*Jan*).

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat *is Dantes:* Elissa Landi fine, too (*Nov.*)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox.—Will Rogers as a loveable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family (*March*)

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot.—War story, good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Ben Lyon and James Bush, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. (*Dec.*)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield.—Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an o'd vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family, until her final and best performance. (*Feb.*)

★ **DANGEROUS CORNER**—RKO-Radio.—A story with two endings—what happened and the "cover-up." Involves a "suicide"—actually a murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith Erin O'Brien Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas Virginia Bruce, others. Excellent. (*Dec.*)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, *David*, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (*March*)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Fi Whether you are a pacifist or not after seei film you leave the theater horrified at the hig of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, impressive editorial which will make you think.

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramo Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and ex views. The story lacks motivation and Von berg's direction has drained all animation fro cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett H Lionel Atwill. (*May*)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.- performances by young Frankie Thomas and Heggie make this Ouida classic really live o screen. It's a film children will love and paren enjoy. (*May*)

DUDE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like erns, you may like this one. George O'Brien Irene Hervey, Leroy Mason, Henry Hall in it.

ELINOR NORTON—Fox.—A completely attempt to depict the quirks of a diseased Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert R bogged down by it. (*Jan.*)

ENCHANTED APRIL — RKO-Radio. — Harding in a quiet little story of the enchant wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank M Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander, Jane B. (*March*)

ENTER MADAME—Paramount.—Spotty tainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant per ance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Gran bewildered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter (*Jan.*)

★ **EVELYN PRENTICE**—M-G-M.—Myrn thinks she has murdered a man, but I Jewell is accused. Then Myrna's lawyer-husba engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powel (*Jan.*)

EVENSONG—Gaumont British.—The stor the rise and fall of a great prima donna. E Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera ma a feast for music lovers. (*Feb.*)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, she has a chance to do some grand singing and d ing in this merry little story. (*March*)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Param —Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this ra punchless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, of a priest with a flair for detective work. monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (*Feb.*)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and two lady friends. (*March*)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRu "framed" by a gang and his suspension from force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. situations. (*Feb.*)

FIREBIRD, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Co actor, is killed when he tries to ensnare Verree T dale, Lionel Atwill's wife, in a love trap, catc nstead Verree's daughter, Anita Louise. Good a entertainment. (*Jan.*)

★ **FLIRTATION WALK**—First Nationa Colorful West Point is the background of Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler charm. Pat O'Brien ough sergeant. Take the family. (*Jan.*)

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Monogram Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kenn amid such confusion and laughter in a South Am can high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spa charmer that provides chief romantic interest. (F

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century-United tists.—Disregard the story and give yourself u Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing dancing. Ann Sothern and Merle Oberon g (*Apr.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

review flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture..."OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday

"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

ne plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

NGRATULATIONS, FANS, here nes Shirley! How you'll thrill this human story of a child her parents whose happiness uddenly threatened! And how tense, dramatic climax will stir heart of everyone from Grand- to Junior as Shirley's love tri- phs over a family crisis. A *ust-see" picture!*

Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

•

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."

ere can be anything adorable than Shirley , it's Shirley with Sniff, oyal companion.

•

IIRLEY DANCES AND IE SINGS . . . TOO!

Shirley

TEMPLE

in

'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (*March*)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film début as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (*Jan.*)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (*Feb.*)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo pay while Chester Morris wins. (*Jan.*)

★ **GAY DIVORCEE, THE** — RKO-Radio. — Grandly amusing. Fred Astaire's educated dancing feet paired with those of Ginger Rogers. He's mistaken for a professional corespondent by Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton. Alice Brady pointed foils. (*Dec.*)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (*Jan.*)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (*Apr.*)

★ **GIFT OF GAB**—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, fast talking news announcer, flops, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags songs, sketches. Alexander Woollcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (*Dec.*)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (*March*)

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confusion, with Sterling Holloway's comicalities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (*Jan.*)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (*May*)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullavan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (*March*)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouper, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (*March*)

★ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS** — Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Breakston as orphaned *Pip*, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (*Jan.*)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (*May*)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (*May*)

GREEN EYES — Chesterfield. — A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (*Jan.*)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (*March*)

★ **HAPPINESS AHEAD** — First National — Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss and (honest!) a window washer. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like it and hum the tunes. (*Dec.*)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (*Sept.*)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (*March*)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping depiction of a French air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the outfit. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (*Jan.*)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (*March*)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (*Feb.*)

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (*May*)

I AM A THIEF—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (*Feb.*)

★ **IMITATION OF LIFE** — Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (*Feb.*)

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (*Feb.*)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as *Wellington*, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful, thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (*Apr.*)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National. O'Brien talks you to death as a gyp auctioneer taken by a society golddigger (Claire Dodd). S and gabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak. (*Jan.*)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Univer You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Co tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael in limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. L laughs. (*May*)

★ **IT'S A GIFT**—Paramount.—One long with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-p husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Ka Howard. But it's Fields' show. (*Feb.*)

I'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A goo wasted on a trite story and amazingly stagey dia (*March*)

JACK AHOY—Gaumont British.—If you laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, land's comedian, Jack Hulburt, deserves better ment. (*Apr.*)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watch George M if you go to see this picture about a prize fighte is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. N Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (*March*)

★ **JUDGE PRIEST**—Fox.—Will Rogers Irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical acter live so enjoyably, you wish you were a p the drowsy Kentucky setting. The music heigh your desire. Tom Brown, Anita Louise the lov terest. Perfect cast. (*Dec.*)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio.—W and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Sp McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud. shine and roses. It's hilarious. (*Jan.*)

★ **KID MILLIONS**—Samuel Goldwyn-U Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza com with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, ca tunes and a grand cast. (*Jan.*)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, ho but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose roman bitterly opposed by her father (Donald C Excellent direction by George Stevens. (*May*

★ **LADY BY CHOICE**—Columbia.—Fresh original, with a new situation for May Ro Carole Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May irrepressible alcoholic, as her mother for a publ gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairb Prod.—A most effective wild animal life pic Hasn't bothered with the sensational and n dramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and ar (*Dec.*)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount race-track tout goes straight for marriage and a b Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, L LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B Walthall (*

LES MISERABLES—20th Century-United ists.—A close-knit and powerful screen recount the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Ch Laughton give memorable performances. (*Ma*

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wa story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harve opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy ner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, in ing Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birel good. (*May*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list

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EGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic small town editor, Richard Cromwell and ludson for romance; and Slim Summerville ng Holloway to keep you laughing when on the screen. (*May*)

RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a ing his life after death was pronounced, ke a worthwhile short subject. But the luction is boring. (*Apr.*)

NING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio. ry built on a murder that didn't happen. and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert fan dancer. Story at fault. (*Jan.*)

OUSE BLUES—Paramount.—Gruesome s, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, pe, Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean ent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (*Jan.*)

COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temthan ever as the famous story book charnel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather, nable and John Lodge the child's parents. r Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture.

E FRIEND—Gaumont-British.—The y of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding formance of Nova Pilbeam, British child Worthwhile. (*Jan.*)

E MEN—Mascot.—A nice homey little from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin loore as *Aunt Jo*, Ralph Morgan as *Bhaer*, and Frankie Darro the boy *Dan*.

E MINISTER, THE—RKO-Radio. — A screen adaptation of Barrie's famous roth Katharine Hepburn as *Babbie* and John he title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale. de, Donald Crisp, top support. (*March*)

OF A BENGAL LANCER—Paramount. dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, igent production make this picture one you Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent *arch*)

G ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman et her hands on a terribly attractive man n him. And when Kay Francis is the rehat man has a chance? George Brent Varren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. logue, well done picture. (*May*)

IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram. Nugent, William Cagney, differ over June Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen the balloon goes haywire. For the young*an.*)

ERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, tely dull in others, this film story with Lew ick Foran and Peggy Fears. (*March*)

IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby,) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, rtainment. (*May*)

TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Franz (Nils Asther); his love for a princess (Pat ; her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (*Dec.*)

LTIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An overdaptation of John Galsworthy's play based tempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the rious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (*Jan.*)

OF ARAN—Gaumont-British.—A pictorial e lives of the fisher folk on the barren isles of the Irish coast. (*Jan.*)

WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—nd exciting little melodrama that keeps you on your chair every minute of the way. lbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna slie Banks and Peter Lorre. (*May*)

WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—.—As fine and important a picture as has made, with Claude Rains in a superb per- as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unis publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill.

E GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring implausibilthis from being a strong and gripping pict Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; organ sings sobbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin re funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (*Feb.*)

NES ARE COMING, THE—Mascot.—A ixture of comedy and romance with William is a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar . (*March*)

SE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather ure of the hardships of a young couple durrst six months of marriage. Ross Alexander ne young husband interesting. But Philip loria Stuart and the rest of the cast are d by their rôles. (*Feb.*)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a sniffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (*May*)

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A madman threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh, and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (*Dec.*)

★ THE MIGHTY BARNUM—20th Century-United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman *P. T. Barnum*, in one of the best rôles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (*Feb.*)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (*March*)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (*Apr.*)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio. —An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (*Apr.*)

★ MUSIC IN THE AIR—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (*Jan.*)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (*May*)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (*Apr.*)

MYSTIC HOUR, THE—Progressive.—Crookedest crooks, fightingest fights, tag with fast trains, middle-aged hero, dastardly villain, his bee-ootiful ward. But no custard pies. Montagu Love, Charles Hutchison, Lucille Powers. (*Dec.*)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (*May*)

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, both in love with Mona Barrie. (*March*)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovlier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (*Apr.*)

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of a firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (*Feb.*)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (*March*)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (*March*)

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dublin's Abbey Players, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks their spontaneity and charm on the stage. (*Jan.*)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (*Apr.*)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outslick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (*Apr.*)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Striving for suavity robs story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds hither and thither. Has laughs, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell. (*Dec.*)

ONE HOUR LATE—Paramount.—New-comer Joe Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (*Feb.*)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a tool barn in Central Park. (*May*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

I was sallow and sort of logy

• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

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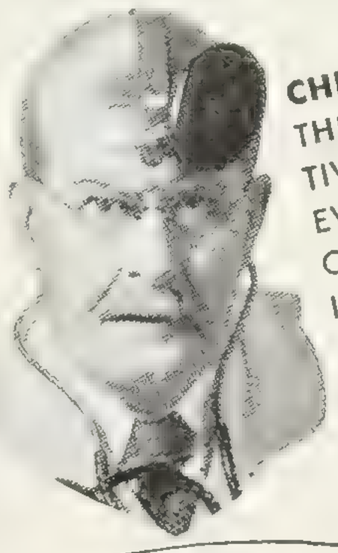

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Letters

What you think is interesting to others, and constructive, whether you liked the picture or not

Alan Crosland, Universal director, puts on the paternal air as he listens with grave patience to the latest joke Verna Hillie has. And it's funny to Verna

Fred MacMurray, under the tutelage of Jack Crosby, assistant to LeRoy Prinz, dance director, pot shots at corks, preparing for big game fish

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

"BARNUM" OFFENDS CITY

WITH mighty fanfare, the world's premiere of "The Mighty Barnum" was brought to Bridgeport, Connecticut, Mr. Phineas T. Barnum's home town. Included in the splendid publicity given the picture was the visit to Bridgeport of Mr. Adolphe Menjou and his beautiful and likewise talented wife, Verree Teasdale, the day before the picture opened.

Bridgeport bubbled and bustled and threw out its chest with pride—pride that turned into anger when indignant citizens, many of whom were relatives of Mr. Barnum's, viewed the picture.

You can readily understand the indignant resentment that mounted as the people of Bridgeport watched Wallace Beery make a fool out of a man who was one of the shrewdest business men in history. Also, rarely has such a grand and glorious generosity been manifested in one man, and the people of Bridgeport always have and always will be very grateful to Mr. Barnum's memory.

Most likely our little General Tom Thumb and his lovely little Lavina who were resting so quietly here in Mt. Grove cemetery turned over in their graves in horror.

H. S., Bridgeport, Connecticut

FOR "BETTER PICTURES"

THANKS be, the really worthwhile pictures, and there are certainly many of this type right now, are talking out loud. The next step is to get the people to stay away from the harmful, including the wasteful, pictures and the campaign for "Better Pictures" is successfully closed. The producer is always agog listening to the choice of the public. Educate the public to know its power and the day of "Better Pictures" arrives.

E. D. Foster, Ridgewood, New Jersey

MORE WESTERNS ASKED

RECENTLY my eleven-year-old nephew was my guest for a week. Naturally, movies were the order of the day, and I am delighted to say the task of choosing suitable p offered a cheering contrast from last y a like occasion. In fact, it wasn't a task

May I ask, however, in what forgotte lies the old action-packed Western so p with youngsters—and oldsters, too? found one, "West of the Pecos."

These eleven-year-old Johnnies car about Shirley Temple. And while all down America they continue to sputter Joe Penner manner, they have small ap tion for his leg-show background.

I do not hold to the theory the prod always wrong, and when he folded u No. 1 and hid it in a corner, it probab because the hoss opera was losing gr and money. Nevertheless, we are another edition-Westerns which do n tend to be art but which *are* traditio the hero very good indeed and the horrible.

A. L. Meyer, Lakewood,

OBJECTS TO CHANGE

WHY do the movie girls change thei so? Joan Crawford seems to cha looks with every picture. But not onl We just get used to Greta Garbo's lips when we become afraid she won't to lift her eyelids with those thousan lashes. Some of those lashes irritate a tract one's interest from a close-up sce

We used to laugh at the old-time with the fake out-doors, scenery, etc. get more of a laugh now.

Do Fredric March, Robert Mont Warner Baxter, Conrad Nagel, Richa and the rest of the males change their No! Do we grow tired of them? No!

Of course, there are still Janet Margaret Sullavan, Ann Harding, Hayes and a few others who don't need to put them over.

Mrs. Martha Holman, St. Louis

THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...carefree charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress . . . who used men as stepping stones . . . and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background . . . as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!...Re-created on the Technicolor screen . . . its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life...and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam HOPKINS

in

BECKY SHARP

with

FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE · ALAN MOWBRAY

The first...full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR! ...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.—Crook melodrama, but no suspense. Story is telegraphed ahead. But, it has engaging Robert Donat and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (*Dec.*)

★ **PAINTED VEIL, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in cholera-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Brent teaches her her real love is her husband. Powerful drama. (*Jan.*)

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (*Feb.*)

★ **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (*Feb.*)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (*March*)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon. (*March*)

★ **PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE**—Paramount.—Hinges on the long-gone custom used to eke out the firewood, "bundling"; a Hessian soldier and a Colonial lass in Revolutionary War days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing (*Dec.*)

READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing should please entire family. Richard Arlen, newspaper owner, mistakes Ida Lupino for the inamorata of the town's leading citizen. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi. (*Dec.*)

REDHEAD—Monogram.—Grace Bradley doesn't subscribe to the theory you shouldn't marry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot the man. (*Dec.*)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (*Apr.*)

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (*Feb.*)

RETURN OF CHANDU, THE—Principal.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) for a sacrifice. Spookily thrilling. Bela Lugosi is *Chandu*. Good for the kids. (*Jan.*)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (*May*)

ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (*May*)

★ **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (*Feb.*)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (*March*)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (*Apr.*)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney, fast and breezy as the story, is a peppery truck driver in a milk strike. Patricia Ellis is the love motif. (*Jan.*)

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (*Apr.*)

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (*March*)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrich Prod.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Wally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (*Jan.*)

★ **SEQUOIA**—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (*Feb.*)

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (*Apr.*)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (*Feb.*)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (*March*)

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National.—Typical Joe E. Brown, plus thrilling racing and good gags City slicker Gordon Westcott steals Joe E.'s girl, Maxine Doyle. But Joe E. outpedals Gordon and—Frank McHugh good. (*Dec.*)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (*May*)

STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (*Feb.*)

STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A floating college used for a musical background. Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Eddy, Monte Blue, Florine McKinney. (*Dec.*)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A — Monogram. — William Collier becomes a philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason, Russell Hopton, Gloria Shea, William Janney. (*Dec.*)

SWEET ADELINE—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (*March*)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (*May*)

SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (*March*)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (*May*)

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—No justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant bright spots. Grant Mitchell. (*Dec.*)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (*May*)

TOMORROW'S YOUTH — Monogram.—Dull. Philandering husband John Miljan. Wife Martha Sleeper. Other woman Gloria Shea. Near tragedy to son, Dickie Moore. He's touching. (*Dec.*)

TRAIL BEYOND, THE—Monogram.—Supposedly a Western, but— Anyhow, gorgeous scenery, beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Robert Frazer, others. (*Dec.*)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A m and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymo romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for a but this story lacks the necessary direction to it the really powerful stuff it might have been.

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROU United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief dr power. There's a murder on shipboard, not triguing. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond t mantic interest. Radio stars abound. (*Jan.*)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor Mcl and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in th gerous business of cutting a tunnel under the River. Exciting entertaiment. (*Apr.*)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gau British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schu compositions played by the Vienna Philhar Orchestra—puts this on the must list for lovers. The film story of the musician's life is esting too. (*March*)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely he but the film as a whole leaves something to sired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequa *Benjie*. (*May*)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD — RKO-Radio. moving preachment against divorce. Edward and Karen Morley. Frankie Thomas the victim. Should see him; he was in the stage (*Dec.*)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE — Sam Gol United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully tolc a powerful love theme concerning a Polish far and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent su (*Apr.*)

★ **WE LIVE AGAIN**—Samuel Goldwyn-U Artists.—Tolstoi's "Resurrection" again. that simple story is given such a sincere humi it plumbs your heart. Anna Sten, Fredric M and an excellent supporting cast give it to you.

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old sergeant and Robert Young his son who return West Point, his father's superior officer. In ad to an appealing story, there are some of the thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. M O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (*May*)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO-Radio.— Western, with lots of action of some clever c situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, M Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and S Eat are all A-1. (*Feb.*)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.— Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shoot ever, finds himself appointed guardian of Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick ridin rescues. (*Feb.*)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE** lumbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant p Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (*Apr.*)

★ **WHITE PARADE, THE**—Fox.—Nur training, with a Cinderella love story inv Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-stirri ture. (*Jan.*)

WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good by the cast lifts this into interesting entertai Mady Christians excellent as the woman wh her husband to save her family. Charles Bic Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (*Fel*

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—A tion story with a heart. Grand performanc Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Gra blind aviator lover. (*Apr.*)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—C capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning stakes ticket. (*Apr.*)

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruc bot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren bre their home, but the youngsters, when they gr reunite them. The kids steal the show. (*Jan*

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First Natic Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story poor girl married into society. Good perforn by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Gen Tobin. (*May*)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.— little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Gombell's performance is outstanding. (*Apr.*

Keeps them Dancing

The unique ballet scenes you'll see in Garbo's picture, "Anna Karenina," will be created by the Viennese genius of the ballet, Margaret Wallman. The Vienna State Theater loaned the famous choreographist to Hollywood

The Call

In soft chiffon, Mary Ellis is a picture of sprin loveliness. But you might as well prepare yo for an all-year-round favorite. We predict Mary is going to be a screen charmer for seasons to come. She and Tullio Carminati s fair and warmer in Paramount's "Paris in Sp

f Spring

h a sprig of blossoms in her hand and clad in a geous taffeta hostess gown, Katharine Hepburn omes springtime. One glance at Charles er leaves no doubt but that this is the season n a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts ove. They are together in "Break of Hearts"

Versatile Lady

No actress is kept busier in a variety of rôles than Claire Trevor. She's cast in four films now, ranging from the tragic "Dante's Inferno," to "Spring Tonic"

eeny, meeny, miney, mo . . .

. . *do you choose a wave by* CHANCE?

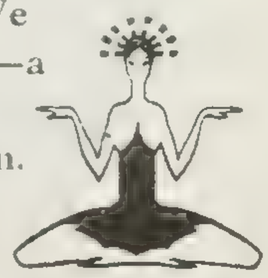
Do you buy a permanent wave blind-fold, with nothing definite to assure you that what goes on your hair is safe and sound? Look at this photograph. Those lustrous, soft waves are not the result of guesswork. They were created with *Eugene Sachets*, the famous little wrappers that have turned out millions of wavy heads with results pleasing to both hairdresser and *hairdressee*.

Eugene Sachets are as accurate as a prescription. Each contains the exact, measured quantity of pure waving lotion needed to make one perfect wave or curl. This wonderful lotion, Eugeneol, was perfected by the international corps of Eugene chemists, and is to be found in none but Eugene Sachets. It safeguards your hair and your peace of mind when you sit for a genuine Eugene Wave.

Be as smart when you go wave-shopping as if you were buying fashions or food. Don't let a bargain price get the best of *your* head! Let others go *eeny, meeny, miney, mo-ing* around for any old wave . . . and let them take the consequences! Eugene Sachets are *your* guide! Just say to your hairdresser, "I want you to use Eugene Sachets" . . . When your friends see *your* wave, they'll tell you how right you were for insisting.

ONE SACHET SENT YOU FREE.

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!"—a booklet of new hair styles, with information about keeping your Eugene Wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Eugène Permanent Waves

Charles E. Bu

MARILYN KNOWLDEN had a bonnet, just like her own, made for her kitten, Patches. He was a quiet on-looker while she played the rôle of *Cosette* in 20th Century's "Les Miserables." Marilyn found Patches on the M-G-M lot during her work in "David Copperfield"

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS AND LONG-SHOTS

Y KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

THERE is "smart money" to bet that, within the next year, all the great studios of Hollywood with their hosts of stars will have packed up, bag and baggage, and moved away—somewhere—to Florida, or New Jersey, North Carolina, Arizona or Nevada.

Nor is the idea as fantastic as it seems on the surface. There has been flame behind the smoke of rumors ever since the state of California began to smear taxes pretty thickly on the motion picture industry.

Too much taxes has been the cause of most revolutions. And the biggest screen producers frankly state, if the worst comes to the worst, they will migrate to one of the states that gladly invite them.

THEY can do it too, for they no longer need California. California—or its climatic and topographical equivalent—was once almost essential to the making of pictures.

Hollywood thrived in its great house of solid sunshine.

Here was the one house in the world where movies could be made efficiently all the year round; where natural scenic backdrops provided a ready-made stage; where snow-clad peaks and palm-shaded tropics could be found less than a hundred miles apart.

But sunshine means little or nothing to the movies today, and outdoor locations not much more.

Artificial lights and props quite readily do the trick.

So Hollywood has steadily grown belligerent.

AT this moment a bill is before the California legislature, proposing an income tax of one-third the amount of the Federal income tax, which already takes up to fifty per cent of the incomes of the studios.

Such a bill, if passed, would dig deep into the pockets of the people who make pictures.

By the skin of the teeth, a devastating tax of one cent on every foot of raw film, coming into the state and another cent going out developed—two cents for every foot used in production—was recently defeated.

But next year—will bills like these be defeated? It's an anxious question for the producers.

THEATER taxes, school taxes, personal property taxes are all on the rise. Hollywood fears it will be called upon to pay so heavily it may have to leave California in self-defense.

And California needs money and still more money for the unemployed. Daily

an estimated 750 to 1,000 are arriving with no visible means of support—and the big end of the bill goes to the movies!

So Hollywood—the picture industry—has thoughts of checking out. Cozy corners in other states beckon. Florida offers fifteen years free from taxation. New Jersey dangles tempting bait. Arizona, Nevada and North Carolina extend hearty invitations.

MEANWHILE California smiles blandly, for "The movies can't leave Hollywood."

Ten years ago that statement would have been true. But today ninety per cent of all scenes are filmed indoors.

Locations can be brought right within the walls of the sound stage.

The airplane has made it possible for a camera crew to bring the necessary backgrounds quickly, cheaply and efficiently—backgrounds which modern technique make an integral part of the action.

Producers know that if they all desert Hollywood and reassemble in one spot all the accessory talent must follow—trained extras and camera-wise talent; extensive costume facilities such as the mammoth Western Costume Company has boasted; skilled set hands, technical workers.

THE money for the enormous pay checks for pictures has always come from New York.

There has always been cries from the big bankrolls to bring the pictures East.

They want the money source and actual production near each other. It would save money—plenty of it.

If the movies should move, the logical stopping point would be somewhere in the East.

Running the studios in Hollywood totals a staggering yearly $170,000,000. Hundreds of thousands of dollars alone goes into coast-to-coast telephone and telegraph messages; in shipping invoices for film; in traveling expenses on trial talent tests.

It seems incredible that the golden goose must even meditate on the possibility of flight—and yet, in the unsettled present, the incredible is constantly popping up in state, national and world affairs.

Only one thing is certain: Studios may cluster and cameras may turn in Jacksonville, Newark, Las Vegas or Tucson, but—there will never be another Hollywood. Such a miracle occurs but once.

THE news that the congregation of a Hopedale, Ohio, church have been praying for the soul of Clark Gable only goes to show that people a long way off often have a poor perspective.

These church people of Hopedale are undoubtedly sincere. They feel that Clark is a good boy gone wrong out there in that wicked present day Sodom and Gomorrah —Hollywood.

They stated that Clark has been "serving a Devil of lust" and they proposed to change the boy's ways by prayer.

NOW, of all the people I know in Hollywood, I would certainly not overlook Clark Gable as a person with a good, healthy, normal makeup, as far removed from the service to any devil as anyone I can think of.

As a matter of fact, I don't know very many people in Hollywood who could show a convincing badge of membership in that particular devil's legion.

But, to pick on Clark Gable! A perfect husband and a perfect father to his stepchildren, whose very latest public act was to give his stepdaughter a happy sendoff in a marriage to a nice young man from Dallas, Texas.

The dear Hopedale congregation had better save their prayers for someone closer to home.

I wouldn't be at all surprised if they would find someone there—if they looked hard.

FOR years one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood, Sally Eilers' film work was temporarily slowed up by the birth of her young son some months ago. But Sally's back again, lovelier than ever, with a new Universal contract. She's making "Alias Mary Dow"

What Defeated JACK GILBERT?

John Gilbert, the artist beaten by the world. Life, now, is tasteless

For awhile, it looked as if his marriage to Virginia Bruce would work—she had charm and understanding, but his nerves—gone

THERE have been many tragedies amid the glitter and glory of Hollywood, stories that have been written, stories that may never be written.

But there has been none more poignant, more heart-breaking, than the flaming career of John Gilbert—his battle for success, his riotous fame, his bitter destruction.

And the tragic muse of Hollywood, which wove the tangled tragedies of Mabel Normand and of Barbara La Marr, of Wallace Reid and Valentino, conceived the new tragedy of Jack Gilbert all in scarlet, so that it seems bitter and savage and wasteful, instead of somber and sad.

Not so very long ago, John Gilbert stood upon the top of the world, applause ringing in his ears, incense in his nostrils, gold and adulation showering at his feet.

Today, Jack seems bent upon finishing his own story in a reckless blaze of "Don't give a damn"—seems determined to write the last chapter of his own defeat as a Russian dramatist might have written it. The smile which millions loved is s upon his face sometimes—but hurts to see it there, for it has come a welcome to death, to a sw and desired end of a life that thinks isn't worth living, rat than a challenge to a life that loved—and no one ever loved more than Jack Gilbert. It was greatest charm — that passion and courageous love of life.

Now he seems to have let go hold upon it, to have tossed it ca lessly aside, hoping for release.

Nobody ever sees Jack no None of his friends can find him. the beautiful house upon the h where once the gayest and witti of Hollywood folk loved to gath where laughter and talk flow constantly, Jack sits alone, and doors are barred, and he is like a hermit who no longer wants world to cross his path. In that house on the hill where he liv Hollywood's greatest romance with Greta Garbo, the house which he brought pretty Virginia Bruce as a bride, Jack Gilb is done with love forever. The man who had more friends th any other man in Hollywood, now seeks only solitude.

It would be easier to bear if it had been Jack's fault.

But it wasn't. Never. The breaks that left him beaten w so useless, and so unkind, and so unnecessary.

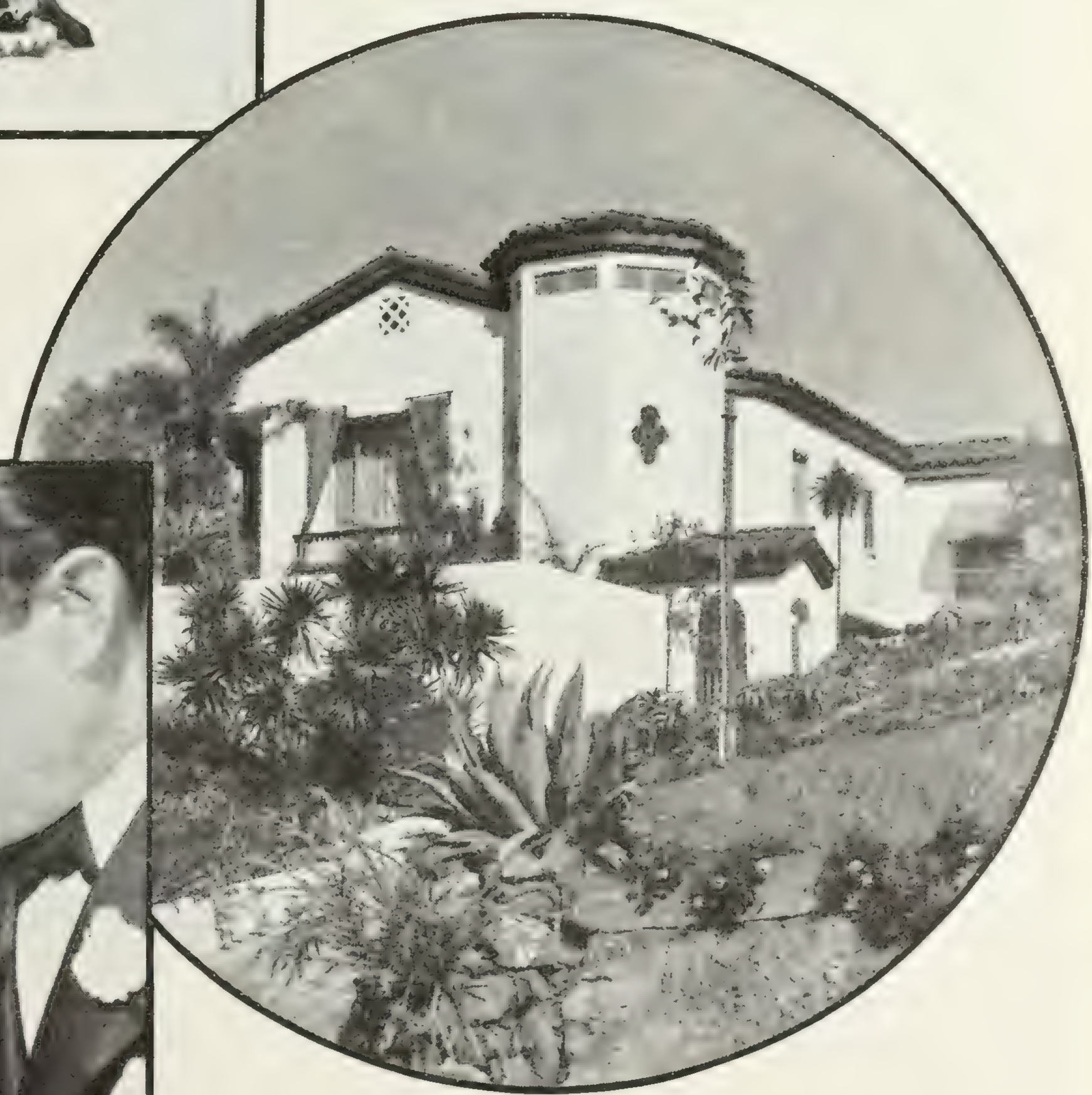
It would be easier for me to think about, if I hadn't lov Jack so dearly, hadn't known him so well—and known the fin of him, the generous soul, the ready sympathy, the creat vision that glittered and inspired and warmed his friends.

I have known Jack Gilbert some twenty years—since he w a slim, dark, restless youth, with hands eager for life and da eyes that were never still. I remember his twenty-first bir day—and best of all I remember a night when a party of came out of a gay little cafe near Hollywood. (We were pretty much kids in those days, without any money and wi out names that had ever been heard of and the motion pictu industry was very young, too, and more alive than it is tod more individual.) I seem to remember that Bebe Daniels w in the party, a beautiful child with long black curls, and blon Enid Bennett, and I think Harold Lloyd, who had not then covered spectacles. As we stood in the gravel walk, looking

Amid the glitter of Hollywood, there have been many tragedies, but none more poignant or more heart-breaking than Gilbert's

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

John Gilbert's marriage to Ina Claire was a great mistake. It was when Jack was trying to surmount the difficulties of the talkies and needed sympathy. He got none



John Gilbert had one love, and only one—Garbo. But he lost his great love, and with her, it seemed, went all his luck

In this beautiful house on its hill, where the gayest and wittiest of Hollywood loved to gather, Gilbert sits alone

ilapidated Ford in which we had driven out—we girls used ıt newspapers under our dresses to keep them clean—a shining limousine purred by. And Jack Gilbert leaped it, laughing, his face a burst of excitement, and he shook st high in the air and cried, "Go ahead—go ahead—but I'll ding in one just like that before long, and I'll earn it for lf."

did. And he loved the good things of life, the luxuries and ties, but they weren't really important to him. They n't necessary to his happiness. The things that were important and necessary to Jack Gilbert, with his molten emotional nature, were his work—first and always, I believe, his work—and love and laughter and talk.

No man ever loved his work better than Jack Gilbert.

Why, the boy who made "The Big Parade" do you remember him?—somehow I don't think as long as motion pictures last I will ever forget him, I don't think I'll ever lose the sight of him—the boy who made that was a creative artist, and his work was the breath and soul of life to him. He grew up with motion pictures, and he loved them and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Filmland's NEW DICTATOR

ANXIOUS to be ingratiating, an interviewer once wrote of Rachel Crothers that "she might be your own aunt." This so disturbed Miss Crothers that she hurried to the telephone and called up an old friend. "Do I look like anybody's aunt?" she demanded.

In reality she might be taken for a successful clubwoman — which, incidentally, she is. Of medium height, possessing aristocratic features, a healthy vitality which belies her fifty-odd years, and an unruly gray bob, she dresses with smart conservatism, drives a car, adores golfing and swimming and gardening, sleeps outdoors half the year, and three years ago confidently took up the study of the pianoforte.

But it is for her work in the theater that Miss Crothers is chiefly entitled, I think, to your consideration. She is, you see, a playwright. Not an ordinary playwright, you understand, with one, two or possibly three shows to her credit. Oh, no—nothing like that. Rachel Crothers, as anybody on Broadway will soon put you wise, has written, produced, directed and staged some twenty-five plays, and in a quarter-century gained and held against all comers the name of America's No. 1 Woman Playwright.

I suppose it has long been an old story back in Bloomington, Ill., where one fine day at the turn of the century young Rachel Crothers walked out on all those whom she held dear and, chin up, valise snapped defiantly to, sallied forth to sl the world. I daresay that her surviving kin were scarcely a to work up more than a faint flicker of interest thirty-five ye later over the news that, chin still up and luggage shipped ahead, she was about to meet Hollywood—and, unless signs fail, make it hers. Rachel, after all, was always up something.

Exactly what she was up to—or up against—the film col only began to appreciate when Producer Samuel Goldw made public the details of one of the strangest pacts in mo history. He had signed Miss Crothers to write, adapt a supervise a talking picture from start to finish. For work she was to receive an advance of $1,000—and not a c more until the picture was released! Then she would be titled to a percentage of the gross.

It was very much like the theater—the theater to wh Rachel Crothers had bidden a reluctant, if temporary, *revoir*. Only, there they were called "royalties."

Nobody had ever before made a deal like that with author, either man or woman. There had, to be sure, b women directors like Lois Weber (who sometimes wrote own stories) and Dorothy Arzner; and June Mathis had b about to try producing when death cut her plans short. closest parallel, in the talkies, was the case of Preston Stur

Samuel Goldwyn has signed Rachel Crothers to write for him on one of the strangest contracts ever offered a playwright in pictures. It's a gamble for both

Miriam Hopkins will be starred in the first of Miss Crothers' screen ventures. They worked together when Miss Crothers produced "Thou Desperate Pilot"

IS A WOMAN

Rachel Crothers has ideas that Sam Goldwyn thinks will revolutionize all studio methods

E PHILIP K. SCHEUER

turges, also a playwright ("Strictly Dhonorable") got Jesse L. Lasky to fi "The Power and the Glory," an oiginal. Lasky paid him an advance rcalty of $17,500 or 3½ per cent of $0,000. He receives 5 per cent of the sond $500,000, and 7 per cent of all the gss over a million, if any. He isn't, hvever, a woman, and he wasn't granted dtatorial powers over production. Miss Cthers is—and was.

"I'm gambling with Goldwyn," she amitted. "Gambling exactly as I would ithe theater. I tell you"—she smiled a ile—"it puts one on one's mettle!

"All this," she nodded, "is a test for m. I'm glad it came—now. If I can mke a contribution to moving pictures, it will have been enormously worthwhile. That's what I'm going to find out."

Goldwyn had been brooding over the ia a long time (he has never forgotten a ambitious earlier experiment known as minent Authors," which, however, fzled). Goldwyn finally got around to oning Miss Crothers in Connecticut, t Summer; but David Selznick of M-G-M had already snapped her up to an adaption of A. E. Thomas' "No ore Ladies."

Miss Crothers arrived last September, ing at once to the same lot which had en the filming of her "Let Us Be Gay," th Norma Shearer, "When Ladies eet," with Ann Harding, and fifteen ars before—"Old Lady 31," with Emma nn. She wasn't altogether satisfied th that engagement, her first in Hollyood; the knowledge that at least one other enarist had been put on the same script d a great deal to do with her determition that this would never happen ain to any work of hers.

"The growth of pictures has been iraculous," she said, "on the technical le, and in marvelous casting. But the iter has not yet come into his own. He ust respect his job—or, rather, must be *owed* to respect it. Several different thors of even the same rank in ability and experience uldn't possibly write a good play or a good *anything* together. ow much more hopelessly impossible would it be for those of dely different rank in breeding, social background and style!

"No wonder there are so many chaotic results, with this aotic method of work! When first-rate authors refuse to go on this way any longer, then something important for pictures will have been done."

Famous on Broadway for more than twenty-five years, Miss Crothers prefers Hollywood now because there's twelve months of golfing. She looks forward to movie work but believes a writer can earn more on Broadway

Year in and year out, Rachel Crothers has been writing hit plays —from "The Three of Us," in 1906, to "When Ladies Meet" in 1932. Actress Constance Binney made her greatest impression in "39 East," Francine Larrimore her last in "Nice People." Katharine Cornell played her first rôle in Manhattan in a Crothers piece. And Miriam Hopkins created the lead in "Thou Desperate Pilot," a drama by a sister playwright which Miss Crothers produced on her [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Proof that Mae is the "type" for any rôle. Left, Miss West as *Peg O' My Heart;* below she wears a crown as *Catherine the Great;* right, she's also a convincing *Salvation Nell*.

By LEO McCAREY

MAE WEST CAN

WHAT did the Queen of Sheba say to King Solomon when she took her first peek at his thousand wives?

In the same spot, Mae West would have said in her husky, languorous drawl, "What you need is one good one."

Can you picture our devastating West playing the Queen of Sheba? I can. Having directed her but once, in "Belle of the Nineties," it is my opinion that she can play anything. I'm serious. As a matter of fact, don't be surprised if Mae actually does appear on the screen some day in her version of the biblical romance.

It has been said that the real artist, an actor or actress of fascinating, dominating personality, can play anything. That's

Those who limit Mae to sexy rôles are wrong! She is one of our most versatile actresses!

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

t top, left, Miss West is lovely as *Kath-ina* in Shakespeare's "Taming of the rew"; below she is *Anna Christie;* ght, Mae wears plumes for *DuBarry*

PLAY ANYTHING

ae West. She has what it takes. Her interpretation of a aracter should be as scintillating and believable as that of y other outstanding actress. As, say, Helen Hayes, Pauline ord, Greta Garbo or Ruth Chatterton.

True, she would undoubtedly invest each characterization with her own peculiarly intriguing personality, but what player doesn't? True, she would undoubtedly play for comedy instead of tragedy. But we all know that comedy is the very essence of humanness.

Mae West is essentially a great comédienne. In the art of acting, comedy is regarded as one of the most important requisites.

When I first walked on a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

Here is Boyer, with Jean Parker, being instructed in a scene by Director Charell for "Caravan." It was after he saw himself in this picture that he tore up his Fox contract

The MAN of the HOUR

Hollywood's importation from France awoke one morning to find himself hailed as Hollywood's number one male romantic threat

CHARLES BOYER is the man of the hour in Hollywood and there's no one more surprised than himself.

When he awoke the morning after the preview of "Private Worlds" to find himself hailed as Hollywood's number one masculine threat, his amazement could not have been more profound unless some one had told him the truth—that if Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and Walter Wanger had not become bored with themselves and possibly each other during an ocean crossing last summer, he would very likely be back in his native France, convinced by the arguments of three futile attempts that Hollywood held nothing for him.

But fortunately for Hollywood—for Hollywood, I say, since Charles Boyer actually can make more money any day in France than he can here—Messrs. Lunt, Wanger and Miss Fontanne were driven to relieve their fidgets by taking in a ship showing of a French movie called "La Bataille." Charles Boyer was the star and when it was over, the gist of the remarks by that eminent trio was that Mr. Boyer was good enough for their money—a thought which Mr. Wanger, being an alert producer, put on a telegraph blank the minute h docked in New York.

The wire, received in Hollywood, urgently commande Wanger's agents to lose no time in looking up this chap Boye handcuffing him if necessary, until the Chief rolled in wit Mr. Wanger and his fountain pen.

They were able to oblige their boss only because a few week before, after he had finished "Caravan" and surveyed himse as a gypsy leaping about and sawing a fiddle in what he con sidered a most addle-pated manner, Charles Boyer had walke into the offices of Winfield Sheehan at Fox Studios.

When he had walked out, his pockets carried the shreds c the second Hollywood contract which had turned out to be bust. It was a ripping party by mutual consent, for Fox wa no more anxious to have Charles Boyer than Charles Boye was anxious to have Fox after "Caravan." The whole thin was a sorry misunderstanding.

So he was a free man, a happily free man, cheerfully packin his things for the boat to France and literally swearing "Neve

Charles Boyer is still astounded by the flood of feminine adulation on "Private Worlds." Above, with Joel McCrea, Claudette Colbert

Boyer tore up his old contract, but he didn't know that another one was about ready for him. It was for "Private Worlds," a triumph

By WARREN REEVE

ain!" when they arrived to ask him to please stay over ıtil Walter Wanger arrived.

"But of course," said our hero, with true Gallic courtesy. Result—"Private Worlds" and the name of Charles Boyer ı every tongue in Hollywood, although not one of every ten onounces it right. It's "Bwah-yay"—French, you know—ıd if you really do the first syllable justice you'll crack a ıapped lip every time.

It's funny, downright funny, how an actor can stay around ollywood for years and never get a tumble until all of a dden. It happens time after time.

Charles Boyer has come to Hollywood three times. He me over the first time as an eminent, established stage and reen actor of France. His contract was for French version ms at M-G-M. But this soon became commercially im-actical and was abandoned. Boyer returned to France here he still has picture contracts to fulfill six months of ery year.

His M-G-M agreement called for his later return to Hollywood—so he returned—an actor with a salary but without a job. He couldn't speak English—and they weren't making French versions. Still he felt obliged to do something—so he accepted bits. Maybe you remember one—the liveried chauffeur for Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman."

M-G-M's concession to Charles Boyer for doing this part was the promise not to release the picture in France. Don't forget, he was one of the most prominent of French stage stars and his appearance in a bit would have seriously damaged his prestige had the home folk seen it. But he played fair with Hollywood at the risk of his reputation.

I don't know when two picture titles have told the story as neatly as "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts" tells that of Charles Boyer.

From his own private Hollywood world of misunderstanding, miscasting, and lack of appreciation he stepped right into the rôle of the newest screen heart-breaker. Like that—in one easy lesson.

Only, as he smiled to me, it [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

They tried to hide behind false faces and surgical gowns at a Vendome stag party. But a cameraman unmasked them. It's Joe E. Brown, Bruce Cabot, Eddie Welsh and Norman Foster

Don't go near the water—especially on a bike—is the advice Raquel and Evelyn Venable needed! They said they didn't know the tide was comingin! Miss Torres looks most unhappy on that wheel!

Billie Burke always spends her off-the-set time with her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld. But recently they enjoyed working together in "The Great Ziegfeld." Patricia acted and Billie supervised

DOMESTIC Felicity Note—Marlene Dietrich paused in Chicago to pose for the news photographers. She shoved husband Rudy Sieber out of the pictures, whereupon he waited for her until his patience wore low—then he grasped her firmly by the arm and led her away.

"WHAT would you say is the major difference in a man's life before and after marriage?" was the poser someone put to Lew Ayres.

Lew figured a moment. "Well, before marriage a man takes a girl places. After marriage he goes *with* her!"

THOSE "in the know" say Von Sternberg's last picture had more in it than met the eye. It was his swan song with Dietrich and was supposed to be a delineation from the life of his experience with her. Anyway, if you can just keep that in mind, it may make a dull picture rather piquant. Personally, I think that's just how the rumor was started—so people would want to be in the know, and go to see it. There are not so very many other reasons for going.

TULLIO CARMINATI and Mary Ellis while doing "Paris in Spring" engaged for several days in a temperamental battle. Oh, nothing vulgar like throwing things. All very good-mannered and genteel—but a battle, nevertheless. So finally Mary proved what a smart girl she is by giving in, which made her the unofficial winner and she can have anything she wants now for the asking!

IDA LUPINO has been here, there and everywhere with Director Lewis Milestone lately. Evidently sensing the need which all romances have for a bit of competition, Dick Cromwell has entered the picture. The village is awaiting developments.

A MAN who has been closely associated with Von Sternberg on his last picture, was being kidded about his long hair. "You *have* to have long hair to work for Von Sternberg," he answered, quite seriously. "But," he added, "I'm having it cut now, gradually, so I won't take cold."

Von Sternberg, by the way, is about to become a gentleman farmer, although he will probably resent the gentleman part of it. Out in Chatsworth (you saw the Chatsworth geography in much of "Bengal Lancer," where lots of it was taken), Von is building a house of modified German architecture. In it will be a mural by Diego Rivera, the radical Mexican painter whose mural for the Rockefeller Center in New York City was removed after a dispute.

OF HOLLYWOOD

Three more movie actors try to make the public believe they are serious-minded physicians. Left to right, Bert Wheeler, George Raft, Bob Woolsey. They didn't fool anyone

ATHARINE HEPBURN'S new crush is Charles Boyer, who replaces Francis lerer in her picture, "Break of Hearts." t a harmless crush, because Charles, as you bw, is married to Pat Patterson. For that tter, since "Private Worlds," most of the ls I know have a crush on Charlie. An in-esting item brought to mind by that picture the fact that Frances Dee was once madly nantic about Boyer, but her mother did not prove of a marriage. So she married Joel Crea—who was the other doctor in "Private rlds."

VERYBODY likes to see the old-timers get a break, and it's good news to know Mae Busch ll soon be among those present again. She ys the only way a star can come back is to me back fighting. "I reached the top once thout knowing the ropes. I ought to be able get back, now that I know the way." She is aying a part in "Stranded," with Kay ancis and George Brent.

NEVER take my troubles home from the studio," Pat O'Brien remarked to a friend the lot.

"Neither do I," answered the friend. "Mine e already there."

ARRY GREEN, the popular comic, has given Hollywood a new idea in amusing vitations. He sent out five hundred for ncheon, cocktails and general all-day party the Colony Club, and in each note named e invited one "Guest of Honor." Quite a w people, Eddie Robinson among them, oned, delighted at the unexpected honor. here were others, of course, who became gry at suddenly finding themselves thrust to such a position without any warning be-rehand, which also delighted Mr. Green, who having himself several fits of hysterics im-gining what's going to happen when all five undred get together and compare notes.

Sally missed that one! Which makes this a remarkable picture. For Miss Eilers is a grand tennis player and rarely fails to get the ball over the net. She's playing between scenes of "Alias Mary Dow"

Jean Hersholt and Virginia Pine enjoy a friendly chat during a lull in the dancing at a Colony Club party. No gossip! Mrs. Hersholt and Virginia's escort were just around the corner

GLORIA SWANSON is back in Beverly Hills after spending practically the entire winter at La Quinta, the fashionable desert resort beyond Palm Springs.

Herbert Marshall is another familiar face in town now—the face is deeply tanned. He has been spending most of the winter months at Palm Springs.

TAY GARNETT, the director, bestowed upon his good friend Clark Gable a first edition of his new novel, "Man Laughs Back."

On the fly leaf was the inscription—"Clark —here's your book—100,000 words. Maybe they're not the right words, but 100,000 words just the same. If you don't believe it, count 'em!—Tay."

Another British star comes to America. Molly Lamont, arriving in New York harbor aboard the Olympic, on her way to Hollywood to sign an RKO-Radio contract. Molly was born near Johannesburg, South Africa, so she's a long way from home

We were going to show you a new bathing suit fashion, but Betty turned around. Who's interested in fashions anyhow when Miss Furness is in the picture! But if you are — the suit's white satin

All the comforts of home, after a hard day's work. Will Rogers was enjoying a bit of solitude when a snooping cameraman interrupted him. You'll see Will next in the Fox film "Doubting Thomas"

ART director Cedric Gibbons, Dolores Del Rio's husband, nearly fell over the other day when Director Edwin Ludwig of M-G-M called up and thanked him for the lovely sets he had designed for "The Age of Indiscretion."

"What's the matter?" asked Ludwig, hearing Gibbons gasp.

"It's the first time anyone ever bothered to call me up and say so."

"Say what?"

"Thanks!" replied the still shocked Gibbons.

THOMAS LAMONT, the financial tycoon, visited Hollywood and was escorted through the studios at M-G-M.

On one set he was introduced to Walter Walker, the character actor who is so often cast as a sedate banker.

"He's played you hundreds of times, Mr. Lamont," informed the guide.

Lamont reached his hand over and patted the actor sympathetically on the shoulder, "Poor fellow," he consoled.

LITTLE Michele Bridget Swanson-Farm refused her soup. In a nice way, of cours but with a certain finality of decision. Wh was the matter, an anxious nurse inquired. " has no vitamins," announced Michele Bridg From two and a half, this was doing pret well. A most persuasive argument ensued.

It was finally discovered that to Miche Bridget a vitamin is the same as an alphab Put in the letters and Michele Bridget puts the soup!

'hey can't take it! Jean Harlow and Carl Randall sat down on the set and pulled off their shoes after making the dance scenes for "Reckless." The dance is called "La Trombosa." Randall makes his movie début in the Harlow-Powell film

America's favorite French comedian goes back home for a visit. After finishing "Folies Bergere," Maurice Chevalier returned to Paris. He's shown aboard the Ile de France, in New York

Bill Benedict has reason to smile! Broke in Hollywood, he used his last nickel to call casting director James Ryan, got a job in "$10 Raise," and turned in such a fine performance, he won a Fox contract

W can you be superstitious if you don't ow you're being superstitious?

n Crawford and Bob Montgomery were g a terrible time in a scene for "No More s." Everything went wrong.

ally Joan looked at the camera slate and ne legend, "Scene 13."

o recalled that it was Friday.

ey changed the scene number to "Scene -and the next "take" was perfect. Now about it?

NOEL COWARD paused for a moment in Hollywood on his way somewhere else. He was so feted, wined and dined during his short stay that his impression of Hollywood was "a million door-knobs." He gave little Una Merkel an authentic thrill, at a big M-G-M luncheon party, when he came over to her and complimented her performance in his "Private Lives" on the screen. "To *think* he remembered *that*," Una marvelled, fussed as a high school girl.

JUST after Mervyn LeRoy's infant son was born he dashed in to see Mark Kelly.

"I'm a father!" he yelled.

"Is it a girl?" asked the delighted Kelly.

"No," said Mervyn.

"A boy?"

"Aw!" said the new father, "Who told you?"

GRETA GARBO, they say, is so exclusive she won't even talk to herself!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 79]

Watching a scene in the shooting. Left to right are Martha Sleeper, Ben Hecht, Charlie MacArthur, John Barrymore who was visiting the set, Julie Haydon and Mr. Coward

Moment musical between scenes of "The Scoundrel." Coward plays the piano, Hecht the violin, and Julie Haydon listens in

Off the screen one of the world's most eligible bachelors. On the screen, a heart-breaker in "The Scoundrel." The lady is Martha Sleeper

FIVE MILLION Dollar Bachelo

NEXT to the Prince of Wales, Noel Coward is probably the wo most eligible bachelor.

Young, good looking, clever, with romantic notions in his h and witticisms on the tip of his tongue, he came to New York a few y ago broke, and today, they say, is worth five million dollars.

If you think any lady in the country is interested in a man like t you're right!

Until now his feminine following was principally New York and Lo sophisticates. Others knew him as the author of "Cavalcade," or the who sings his "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" at radio benefit performa or the author of the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne "Design for Liv triangle play. But they've never had a chance to become acquainted Noel Coward, the personality—the man.

However, brace up! All is changed. He's in the movies now, and ladies of Prairie City and Pine Gap will have an even chance with the of 'em. A chance for romantic yearnings, that is.

Not so long ago Noel Coward went to Hollywood on his way to s where else. As soon as he hit town all the producers were on his trail contracts in their hands.

"Thank you veddy, veddy much flattering sirs," he said in his cli English, "but I'm just here on a holiday. People work too deucedly out here—up at 6:30, make-up on at eight. My word!"

A few months later Noel Coward was up at 6:00, make-up on at se hard at work—not in Hollywood, but in Paramount's New York st

A scene from "The Scoundrel," which Hecht and MacArthur wrote for Noel Coward. Among the famous in the cast is Alexander Woollcott, on the far left, with a cane

A sequence from the film with Noel Coward and his leading lady, Julie Haydon, who came from Hollywood for the part

Noel Coward's feminine following has been confined to New York and London sophisticates. But it will soon be nationwide. For he's in the movies now!

By MILDRED MASTIN

ang the leading rôle in the Ben Hecht-Charlie MacArthur film, "The cndrel." It's his début as a movie actor. While the film is not released is writing, those who have sneaked in for a peek at the rushes are ing extravagant prophecies about Noel Coward's future as a motion re star.

Noel Coward isn't tops as a motion picture star, it will be the first he's tried in which he's failed to have phenomenal success. He hit a high for playwrights when, in 1927, five of his plays were running at in London. Still in his early thirties, he's written nineteen plays, ically every one of them hits.

wrote "Design for Living" while traveling the high seas on a freighter. rote one of his greatest comedies, "Private Lives" while ill with flu ongkong. His longest, and what many consider his greatest, play, alcade," he wrote on a cable. Coward was in New York at the time, his musical show, "Bittersweet." Charles B. Cochran, London icer, learned that he had plans for another play in mind, and cabled asking for the story. Coward sat down and cabled him the play—all ty-one scenes—in what was probably one of the longest cables ever Coward says he wrote "Cavalcade" because he had an urge to write ctacle. He is British enough to admit that one of his biggest thrills when the King and Queen of England attended a performance of the And he is modest enough to admit that he had been mulling over dea for a long time before he sat down and dashed it off by cable. s "Design for Living" was adapted for the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

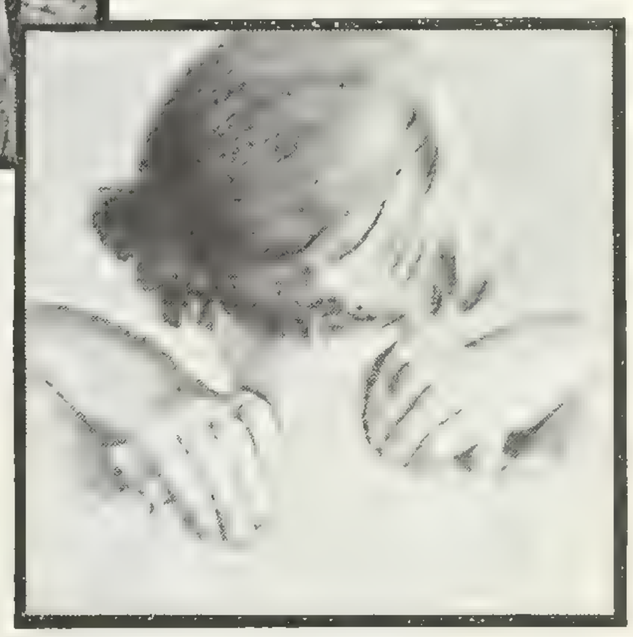
Stanley Ridges and Miss Haydon in a scene together. Ridges is one of several Broadway actors who commuted to Astoria to emote

Earl Cronky

LORETTA YOUNG takes directions from Cecil B. DeMille for scene in Paramount's "The Crusades." Talking to Anna Demetr who is in the scene with Loretta, is Henry Wilcoxon, *Richard Lion Hearted* in the elaborate film of the exciting and gripping

By
SYLVIA

Sylvia shows you, above, a corrective routine for poor circulation and jumpy nerves. She grabs hold of the bed posts, hard, holding body tense a moment, then relaxes for a half a minute. She repeats it twelve times



First routine for the morning, after a warm shower and vigorous turkish towel massage, is to get yourself limbered up

HOW TO GET RID OF THE EPRESSION BLUES

Crying causes wrinkles! Exercises, but not tears, bring quiet nerves, relaxation, better health

D you've been through the depression. And you tell me that the worry and the mental stress and the heartache of e last few years have left their mark you. Your letters say that you're rous, run down, pepless, melancholic I'll add something to that. Your cir-lion is probably terrible too. And you e it all on the depression. When the person to blame is yourself!

sten to me! The depression was darn for you. Before the crash when y was rolling in you were soft—physi- and mentally. You were filled to the rows with self-importance and had ing to back it up but the dollar. You ich foods. And that made you heavy dy and soul.

d my advice before, during and after lepression is the same. It's this: Keep babies, keep lean! And that doesn't a cent. All you need to use is your and your hands. It doesn't make any rence how much or how little money have—you *can* keep lean. Fat is never tiful—even in sables. So don't worry u can't buy expensive clothes.

read the other day that skirts are ter—and the stylist added that they more youthful that way. But you t measure youth by an inch of material. you won't look youthful if big piano legs are peeping out from under the short skirts. Indeed what difference does it make whether it's patent leather or pigskin for belts—if the ends of the belt don't meet? Women must first fashion their figures if they want to be figures of fashion.

Instead of worrying because you lack the money to buy smart clothes, worry about getting a good figure so that when you do have the money you will do the clothes justice. And, best of all, if you'll only keep lean, your mental outlook will be so much better you'll have health and happiness to do your work well, which, in turn, means success.

In the beginning God gave you a lovely body. You may have lost it but He also gave you intelligence enough to realize that you positively can recapture what you've lost—*if you want it!*

Keep lean! Your burdens will seem lighter. You'll develop a taste for the simple life. If you'll just get up and bestir yourself—instead of sitting around moaning—you won't have any burdens.

I want to help you The best way to do that is to bawl you out good and hard so that you'll say, "I'll *show* Sylvia!" Then in a month, when you've lost fifteen or twenty pounds, you'll say, "Well, I showed Sylvia and she showed me." That will be my reward. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]

Stimulate the thymus gland, in the center of the chest, with massage, at the same time digging into the shoulder muscles

Relax the neck and stimulate circulation by massaging the muscles at the top of the spine and along the back of the neck

WHERE IS Hollywood'

SOMEONE once asked a wise man of Hollywood to name the town's most precious commodity, and he answered with one word—"Glamour."

Glamour—Webster defines it as "a deceptive or enticing charm," and Hollywood defines it as what it takes to transform a star into a great screen personality.

Ever since the first camera crank turned on the sun-lit charms of a heavy-lidded flicker siren, glamour has been pursued as eagerly in Hollywood as the Fountain of Youth or the Lost Isle of Atlantis.

Ten or fifteen years ago the formula was as simple as its manifestations were elaborate.

Glamour was acquired by putting it on. High wide and handsome. All over town. You cut a wide and extravagant swath—dazzling the population with a super campaign of ostentations, tossing fortunes to the winds, playing to a perpetual gallery and playing big.

Gloria Swanson, more than anyone else, radiated that magic vibration. Glamorous Gloria has never been approa She was Glamour personified, and so powerful was the s wove about her that she has persisted as a great perso long after her screen importance dissolved into yesterda

Gloria Swanson deliberately acquired glamour. Ther nothing intrinsically glamorous about the little Mack Se bathing beauty who was once Wally Beery's wife and naïvely helped her adoring husband paint on the door of first automobile, a second-hand flivver, a huge heart whic circled their names, "Wally and Glory."

But there was something bewitching about the great whose daring coiffures and profusion of startlingly extreme g created a breathless legend of elegance. There was some hypnotically awesome about a girl who took a trip to E and came back a marquise, to be welcomed home by a hov adoring mob which strewed roses beneath the wheels o long-nosed car as it rolled majestically along Vine Stree

Then you couldn't ignore a regal reception where the si ware bore engraved escutcheons and the linen sported coro Where the titled hostess descended at the evening's clima a brief royal audience of fifteen minutes, and then with her well-kissed hand to sweep majestically up the stairs.

Those were the things that counted then. What happ off the screen even more than what happened on.

Just ten years ago, the same Gloria Swanson had occa to travel from New York to Hollywood. She had just re the biggest salary offer Paramount had ever made in ord produce her own pictures at United Artists.

Nevertheless, she was in one of her frequent period financial distress and found herself low in funds. This, ever, did not prevent her from returning to Hollywood New York in a private car!

A few months ago the rumor that Greta Garbo, who is tainly the most glamorous of all the current crop of H wood stars, was thinking about buying a new car was n With money, property and a tremendous salary piling up week, she had not found it necessary to replace a creakin limousine used for the past seven years! But it hadn't her glamour.

Times have changed. Hollywood still treasures glam Great screen personalities still exist by its very potency.

Tom Mix, although an incurable showman, has laid aside his velvet evening suits, and Tony no longer is put up at swank London hotels and the "TM" in lights is now out

No more is there a Fatty Arbuckle parking his half-block-long auto with the built-in icebox for the curbstone customers to gape at. High-priced cars today go along unnoticed

GLAMOUR?

tmany years ago, the thing for a ito do was dazzle the public with a r campaign of extravagance and lay, but today there's a new note

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ar of the present ould remotely con- a stroll along Sun- ulevard in brilliant as as Nazimova did

Pola Negri, just as she was married to Serge Mdivani. Pola sent to Europe for a certain kind of a tree, at great cost. Only the soft whisper of the wind in its branches could soothe her

Gloria Swanson was glamour personified, and it lasted long after her screen importance dissolved. And Valentino, the spectacular romantic. Both are seen in the high-powered "Beyond the Rocks"

where is Hollywood's glamour today? What is it like? still distilled from the same gaudy blossoms—big homes, xtravagant parties, eccentric actions, personal showman-

s see—

re are more magnificent and truly lavish estates in any five acres of Beverly Hills, Brentwood, or Toluca Lake than existed in all of Hollywood in the dear dead days.

But not one of them has the solid gold fixtures that glittered in Charlie Ray's bath room.

Each week, socially-minded Hollywood stars entertain their friends with intimate dinners and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

THE RISE OF A SONG KING

By getting a nail, a shoe was saved;
By getting a shoe, a horse was saved;
By getting a horse, a rider was saved;
By getting a rider, a kingdom was saved,
And all by getting a horse-shoe nail!

THE NAIL

"GET a job yet, Buddy?"

"Not a sign of one. Things are bad."

"You eating?"

"Not much. Eddie's still laid up in bed."

"Well, it's not much, but you can help around the station if you want to. Pay you ten a week."

"Gee! That'd be swell!"

And so it was that Joe Morrison got a job in Hollywood as handy man in a gas station. He'd had a bad time of it, especially since his pal and partner

He's a movie star now, and on a fat contract. But Joe can still service a car and he's ready to prove he can

Joe and the three up-and-comers he played with in "Four

was taken seriously ill. Not very impressive work for talented young singer, but today Joe feels that if he had gotten that job, he'd probably still be a nonentity. Fate wo in queer ways its miracles to perform. The rest of his l and his recent meteoric rise to the top came as a gradual a dove-tailing sequence of events based upon a hungry boy, sick pal and a friendly gas-station man—and the very importa ten bucks a week.

In a few weeks Joe was servicing the trade.

"Wipe your windshield, Mister?"

The man in the big car nodded as he pocketed the chan The young gas station employee began briskly polishing t broad glass. He started to hum; he wasn't very happy, b he just did break into melody every now and then becau it reminded him of happier days. The job finished, he stepp back from the car with a cheerful grin.

"Okay, sir!"

"Thanks, Rudy."

"Rudy?"

"Yeah. Quite the singer, aren't you?"

Young Mr. Morrison blushes easily.

ſking a job in a garage for ten bucks a veek, then humming at his work, was the beginning of Morrison's success

Gone are the days of cheap vaudeville and weeks of starvation. Joe's on top of the cinema world now, and with his charm and talent, he'll be there a long time

ill Left, Ray Milland, Gertrude Michael, Helen Mack and Mr. Morrison

I used to get by, sir."

Get by where?" The man seemed frankly disbelieving.

Vaudeville. Me and my partner."

Well, what are you doing here?"

Working for coffee and cakes."

Yeah? Go on and sing. Let's hear you."

oe just looked at him and grinned. What the heck? The c tomer is always right. Joe sang. The customer's eyes w ened slightly. People going by the corner of Highland and S ta Monica in Hollywood turned and stared. Even in C ematown gas station men don't break out into charming n odies that way. When he wound up the song in a rousing c scendo, Joe swept off his cap and bowed as though to a f house.

he customer grunted and handed the startled boy a card. "e at my office at nine," was his only comment as he put the c in gear and roared away from the station.

Eddie Lambert's "office" was the Music Box Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. He was busily casting "The Nine O Clock Review," starring Al Her- n, the famous black-face comedian.

Joe felt a little diffident returning to a rehearsal-blackened theater for the first time in months He was still a little hungry, too. His partner, Eddie Vine, wasn't much better——pneumonia is very persistent at times—and Joe had been trying to support them both on the ten bucks a week he got from the gas station. Two people don't eat much on a tenner a week.

Finally Lambert noticed him. He turned to Al Herman. "There's that punk I was telling you about . . . Hey, kid! Get up on the stage and sing something."

Fighting to keep his knees stiff, Joe mounted the stage. A lot depended on that song in a strange house. Eddie was awful sick. He finished the song in a dead silence. Nervously he started in on the second chorus again.

"That's enough, kid," came the voice. "I'll call you later if we want you."

Bitterly disappointed and feeling very young and in need of someone to be kind to him for a change, Joe stumbled up the dark aisle and headed back to the station. The boss just looked at him. No need to ask questions.

"Have a cigarette, youngster."

That's all he had to say. They understood each other. Joe grinned and lit up.

THE SHOE

"The Nine O'Clock Review" opened amid all the gaiety and color of a Hollywood first night. Brilliant lights, beautiful gowns, renowned figures thronging the foyer and an idolatrous public jamming the sidewalks waiting for glimpses of the *élite*.

But the two happiest people in Hollywood were Joe Morrison and Eddie Vine. Joe didn't want Eddie to come to the opening—the night air was bad and he was still weak from two months in bed—but Eddie Vine insisted. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

BY WILLIAM ULMAN, JR.

I was on the staircase, when the structure began to rock and sway. As I fell, Freddie Gay caught me. "Earthquake," said Deering. Then Freddie, still holding me, asked, "What'll we do now?"

I COULD have slept a lot more than I did the next morning, and Louella hated to waken me even late, but I thought it might be a good idea to be on the set on time so I hurried over without breakfast.

Louella went with me to my dressing room and helped me put on my gown over the coating of glycerine which I always wear under an evening frock—at least before the camera. It is a little chilly sometimes, but a glycerine foundation mak clothes fit perfectly and there is no danger of anything slippir —which is quite an item with the kind of costume I usuall wear.

As soon as I was dressed and made up I went over on the se Stars ordinarily wait in their dressing rooms until they a called, but I didn't figure that I rated that kind of attentic

DON'T LOVE ME!

"I seemed to be jinxed—fatally so. And everyone with whom I came in contact fell under the terribleness of it—suffered physical harm, even death, and I escaped"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Synopsis of preceding installments)

SHE was a nurse, beautiful, desirable. Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her. Sam Werks merely coveted her. But it was not in her to love or desire. Cooper faced a serious operation. He asked her to marry him—and he'd live. The doctors said it was impossible for him to live. She married him—out of compassion. But—he lived, only to die under suspicious circumstances—an overdose of a sleeping potion. She had been the last nurse to attend him—and it was known why she had married him.

But, on the testimony of Werks, she was cleared. Then Werks, also Cooper's lawyer, handed her a check for $10,000, left her by Cooper. Werks insisted she sign it over to him—for services rendered, the giving of false testimony at the hearing in Cooper's death. She tore up the check, ran away, to Hollywood, to a break in the movies—from the accidental discoloration of her hair!

Her entry into the movies was like a dream, beautiful but unreal. But soon her dream was blasted. The director assigned to her, the most famous in Hollywood, tried to inveigle her into his home. She refused to go in, waited outside while he went for coats. He never came out, but she saw a mysterious woman enter. Chilled, angry, she waited a short time longer, and then went home—wondering.

I went over and sat down on the steps of a huge staircase which was part of the set. Near by, some of the property men were shooting craps with one eye warily on the stage door. Their voices were hushed, and on a sound-proof stage when anything is hushed it is practically unheard The walls are cork and felt-lined, so there are no echoes.

I must have sat there twenty minutes waiting for something to happen. Nothing did. It got me down, not knowing what was the matter. Finally I stood up and went over to one of the sound department technicians who was fussing with a mixer. He had on a pair of ear-phones and spoke occasionally into a mouth-piece which somewhere connected him with the monitor room.

His name was Lanny Barnes—I had learned that from hearing him spoken to several times the day before—and he was one of the homeliest men I ever looked at. His sandy hair stood straight up in an unruly pompadour. That and his tilted eyebrows gave him a sort of a frightened appearance. But his eyes under those brows were different—steady, blue and innocent-looking—and he had a large mouth with a bristly little moustache over it that was not as wide as his lips.

When I stood beside him he was only a little taller than I, but strong and stocky as to body and shoulders. I waited for him to take the ear-phones off.

"What's the matter? Where is everybody?"

He gave me a friendly grin. "Probably they're rewriting the script or something, Miss Adair. You mustn't mind a little wait in the motion picture business. That's what we do most of. Thank heaven I don't have to worry about anything but a few wire cables and a cranky transformer. Somebody'll be along in a minute and give us the devil for wasting time."

Lanny proved to be right. Almost before he finished speak-

:t, and besides, I was a little afraid of Sohlki, especially after ıe episode of the evening before. It was quite reasonable to :ppose that he might be angry with me for walking out on him ıe way I had, although I certainly couldn't have waited much nger in front of his house without having a chill.

There was no one on the sound stage but the crew, and there ere only a few strip lights burning.

"Go away. No time for a publicity racket —'Blonde Actress Poses As Nurse,' "Deering cuttingly said. "I am a nurse," I said

ing the door opened and Uncle Lou Mueller barged in, followed by Sam Feldman and two other men. One of them was Jimmy McCane, Sohlki's assistant director, but the other I had never seen before—a tall, thin man who wore his clothes well.

Uncle Lou was barking as he came in, and kept right on "Get Freddy Gay and Taylor and whoever else is in this scene," he told Jimmy, and Jimmy hurried over to the portable telephone He began dialing numbers.

"You here already?" Uncle Lou said to me. "Well, that's good. I want you should meet the new director on this picture, Mr. Scott Deering."

Mr. Deering was the tall thin man. We shook hands.

But I was puzzled. "I thought Mr. Sohlki—"

Uncle Lou interrupted me: "Sohlki got himself killed last night. As if I didn't have enough troubles already!"

I found myself repeating, "Killed!" but I wasn't thinking of him.

"Some woman stabbed him," Uncle Lou went on.

Sam Feldman protested, "We don't know yet if it was a woman."

"Sure it was. In Hollywood, it's always a woman," Uncle Lou snapped.

I went right on thinking. It was that woman I had seen letting herself into Sohlki's house the night before—the woman who had looked me over so carefully as I sat there in his car waiting for him to come out. That was why he had not come out with the coats—would never come out again. I wondered foolishly if his car was still standing there, parked against the curb. But it wouldn't be; his car would have been taken away by the police. The police! Terrifying memories. Had I left anything in the car? Fear just about paralyzed my brain. I couldn't remember! A handkerchief might have fallen out of my pocket, or I might have lost a button from my coat.

Sheer panic made my knees tremble. It couldn't be—there couldn't be another death in which I was even remotely concerned. It was unfeeling of me, I know, to be thinking about myself at a time of tragedy, but I couldn't help it. I was feeling all over again the dreadful agony of a rabbit headed down a blind alley with dogs in full pursuit. If my name was linked with this thing, all that had happened to me before would come up. Perhaps I would even be suspected myself. And just when I was beginning to feel so safe, with everything that was possible in my life safely two thousand miles away.

I must have been a little dizzy. Somebody caught me by the elbow and steadied me—it was Scott Deering.

"Take it easy, Miss Adair."

"I guess I—I'm a little faint," I faltered. "I didn't have my breakfast."

That was a silly thing to say, but it diverted attention for the moment.

"Confound women who starve themselves," said the tall director impatiently. "Here—I'll send out for some coffee and roll."

He began looking around for someone to despatch on the errand.

I laughed, a little hysterically. "I don't starve myself, mister. I didn't eat because I was afraid I'd be late." I mentioned to Louella. "My maid will get me something."

LOUELLA came over to us with a funny look in her eyes—a question. She had heard the conversation, of course, and she was wondering, just as I was, what part I had had in the sudden taking off of the recently virile Mr. Sohlki. I knew her well enough even then to realize that she was not accusing me, but was merely trying to figure it out. I knew also that even if I were in some strange way to blame, she would not betray me. So I shook my head at her just once, reassuringly. No one saw it but Louella herself, and her face cleared instantly.

"Yes, Miss Rach—Miss Rochelle, honey, I was just waitin' to find out what I could do for you."

Mr. Deering gave her the money to get breakfast from across the street—the studio restaurant didn't open until after eleven—and Louella departed cheerfully on her way. She, poor loyal, trusting soul, thought everything was all right.

By that time, Mr. Gay and Mr. Taylor had arrived and Jimmy McCane called a rehearsal. That was the Hollywood version of "The show must go on."

"I give you time off to go to the funeral," Uncle Lou said briskly, "but otherwise we got a fast shooting schedule on this picture, already New York is hollering about the overhead."

With that he bustled off to other affairs, sure that everything would be all right in the capable hands of the new director whom he had hastily catapulted into a picture that he knew nothing about.

He was right about the capability of Scott Deering. I was too concerned with my own affairs to appreciate him that morning, but I learned later that all he needed was a few sun-arcs and a camera to paint the most vivid loveliness that has ever appeared on the silver screen.

I went through what I was supposed to do in a sort of a trance, but somehow three or four scenes got themselves photographed and recorded before it was time for lunch.

I did not go to the commissary but ordered something sent over to my dressing room. Louella went out and bought a copy of the noon edition of the afternoon paper.

The murder of William Sohlki carried an eight-column headline.

According to the press, the police so far knew only that the body had been found by Sohlki's Japanese man-servant when he came in that morning; that he had been killed with a carving knife; and that half a dozen different people were being held for questioning.

My name was not mentioned.

CHAPTER XVI

And my name never has been mentioned from that day to this in connection with one of the most mysterious murder cases that has ever puzzled the Los Angeles police.

I couldn't tell what I knew. Louella wouldn't, of course, and the woman who saw me waiting in Sohlki's car most certainly couldn't say anything without making what would have been practically a confession of her own guilt. But the Sohlki death mystery was suddenly eclipsed by a greater news event, and the police and the press were distracted from their probe, and finally the clues grew cold and confused.

At any rate, the murder was front page news for only a day. In another twenty-four hours it was mentioned briefly in the second news sections of the local papers, and in a week had entirely disappeared from print.

Had I been as well known then as I am now I would almost inevitably have been dragged into the case. Someone would have seen me with Sohlki and remembered it. But as it was, there were too many people trying to hide what they knew about the famous director. Any one of a score of enemies—some of them jealous husbands and vengeful mothers—had plenty of reason to like Sohlki better underground and, in the confusion, the real culprit escaped. I think I met her once—but that is an unpleasant experience I will set down later.

However, the conclusion that I was never to be concerned in the police investigation was not arrived at in time to be of any use to me the afternoon the story broke or for many days thereafter. The day the murder was discovered I had to renew my make-up several times to cover up the signs of my agitation, and go back on the set when I was called.

In spite of my trepidation and concern with affairs outside the studio, I found out the first afternoon that Scott Deering did not approve of me—or, at least, of my type. During one of the intervals in shooting, while the crew was shifting cameras and lights for a new set-up, Frederick Gay came over to me and quite casually put his arm around my shoulders as he talked to me. I didn't know what to do about it. Gay, I may say, is one of the greatest actors in America today, with a fine stage tradition back of his glamorous success on the screen. I was aware (as who isn't?) that the unwritten ethical code of show business embraces customs and unconventionalities which are frowned upon in a stricter environment. How often I had been told that terms of endearment and casual familiarities "do not mean a thing."

I was telling myself that as I stood there, frightened a little and certainly uncomfortable, while the cocksure and debonnaire Mr. Gay took liberties which I should have resented under any other circumstances and which were practically insulting.

His conversation, however, was something else again. All he was saying was, "When I was in France during the war I don't recall having seen any apartments [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

LOUISE FAZENDA • FRANCES DEE • ANN HARDING • JOAN BENNETT

The Tragedy of Being A HOLLYWOOD MOTHER

"I HAVE not seen my baby awake for three days!"

It was a wistful statement, full of mother-yearning, made by Virginia Bruce the other day at the studio. She had been working constantly on a new production. When she arrived home late, Susan Ann was asleep. When she left for the studio the next morning, the baby had been up for hours and was taking her nap.

Have you ever thought about this tragedy of stardom, you mothers who can enjoy your babies all the day through?

Perhaps you may have cast an envious eye at the glamorous picture queens—it's only human. Perhaps, after a particularly hot and trying day when your baby is teething and fretful, and you finally get him off to sleep, you have sighed to yourself, "Oh, for the life of a movie star!"

Balance it against this:

Glenda Farrell, with her boy desperately ill in Palm Springs all last year and Glenda working in two pictures at once in Hollywood. Glenda, snatching every moment away from the work—work which made possible the expensive care Tommy needed—to rush down and see him—often to stay for only an hour.

And balance it against this:

Helen Hayes, in Hollywood to fulfill a contract—miserable and in an agony of worry away from her little Mary. She did not dare bring Mary out here due to the infantile paralysis scare. She was so unhappy making the picture "What Every Woman Knows" that no title was ever truer

Her dissatisfaction then was not with Hollywood, pictures in general, or that particular production. It was simply that she could not bear to be away from her child. Helen telephones her every night, but left the phone bathed in tears. Helen would talk on and on, absorbing every nuance in Mary's voice—to carry her through the next day. Nothing, not all the studio gods or the elements combined could keep her from the telephone at that appointed hour

Helen is back with her child now—and she says no contract will ever lure her to Hollywood or any place again without Mary. Helen did not have a normal childhood, herself She was on the stage at the age of five, and has been there ever since. So now she is having her play-days with Mary, and no mother ever enjoyed her child more completely Mary and Helen dress dolls together, have tea-parties, take riding lessons. When she is with Mary, Helen Hayes shuts out the world and is so breathlessly happy that alien eyes have no place in this two-some. It is intruding on something too revealing and sacred.

Recently, Helen even threatened to give up the stage, because, she said, she couldn't do justice to both jobs at once. Few women who have had her success would not try to effect a compromise—but Helen places the child first. She will never forget that torturing separation.

Motherhood has been called the inalienable right of woman—but it requires more than ordinary courage on the part of a screen star. There is the fear of the effect on her appearance—which every woman feels. To a star it is of vital economic importance. It may be a gamble—but truthfully, a baby more often *improves* the mother's looks than damages them, when she has the proper care.

NE JUDGE

KAREN MORLEY • GLORIA SWANSON

When baby wakes in the morning with a wide, pink yawn, the day unfolds like a magic carpet for the average mother, rich in companionship with her child. But the movie star mother must rush to the studio, rarely seeing her baby awake and playing

Don't ever envy the star mother! Few women sacrifice so much for their babies and get so little joy in return

BY RUTH RANKIN

Virginia Bruce, for instance, was merely a pretty girl when e married Jack Gilbert and until Susan Ann was born ow she is radiantly beautiful—called, in fact, one of the most autiful women on the screen. Sally Eilers, Arline Judge, ances Dee, Joan Blondell, Dixie Lee Crosby—all went rough the worry and gambled with their appearance. And ery one of their babies has added that indefinable something tween girlish prettiness and real beauty. They have a ise and an assurance they never had before.

But every one of them made a material, economic sacrifice—hich runs into staggering gures—to have her baby. he cost of a child, to a pular star whose services e in constant demand, ns between fifty and a ndred thousand dollars!

In Norma Shearer's case ith her second baby, now pected, a whole M-G-M oduction of "Marie Anoinette" was halted—at a fabulous cost. Norma would like a irl this time, and let's hope she gets her wish. She certainly eserves it. Norma feels that the time to have your children while you are young enough to grow up with them. She els the studio and the career can wait. But it is impossible eliminate a certain degree of worry about it.

When you consider at what tremendous odds picture stars ave children at all, you realize what a gratifying wholesome and stimulating example they are in demanding their right to have youngsters and to be normal women. They can, of course, give them every advantage obtainable with money—the children undergo no sacrifice, but the mothers frequently do. Heretofore, it has not been the money class that has been the most prolific. Large families were considered by a certain snobbish group as slightly vulgar. But all around me, in Hollywood, I hear the girls who have one or two children now, saying, "Oh, my family is not complete yet. We want a girl, now—or another boy—or twins!" All enthusiastic.

And just as Hollywood influences the customs, manners and fashions of a country—why not the families?

When women want children enough to make sacrifices which no woman in any other walk of life is called upon to make, imagine what it means to those women to have to turn that child over to some one else to bring up!

Often, these picture girls are absolutely dependent on their work for economic security. If not, they can give the child greater advantages by continuing to work. Most of them have risen through the extra and small-player ranks to achieve their present success. Having just arrived at the top, it would be an unwarranted extravagance to toss it into the discard.

Helen Hayes suffered through weeks of agony and worry when the infantile paralysis scare kept Mary in New York while Helen stayed in Hollywood for a picture. She'll never leave her again

It is a business of swift success and oblivion—and they are far-sighted women, these days. Their actor or director or even producer husbands may not be acting or directing or producing pictures five years from now. Marriages do not always last in Hollywood. But children do. You cannot blame the star for having careers while they can, or for combining them with children.

The problem is theirs, and one which many of you mothers would not have the courage to tackle. Bringing up a family is pretty much a life-work by itself. What if you had to bring up a box-office along with it?

With children so much in the public eye, there is the lurking awful fear of kidnappers which nev leaves a star-mother a moment's peace. Guards are hired ju as you would hire a maid—as a necessary part of every hous hold staff. Windows are barred, the child must be kept mo or less in seclusion. This is the most ghastly fear possible imagine hovering over a household. To convey the necessi for caution to the child, without conveying the fear, is a pro lem every woman in pictures with a youngster has had work out. The little girl or boy cannot run down the stre in perfect freedom to play with the neighboring kids. Cann go to and from school even in a school bus, unless strong guarded. Can you imagine being miles away in a studio, abo to play an important scene, and have a frantic nurse telepho that the baby cannot be found?

Marlene Dietrich solves this problem by having little Mar with her during almost every waking moment—with an arm guard. And she has even been criticized for it, by many wh question the wisdom of subjecting a child to constant publ curiosity and attention. Maria is on a picture set with h mother much of the time—not the best place in the world for growing youngster, you may say.

But what is her mother to do? Be tortured and haggar with worry over her welfare and safety, away from her?

Most picture children, when they are old enough, are brougl to the studio to see mama. Norma Shearer's son, Irvir Junior, calls on his father and goes to Norma's set every da when she is working, for a short visit.

He brings her a bouquet of lovingly gathered flowers, slightl wilted by his tight little clasp, but precious to Norma. H tells her of the pony ride he has just had, or the swim. They di cuss Irving Junior, not pictures. He wears, perhaps, a cov boy outfit and a sombrero. "Oh, who is that?" exclain Norma. "I'm Viva Villa!" shouts the boy, with a flourish.

One day he was persuaded to talk into the microphone his name, age, "Hello papa, etc. It was put onto a sounc track and run off with th "rushes" that night, as a su prise for his father.

Another day, he arrived t have an important whispere conference with his mother. H left with his nurse for Thalberg office where he was solemnl announced, at his own reques "Irving Thalberg, Junior, to se you." Junior gulped, took deep breath, entered and bowe Then he spoke up manfully- "Daddy, I want to apologize fc being a naughty boy this morr ing."

So even discipline has to b exercised by a screen mothe from a picture set!

Norma Shearer happens to b an outstanding example of san motherhood in this busines which makes any kind of mothe hood difficult enough. She sea more of her son than the averag star. She was off the screen year while Irving Junior wa quite young. It is a rare wee that she must be away fro home every day, even in th midst of a picture. Yet her so is not spoiled with too muc attention or expensive toys, i

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Virginia Bruce, one of the most devoted mothers in Hollywood, is unhappy because she seldom has a chance to play with or care for little Susan Ann Gilbert

BY COURTENAY MARVIN

Oposite, an interesting departure in bathing suits. Dable brown linen lace with a flesh-pink jersey lin- ine upheld by a halter strap. The halter theme is a fapred line throughout Miss Torres' entire wardrobe

Oposite, beauty that lies in line. Glacier blue in the roghest of crêpes sweeps from a simple halter bodice to a modified train. A single panel drapes from the rict hip. Those crystals are not part of the gown

Vite satin is developed along Grecian lines, with a dioed halter front and no back. A narrow half-belt faens at back center. The slightly shortened front sk- is new and promises to be important fashion

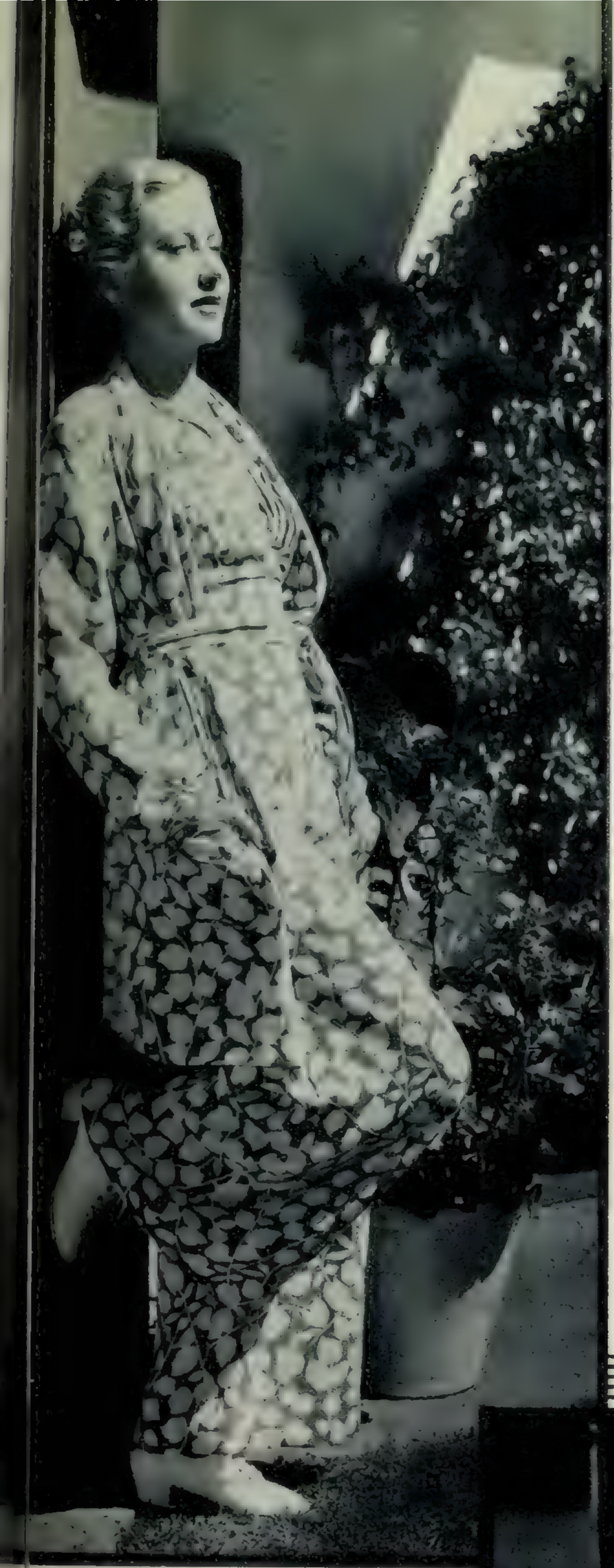
Sumer afternoon finds Miss Torres wearing a suit of wre crêpe with snowy fox collar, over a simple match- in blouse with button trimmed jabot. The mushroom sapr with patent band and tiny veil was designed by her

Ain, only rich black crêpe and line for style. The deded bodice slit is repeated in the skirt, where fuess falls well below the hips in the smart new skirt meement. Jeweled clasps and bracelets for accent

A DAY IN JUNE WITH *Genevieve Tobin*

The day on Miss Tobin's Montecito estate may begin or end with a canter, for which the actress is attired in beige whipcord jodhpurs, green, beige and brown wool coat with patch pockets and a paisley stock. Her boots are of dark brown

Cream satin blooms with pastel flowers for dinner or the dance, and is simply designed with a capelet barely covering the shoulders. Miss Tobin's only adornment is a string of pearls. Sandals are worn stockingless; hair in sculptured curls



akfast and a lazy sunning in he patio of her country e start a good day. For ay hours Miss Tobin likes the comfortable Elizabeth Allen pajamas with white design on a powder-blue ground. Nonchalant three-quarter coat with pockets

lively companions, Beau te and Prosper, mean a ll, and for this ritual Miss Tobin wears blush linen with a laid sash of pink, white and brown, and a matching shady hat of stitched linen banded in blue. White lies and brown socks

White organza striped with bright green and white satin seems part of the June landscape. The ruffles that form the sleeves continue down the back of the frock and end in a dust ruffle. Miss Tobin's next film will be "The Girl from 10th Avenue"

Summer Whims

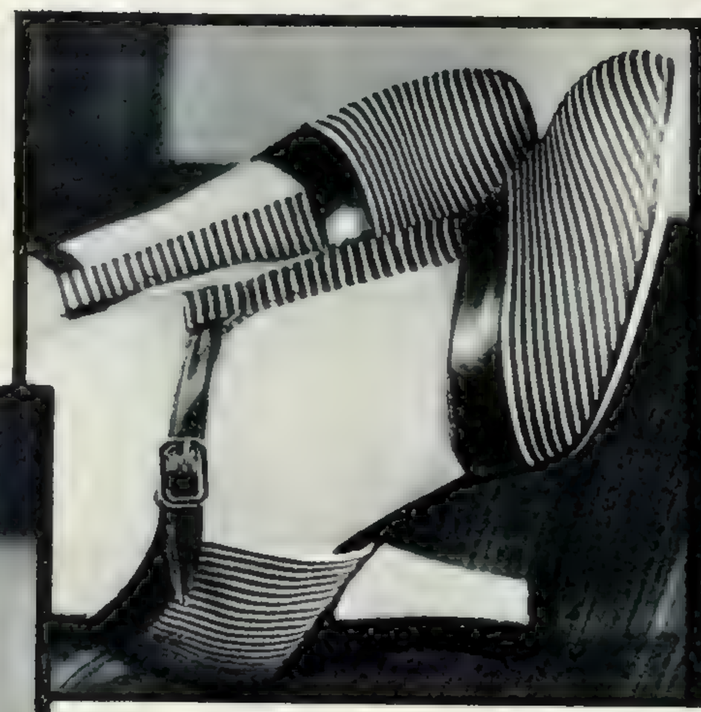
Leather thongs and a handful of wooden terriers for a sportive bracelet that looks the part. Seen with sports clothes on the British player, Ida Lupino, soon to appear in "Paris in Spring"

Hawaiian seed accessories in variety figure in the Hollywood sports plan. Miss Lupino poses with a necklace of the lei type, two bracelets and a bag with hookless slide fastener for safety of contents

Barbaric in their primitive simplicity, oyster shells highly polished for an exotic necklace and bracelet, and worn with striking effect by Kathleen Burke. From I. Magnin, California

JEAN HARLOW'S

Jean Harlow has trim feet and a beautifully arched instep. Her shoe closet reveals sandals with wide black satin bands embroidered in gold for the negligée or hostess gown. Also, very smart tweed sports ghillies trimmed with brown alligator, which may be ordered in sturdy fabric to match sports clothes



For town wear, look twice at these white kid members closely overlaid with narrow bands of black braid with that most comfortable of ideas, the T strap. An even more generous T strap nominates these white perforated buckskins with perforated brown kid trim for practically all sports and spectator sports needs

Hollywood Wears Gay Costume Jewelry Exciting Sandals Heels Low And High Stockingless Mode Seems Preferred

Costume jewelry has interpreted itself in almost every substance under the sun, including metal, wood, synthetics, nuts and seed. Marian Marsh displays blue matches with white beads that strike a smart note

With gay little trinkets like Miss Marsh's coral and gold clip and bracelet, daytime frocks take on new character and color. Distinctive accessories for every costume is a chic thought for the smart

How would you like a red and white map of Hollywood in scarf form, like Miss Lupino's? A perfect Baedeker for prospective visitors shows all favorite spots, studios and other what-nots

SHOE PARADE

For afternoon or with the cotton dinner and dance frock, we recommend Miss Harlow's bright Scotch plaid sandals in red, yellow, sand and white. For the formal frock, the chastely lovely Grecian sandals of gold kid for flowing chiffons and crêpes. All shoes are from Bullock's-Wilshire, California

Very shiny red straw straps and ridiculously high red leather heels contribute to sandals that would do credit to the grandest of dance floors. Then come neat, almost childish sports sandals of pearl-gray stitched linen that belong in every Summer wardrobe. Emphasis on that flat heel for comfort and for chic

THE Gaumont British "Loves of a Dictator" not only teams Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll, noteworthy on its own, but presents the panoply and bitter intrigue of a fascinating phase of the Danish royal court in the 16th century. Right, Helen Haye as *Juliana the Queen Mother* haughtily snubs Clive Brook *(Dr. Struensee)* after failing to set *Queen Caroline Mathilde* (Madeleine Carroll) against him, her lover. Center left is Miss Haye, then directly below, from left to right, Miss Carroll and Mr. Brook, Miss Carroll, and Mr. Brook, Betty Hamilton, illustrating the rich scenes and settings

IN "Loves of a Dictator," the regal Madeleine Carroll risks her own life in a farewell visit to her lover, *Dr. Struensee* (Clive Brook), her staunch supporter and honest adviser, thrown into a dungeon and sentenced to death on a pretext. Next, the winsome young *Queen Caroline Mathilde* herself, a close-up of her as she first met the serious *Dr. Struensee,* a man of science far ahead of his time and consequently hated for it. In his last moments on earth, facing extinction by the axe, he broods not only on the bitterness of his own fate, but that of his beloved—did she escape a like ending?

ONE cigarette in the dark gave the photographer a chance to catch this interesting black-and-white study of Phillip Reed. You'll see Reed with Bette Davis in First National's picture, "The Girl from 10th Avenue"

Why Merle CLICKED

Fifty million film fans can't be wrong! Miss Oberon, a newcomer to Hollywood, is on a non-stop flight to stardom

By HELEN HARRISON

Putting on the finishing touches for a scene with Doug Fairbanks in "The Private Life of Don Juan." Her rise toward stardom has been rapid since

Merle Oberon, arriving in America for the first time, to play in "Folies Bergere," opposite Maurice Chevalier. Now Hollywood just won't let her go back

VER since Merle Oberon walked away with the year's popularity award non-stop stardom the excit- game of "Why?" has be- e national after-dinner rsion.

's perfectly true that her cate brunette beauty offers y competition to a Shearer, charm a challenge to Gay- yet neither quite explains amazing Merle—who also her own particular brand ersonality.

may be well to scrap all folderol and plain and fancy ey that have surrounded Tasmanian version of lle Merle O'Brien Thomp- and start with some *real* s. Then you too can play delightful game of "Why?" a fair chance of winning a income tax blank, a piece omebody's mind or a ner- s breakdown.

Merle, in the very first place, ot the raven-haired, ebon- d seductress she appears on screen. Actually her color- matches her fair skin—de- of all make-up save lip- k—for her hair is chestnut her eyes hazel. And her d humor and even white h make smiling a frequent sure. She's medium height, and curls up in a chair in , unstudied informality. poses.

he's not a seventh daughter seventh daughter nor a cini heroine. Twenty-four years ago on February 11th she was born at Hobart, Tasmania, and seven years later she was living with her mother, uncle and aunt in Calcutta. (Her father died shortly before she was born.) The Thompsons were British, and on the distaff side Merle is French-Dutch. Her uncle was attached to the Army, and being rather well connected she was brought up in propriety and seclusion with the benefit of an excellent education and the dubious advantages of Calcutta society—which soon palled on the adolescent but astute young beauty.

At seventeen she accompanied her uncle to England. By this time she had become the rage of Calcutta and privately engaged to a blond Englishman who followed her to London. But being engaged to Merle is something like having a ticket on the sweepstakes. It's an exciting prospect—but the odds are a million to one against you! The Englishman [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

IRISH NIGHTS And Other ADVENTURES

When a fellow sta decorating the g den, it looks like plans to stay. A everybody knows will suit the ladies Hollywood just f if Nils Asther nev returns to Swed

John Lodge, Evel Venable and her hu band Hal Mohr, ha ing lunch together the Mohrs' hou All was sweetne and light betwe Mrs. Mohr and h cameraman hubby till she mention henna hair

ERIN GO BRAGH, my Colleen:

The Abbey Players, famous Irish actors touring America, came to town. Maureen O'Sullivan entertained for them and the darlin' asked me to a big luncheon she gave at her home studio, M-G-M. I came in a pourin' rain and met the whole troupe who are wholesome, homey folk. First we met up in the research department, presided over by the interesting Natalie Bucknall. And some day soon, kitten, I shall discourse on what a fascinating place that is. . . . Fancy *hors d'oeuvres* and cocktails were served before we went down the commissary. I met Miss Eileen Crowe, the lady who th very night played the part in "The Far-Off Hills," whic Maureen is going to do on the screen, so I pulled a big ke to the city right out of the air (there's nothing you can't c in Hollywood!) and presented it to her as a welcome gestur

The luncheon table was splendidly decked out in gree flowers, green aspics, tiny Irish flags and the brogue of Er which sent the stock of the land of Killarney to a new high.

At the O'Brien home, Pat pours a cocktail while Mitzi carves her name on the bar. Lots of famous names there! On the walls are framed stills from every film that Pat has played in, and portraits of all his studio friends

I could hardly wait to see "The Far-Off Hills" that evening. Guess, though, that I never will know how good it was since the audience was so filled with enthusiastic movie people, including Maureen, naturally, that I couldn't keep my eyes from looking. They kept lighting on the young Miss Jean Muir, who used to hang around back-stage a lot when the Abbeys were in New York and who was now sitting on the edge of her seat, absorbed.

Well, from Ireland me and the Man went to heaven, which was the Trocadero in this case. There, who do you think I saw? Maureen O'Sullivan! Surprise!

There were others, too. That whiz, Fred Astaire, was talking intently to the Irving Berlins but he didn't bat an eyebrow, let alone a foot, when they played the Continental! A great down for me who was certain to see something spectacular at the place, free-for-nothing. Well, maybe the Astaire would rather talk than listen, but not so Bing Crosby and wife Dixie Lee, who were going through the giddiest gyrations right there at their table with balloon-man Mack Gordon. Mack didn't write the Continental but does do most all of Bing's tunes and has tossed off a ditty or two on the side. You may remember "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" and "Love Thy Neighbor." Bing rolled his eyes, heaved his shoulders and did rat-a-tats on the table with a fork while he boo-booed-a boo. Dixie did some head and shoulder shakings, just like everybody wants to do when they hear the piece, only they don't do it so smooth and cha-cha!

Mitzi Cummings sees all and knows all the stars. Her news of filmdom's goings-on appears in PHOTOPLAY every month

It was a daisy of a night, that night. I got both eyes full of all your favorite movie stars. So, before I go on to other things, I must report that small Nancy Carroll with the big eyes wore a black Salvation Army bonnet with a bow and big long streamers all the way down the back! A quaint spectacle in the Troc.

The ravishing Virginia Bruce supplied enough allure for a dozen movie stars. Her brushed-gold hair, worn in a simple knot, with a half-moon shaped fluffy fringe, kept me insanely jealous all evening. Whenever I lowered my eyes it was to covet her floaty chiffon gown in a luscious rose-sunset shade, with her neck and shoulders rising from a huge, all-around ruff.

But let's leave the Troc and romp over to see the merry Pat O'Brien, and his missus and their kid, Mavourneen, they are so daffy over. She has the cunningest nursery, in pink and white with a miniature *chaise longue* in white moire taffeta piled high with pillows, just like a débutante's, that Barbara Stanwyck gave her. But that isn't all. There is a wondrous dressing-table, too, of white ruffled net over pink with looped up ribbon bows like a ballet dancer's skirt and a real mirror! It's a fluffy miniature of mama's and although the young one is too tiny to use it, 'tis a very pretty piece of feminine frippery to have in one's nursery, anyway.

From the nursery we toddled to the bar where I had to see the hundreds of pictures of Pat's friends, and the framed stills from every picture he's ever worked in. Anytime you have a week off, spend it with Pat at [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

☆ GO INTO YOUR DANCE—First National

HERE'S a grand evening for you who like singing and dancing with a plausible back stage story sandwiched in. The fact that Al Jolson, better than ever, and Ruby Keeler, good as always, are in it lifts it out of the class of average musicals.

The hero (Al Jolson), supposed to be temperamental and unreliable, is barred from the show business. Then he meets Ruby. His sister, (played by Glenda Farrell, and she's swell!) makes them team up as an act. So far it might sound routine. However, the developments are anything but. And the dialogue isn't sacrificed for music.

Dance numbers are exceptionally good—especially the routine featuring "A Latin from Manhattan." You'll find it swift and tuneful musical entertainment.

☆ STAR OF MIDNIGHT—RKO-Radio

THIS will remind you of "The Thin Man." For it is as sparkling, thrilling and devastatingly humorous as last year's ace murder mystery.

William Powell has Ginger Rogers to banter with throughout this guaranteed-to-baffle murder problem. Bill again does his sleuthing in a most adroit and entertaining fashion, to extricate himself from a nasty mess following the slaying of a reporter in his apartment.

You don't know the answer until the final surprising fadeout, but the repeated sallies of irresistible wit and humor ease the tension delightfully. Another bright flow of dialogue and directorial punch is set off by easy, winning performances by all concerned, including Paul Kelly, Leslie Fenton, J. Farrell MacDonald, Russell Hopton.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ CARDINAL RICHELIEU—20th Century-United Artists

ONE of history's most fascinating figures, *Richelieu*, comes to the screen in brilliant form. Mr. Arliss cannot help but deliver a superior characterization, and he has never been more accomplished an actor than as the great Cardinal of France.

Although in history many versions of the iron-gloved priest are found, 20th Century has wisely kept to the middle road. You see his schemes, his trickery, his brilliant plans, and listen to his biting remarks, delivered in the typically delighting Arliss style. But one neither hates nor loves *Richelieu*. Rather, one waits to see what Arliss will do next.

Maureen O'Sullivan plays the lovely *Leenore*, his adopted daughter who, by merest chance, changed the history of France. She is so freshly lovely it is easily understood why *Richelieu*, to defend her honor, fights *Louis* when the King, for his own selfish ends, orders the Cardinal to marry her to an old man she has never seen.

Louis, played by Edward Arnold, is as excellent a portrayal as the most exacting historian could wish. And the rest of the cast measures up. Direction is rather slow. One wishes it had more fire, a more nail-biting, hand-wringing tempo. But the beauty of photography and mounting is superb. And the religious scenes so lovely they are a privilege to witness.

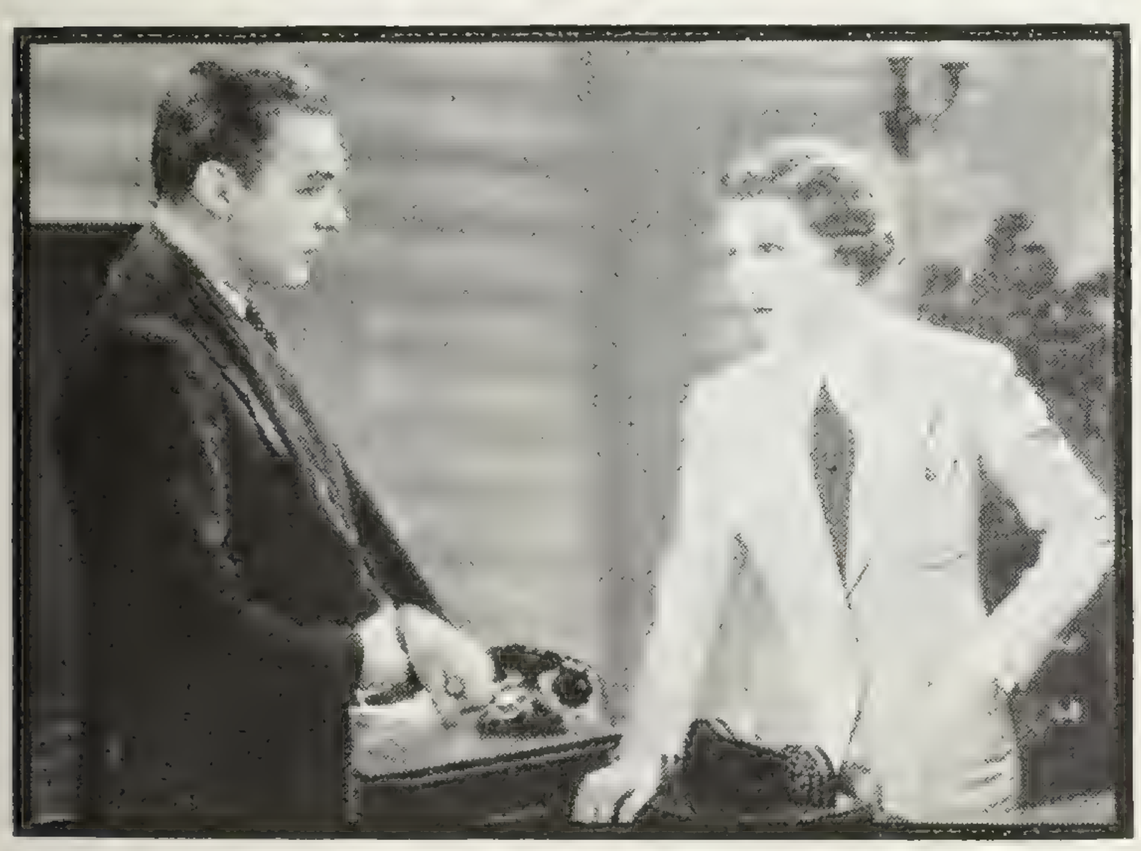
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

RICHELIEU
GO INTO YOUR DANCE
VAGABOND LADY
PRIVATE WORLDS
STAR OF MIDNIGHT
FOUR HOURS TO KILL
BLACK FURY

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

George Arliss in "Cardinal Richelieu"
Edward Arnold in "Cardinal Richelieu"
Douglas Dumbrille in "Cardinal Richelieu"
Charles Boyer in "Private Worlds"
Claudette Colbert in "Private Worlds"
Clive Brook in "Farewell to Love"
Paul Muni in "Black Fury"
William Powell in "Star of Midnight"
Robert Young in "Vagabond Lady"
Richard Barthelmess in "Four Hours to Kill"
Roscoe Karns in "Four Hours to Kill"
William Blakewell in "Strangers All"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



☆ PRIVATE WORLDS—Walter Wanger-Paramount

NO prophetic gift is necessary to state that this will be one of the year's most discussed pictures. It is a triumph in adult entertainment, with interesting characters playing against the extremely unusual, daring and yet absorbing background of mental abnormality.

Modern psychiatrists, working together in a hospital for mental cases, are the principals of the drama. In struggling to right the warped minds of their patients, they find themselves tangled in "private worlds" of their own.

Claudette Colbert, as the woman psychiatrist living a "ghost" romance, gives what is probably her most mature performance to date. Charles Boyer definitely arrives in a rôle which his sheer screen authority makes hypnotically attractive. Thereby he qualifies as Hollywood's number one masculine threat.

Whether or not due to Gregory La Cava's great direction, both Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett rise above themselves and become actors. You will not soon forget the eerie power of the scene where Joan hears mad voices call.

The whole film radiates skill and understanding. No recent photoplay has been more convincingly real nor more genuinely compelling throughout. A large share of the credit must go to Phyllis Bottome, who wrote the book, and Lynn Starling, who put real words into the mouths of real people. It's for intelligent adults, not for children.

☆ VAGABOND LADY—Hal Roach-M-G-M

A MORE spirited, delightfully mad and altogether enjoyable bit of comedy drama than this you'll seldom see. It's a pip from start to finish.

Robert Young is the captivating scapegrace son of a too, too dignified family. Stiff laced brother Reginald Denny entrusts Robert with the task of making fiancée Evelyn Venable appreciative of the finer things of life. Of course, he does just the opposite—and she loves it!

This is the best thing Robert Young has ever done. His playboy character is a triumph in whimsical anything-for-a-good-time rôles. Evelyn Venable shows refreshing spirit and Frank Craven's old-sot father rôle is a new deal in drunks. Plenty of grand "touches" can be credited to Director Sam Taylor and writer Frank Butler.

☆ FOUR HOURS TO KILL—Paramount

NORMAN KRASNA'S stage hit, "Small Miracle," is even more tense and compelling on the screen.

It's a "Grand Hotel" idea within the lobby of a theater while a show is in progress, centering around a doomed killer (Richard Barthelmess) passing four hours handcuffed to the guard who will take him on a train to the gallows.

Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, triumphs gloriously in pathetic force. His skill is matched by the superb comedy-pathos of Roscoe Karns, as an expectant father, and by the moving performances of every principal, including Joe Morrison, Helen Mack, Gertrude Michael, Ray Milland and Charles C. Wilson.

This is high tension stuff, embellished by high art and striking production.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

BLACK FURY —First National

A SAGA of the coal-mines, with Paul Muni intensely believable. It is drama in the raw, with no pretty-pretty. Done with intense realism, the coal-mining town, the elemental problems of the miners, live and have strength on the screen. Karen Morley is well cast as *Anna Novak*, who precipitates all the trouble. An excellent problem picture.

RECKLESS— M-G-M

THE clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone fail to make this the superior picture it should have been. Jean is the show girl who marries millionaire weakling Franchot. He can't take it when his father and friends turn against him, and his suicide leaves Jean with a baby and a ruined reputation. It's Powell to the rescue.

MISTER DYNAMITE— Universal

EDDIE LOWE rides to glory in this grand film version of Dashiell Hammett's yarn. As a slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees, Eddie muscles his way into a mystery and wise-cracks through a beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled. Excellent cast, including Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi.

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS —Fox

A CLEAN Scandals, not an off-color line, and Eleanor Powell—a tap-dancer so good you can hardly believe it—make this one something you'll want to see. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are a small-time team, discovered by George White, who let the bright lights go to their heads and have to be disciplined by hard luck. Ned Sparks gets most laughs.

LOVES OF A DICTATOR— GB

A DRAMATIC, historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented. Clive Brook is the radical young dictator, *Dr. Struensee*, who, in 1766 was taken into the Court of Denmark by weakling *King Christian* and fell in love with the bride Queen, *Caroline* (Madeleine Carroll). The story of their romance is told directly and convincingly.

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT —M-G-M

THIS fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama is played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone and the delightful Una Merkel, who make one grand team! The story is not all that could be desired, but speedy direction and spirited acting make up for it. Steffi Duna is good as the mystery woman, Conrad Nagel excellent as the heavy.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount

ONE of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Their daughter, Leila Hyams has been married a year to Dean Jaggers, and the first battle has been waged but not won. Leila comes home to mama, who decides to scrap with papa, thus diverting the kids from their own troubles. Deft, human comedy for the whole family.

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount

GEORGE RAFT and the Old Maestro, Ben Bernie, pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable blend of music, comedy and fast drama. The talk and action are breezy, the songs catchy, the dances neat. A newcomer, Lloyd Nolan, comes through with an ace character performance. Good support from Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt.

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-RADIO

A PIP of a simple little family picture. May Robson has four youngsters, all as different as the four seasons. Preston Foster is the oldest and the practical one, supporting the others. William Bakewell yearns to be an actor, James Bush is the parlor pink, and Florine McKinney, the daughter. It is an amusing story of the family's problems.

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal

JEAN PARKER becomes a hack driver after her father is killed by the henchmen of her best friend, racketeer Chester Morris. She won't take any aid from him after that, and winds up in jail when the cops find a stolen race horse between the shafts of her cab. An exciting horse race then decides whether she shall be freed or jailed.

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National

A LIGHT airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell takes Hugh Herbert in the toothpaste business with her, and Hugh, flavoring the paste-like cocktails, has some high moments. Glenda Farrell is her expertly alert, decorative self, William Gargan is a rival salesman, and Ruth Donnelly is aces as Joan's jittery mother.

$10 RAISE—Fox

THE saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance, and Glen Boles with Rosina Lawrence are a charming pair of impetuous lovers. Alan Dinehart unloads the supposedly worthless property on timid Horton. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

LeBaron chose "Humoresque" as a film story in spite of strong opposition. The movie, a tremendous success, was the winner of PHOTOPLAY'S first Gold Medal Award, best picture in 1920

When LeBaron, making "Beau Geste" sent a company from New York to Arizona to film it, people said he was crazy—till they saw the picture. Left, Noah Beery and Ronald Colman

He Hated the

THE name William LeBaron may mean absolutely nothing to you, but it means more than you can imagine to such celebrated folk as, for instance, Mae West, W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby and George Burns and Gracie Allen.

To get right down to cases, Mr. LeBaron is one of those mysterious and much-maligned moguls of the movies—a producer. He has been thus engaged for the past fifteen years More than that, he is a good producer—and more than that, folk seldom speak disparagingly of him, which is odd because the Hollywood custom is not to mention producers in public unless you can throw knives at their backs. Perhaps strangest of all, he has been highly successful in a business he actually hated for years, resisted bitterly, and was finally lured into only by base trickery and deceit.

Should the name William LeBaron sound vaguely familiar, it is because you have seen the name—but never the face—on the main credit titles of many pictures you have enjoyed hugely—and no doubt on a few that bored you to tears. After all, he is only human and can't score a touchdown every time he carries the ball. By and large, he gains more yards than he loses.

Let us, for a moment, consider the man chronologically.

As a child, in Elgin, he displayed early symptoms of ingenuity which hovered on genius. One incident will serve to illustrate. A playmate's father owned a condensed milk factory —the thick, gooey kind. Strict sanitation was the watchword —human hands must not touch! Nothing daunted by this stern injunction, little Willie's agile brain evolved a plan for swiping the toothsome liquid in unlimited quantities. The filled cans moved along an endless belt to a topping machine. During this brief passage their delectable contents were unguarded. Our Willie and an accomplice lurked craftily beside the traveling belt, each armed with a common pencil. As the cans passed, the pencils were dipped into them, licked off, dipped in again—*ad nauseam*. A quickly acquired sense of timing made it eventually possible to dip every third can without missing a dip or spilling a drop.

This ingenious system was not only positive evidence of precocity but also was proof of a cast iron stomach—or maybe not, because Mr. LeBaron sometimes mournfully declares this juvenile indiscretion is probably half what's wrong with him now.

Our young hopeful—Bill then and Bill now—graduated from

William LeBaron is a producer whom all Hollywood respects and admires in spite of the fact that he was lured from the stage into pictures by the basest of trickery

BY BOGART ROGERS

Richard Dix, little Douglas Scott and Irene Dunne in a scene from "Cimarron," another of LeBaron's productions that won a PHOTOPLAY Medal. It was also an Academy Winner

William LeBaron, script in his hand, camera by his side, directing a scene for a Paramount picture. He has the gift of getting precisely what he wants with a minimum of time and effort

Movies

Elgin High School, entered the University of Chicago in pursuit of his chosen career. Two years later the LeBaron family moved to New York and Bill, perforce, transferred to New York University. There he met two young blades who, like himself, were destined to go places without, as we say, horsing around.

One was Deems Taylor, who wrote music (since, he's even written operas for the noted Metropolitan). The other was Reinald Werrenrath, whose fine voice was to become infinitely better. LeBaron and Taylor joined forces and wrote college plays. Werrenrath sang them. Librettist LeBaron says the first three were no worse than most college plays. But the fourth —ah, the fourth!—

It was an amazingly mature and expert job of writing called "The Echo." Book and lyrics by LeBaron—music by Taylor. Charles Dillingham heard of it, saw it, acquired it for Broadway production. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

SUMMER *Shopping* LIST

Black satin and hookless slide fastener contrive so smart a manicure kit that I thought it was a bag. Inside is everything to make your hands colorful and lovely

Extracts from Ethel Merman's shopping list, including one member of a new eye kit. An eye lotion that leaves the eyes cool, rested after exposure

A smart daytime bag in tweed linen with its own belongings, including a compact, lipstick, petit perfume flacon, a purse mirror. The catch to be monogrammed

A very new French lavender, divinely refreshing and fragrant, in an inspired flacon. Miss Merman finds a few drops rubbed between palms keeps hands dainty, cool

THIS page is advance advice for your vacation bag as well as your Summer dressing-table, and inspired by that throaty songstress, Ethel Merman, next to be seen with Eddie Cantor in "Dreamland."

Whether sixteen or sixty, we all need an eye kit when we start running about the country in open cars or languidly looking over the roll of the ocean and burning sands. An eye bath twice a day is necessary to a sense of eye comfort and rest, as well as clear, sparkling beauty. In a compact little box-kit, we find a soothing, restful lotion for bathing the eyes, preferably with an eye-cup; eye drops, especially designed for those who wear glasses or are forced to undue eye strain; eye cream to be used nightly to prevent crinkly little laughter and exposure lines, and an eyelash grower that helps wonderfully in keeping lashes and brows well-groomed.

Of that very new liquid French lavender, the truest thing I can say is that if you see it and smell it, you must have it. One of those Summer refreshants that serves two purposes—keeps you immaculately groomed and enticingly sweet. This light perfume seems perfect with cottons, linens, organdies and wafty chiffons.

That tweed linen bag is a charming accessory for all costumes except the formal, and that manicure kit gets an orchid for convenience and good looks

June HAIR MOOD

Martha Sleeper with an aureole of half-sculptured curls high about her head and a double bang, upper half of which curls tightly, lower half forming a lacy fringe

The back shows art by Antoine of Saks Fifth Avenue, in a triangular part from which curls are brushed in ringlets. Miss Sleeper appears in "The Scoundrel"

Since this coiffure reveals ears, it should be attempted only by those with small, well-shaped ears. To be worn with hats, the side curls must be lower

The sides are particularly interesting, with fulness centered there instead of back. An idea for the small head and the delicately moulded face and profile

WHEN the poet said of June, "Then, if ever, come perfect days," perhaps he divined the human instinct that seems to awaken at this season and in turn inspires us to reach for some small share of perfection. In women, this desire invariably turns toward beauty.

When you become a little weary of yourself, as we all do at times, try making some change in your appearance. Hair arrangement is my best suggestion, because it will work more magic than any one point I know. Have you ever stopped to think of the possibilities you carry around in that top knot, that its arrangement can make you look younger, older, gayer or more spirituele at will? This accounts for the great changes you may see in your favorite stars from time to time.

Most of us are too familiar with our own faces and selves to be good designers of our own coiffures. That is why I think the best means toward an attractive change is to put yourself in the hands of a good hairdresser and let him work his will on your locks—just once, anyway. The next best thing is to study the screen, try to find your own type in a rôle that approximates your place in life, then attempt to copy her hair. Perhaps you can do this yourself, or perhaps you need a picture or design for your hairdresser. The screen coiffure is especially created for that type and rôle, so that if you can fairly find your type, the chances are that you may use her as a pattern.

CONDUCTED By CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Maxine Doyle starring in Act II, the use of a skin fresh-ener to further remove cream, close the pores and tone and enliven the skin

Successive steps in make-up. Act I, Anita Louise is apply-ing a melting cleansing cream. Only a clean skin will look satin-smooth, lovely

From Start

Act V features a delicate flush of rouge, cream or compact, over the cushion of the cheek, before powder-ing, with Claudette Colbert. Rouge and lipstick must harmonize in tone

Miss Colbert presses on powder generously, the surplus later to be removed. The trick in powdering is to distribute it evenly and to use a harmonizing skin tone. End of Act VI

The curtain rises on Act VII with the fair lady, Gloria Stuart, lightly re-moving extra powder with a very soft face-powder brush, a trick found on every star's dressing-table

Act III, showing Margaret Lindsay stroking on powder foundation cream, an adaptation of screen make-up base, in correct skin tone

Eye shadow technique in Act IV, with Frances Dee. Use a trifle for daytime, more for evening, concentrating the color close to your lashline

to finish

Act VIII concerns itself with brow accent. Use a finely pointed wooden crayon, black or brown, according to your coloring. This is Miss Dee concentrating on the subtle, fine art

There is magic in mascara if it is applied skilfully. It should be brushed on upper lashes with an upward motion; very little on lower lashes with down motion. Miss Dee in Act IX

The finale, Act X, with Miss Colbert featuring a super-indelible lipstick in tone sympathy with her rouge and powder. Lipstick, of all touches, is the indispensable for good-grooming

Ask THE ANSWER MAN

"I said I'm the best fisherman," quoth Spanky McFarland to his pal Scotty Beckett. "Oh, yeah?" is the answer. "Yeah!" "Oh, yeah?" "Yeah!"

THE Answer Man's mail bag is just bulging with queries about a certain angelic looking little leading man—Spanky. He is one of Clark Gable's chief rivals, and is Clark worried!

Spanky made his professional début at a very early age when he appeared before a camera as a model on an advertising poster for a certain bread company. His photograph caused such a sensation that the bread company made an advertising film starring him. His aunt sent his photo with the advertising film to the Hal Roach studios. One look and those far-seeing executives signed Spanky to a contract. He became a sensation in the Hal Roach "Gang" comedies at the age of three. He also appeared in several feature length pictures, the latest being "Kentucky Kernels" with Wheeler and Woolsey. And did Spanky lead them a life while working on their set—pulling chairs away whenever either of them went to sit down and many other such tricks.

Spanky, whose real name is George Robert Phillips McFarland, was born in Dallas, Tex., October 2, 1928. He has brown hair and brown eyes. He spends much of his time riding on a small bicycle or playing games with the neighbor kids. He is a regular he-man, preferring guns to other toys. He has two gold fish he christened Mike and Ike, 'cause they look alike. His latest picture is "Beginner's Luck."

MARY LOUISE PIERCE, DALLAS, TEX.—Glad to hear from you, Mary Louise. Francis Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia on November 6, 1906. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 150 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. He is under contract to RKO-Radio, but was loaned to Paramount for "Pursuit of Happiness" with Joan Bennett.

ALMA LUCILE KANE, MEMPHIS, TENN.—When you ask questions that require long answers, Alma, you should send the old Answer Man a return envelope, so that he can answer them fully. Here's a brief history of those you asked about. Lyle Talbot was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on February 8, 1904, and christened Lysle Henderson. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 173 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Jean Parker was born in Deer Lodge, Mont., August 11, 1915. Her real name is Mae Green. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 106 and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 160 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His real name is Ramon Samaniegos. You will find a list of addresses elsewhere in this issue.

CAROL OF BERKELEY, CALIF.—Well, how do you think your name looks in print, Carol? At this writing, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is over in England. His latest British picture is "Catherine the Great." Doug was born in New York City on December 9, 1907. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 150 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes.

ROMA, GREELEY, COLO.—Cheer up, Roma, your new hero, Cesar Romero, rates screen billing and what's more will be getting it from now on. He has the lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman" and plays the rôle of *Andre DePons* in "Cardinal Richelieu," in which George Arliss plays the name rôle. Cesar was born in New York City, February 15, 1907. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 170 and has black hair and brown eyes. Prior to going into pictures a year ago, he spent three years as a ballroom dancer and four years on the legitimate stage. Some of the plays that he appeared in were, "Dinner at Eight," "Social Register," and "Strictly Dishonorable." Don't forget to watch for him in his two latest pictures mentioned above.

KATHLEEN LOGSDON, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Here's the low-down on Frank Craven. Frank was born in Boston, Mass., in 1875. He is an actor, author, producer and director. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1883 in a child rôle in "The Silver King." Spent years traveling with stock companies all over the U. S. A. Entered pictures in 1929 when he made "The Very Idea" for RKO. His latest is "The Casino Murder Case" featuring Paul Lukas and Rosalind Russell Martha Sleeper is a native of Chicago, born there on June 24, 1911. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weights 98 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She entered pictures in 1923. Latest are "Great God Gold" and "The Scoundrel," with the noted playwright-actor, Noel Coward. She is married to Hardie Albright.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Margot Grahame, British stage and screen star, who has made her American screen début in "The Informer," which stars Victor McLaglen

FOR the first time in the history of pictures, three companies of the same unit are working at once. Since nearly every studio is making a Federal Agent picture, Warners decided to scoop the scoop and get theirs out first. "G Men" is therefore being practically shot out of a cannon—with one main and two co-directors, working on three sets. And the actors meet themselves coming back!

PERHAPS you don't agree with her, but Edna Best believes that Herbert Marshall will leave Hollywood one of these days real soon and come back home to England for keeps.

The actress wife of the town's most suave screen lover has just purchased a large country estate in England, right outside of London. She didn't buy it for just herself but for herself and her husband, Mr. Marshall. Anticipating his return, she has even planted his favorite type of shrubs and trees about the place and decorated much of the house to his taste.

She has stated that she does not contemplate any divorce, such as was rumored for some time when "Bart" and she decided to part temporarily.

PAGE Amelia Earhart — and if she's not around, get me Carole Lombard!

Carole is sky riding about a bit these days and doing her own wind driving. Funny thing, too, although she's not far from her pilot's license, Carole still can't drive an automobile.

But at the stick she's something—especially when she wears that white gabardine flying suit with the helmet to match.

Incidentally, with the exception of Ruth Chatterton, she's the first really beautiful air-minded lady that I can think of since Ruth Elder.

SEVERAL interested observers have been speculating about Dick Powell and Olivia de Haviland. They have toured about the village of late, doing the night spots, until some bold body up and asked Dick "How come? Where's Mary?" So Dick upped right back and committed himself with the statement that he knew lots of girls—but had just one in mind to marry, and Mary Brian was the one! That ought to settle that.

EVERYONE has been noting the "palling about" of Gordon Westcott and Mrs. Wallace Reid (Dorothy Davenport). They go lots of places together but, take my word for it, it's no romance, as many think.

Dorothy and Gordon used to play together in a roadshow y'ars and y'ars ago. Well—not *too* many y'ars. And they just happen to have a lot in common.

I don't see why someone doesn't fall in love with Wally's attractive widow, however. She's one of the most stunning and interesting women in Hollywood.

LAST time I saw Jack Oakie I thought something should be done about it—meaning his tremendous *avoirdupois*.

Jack picked up some thirty pounds—no less—until he began to resemble Charles Laughton after a big meal.

When I saw him last he was very merry about it all and not too worried, but since then he's changed his mind. Now a doctor follows him around supervising his vitamins and his calories at meal times. The meager diet, however, hasn't dampened the irrepressible and inimitable humor of Jovial Jack.

He's still a card.

AFTER a somewhat acrobatic farewell to Lupe the other night, I think that Johnny Weissmuller will limit his *Tarzan* trapeze acts to the set.

On hand to bid Lupe farewell at the station, Johnny obeyed that jungle impulse and ran after the departing car. He grabbed it, swung himself up for a final kiss and then dropped, flat on his handsome face in the cinders. It was most tragic, especially to Lupe whose retreating wails of distress were heard above the puffs of the engine. Johnny recovered, but with a nice crop of cinders in his shins and elbows.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Paramount decided to name its own starlets of 1935. Cary Grant (center) was given the honor of congratulating them. From the left, is Ann Sheridan, Grace Bradley, Katherine DeMille, Gail Patrick, Wendy Barry and Gertrude Michael—the girls most likely to succeed

DINNER
FROM OLD DENMARK

Carl Brisson Plans a Danish Dinner, Beginning with Smorgasbord, Rivaling the Romans in Sumptuous Viands and Twisting the Tongues of Good Americans in Their Pronunciation

Two homey pictures of Carl Brisson, which show you how he likes to cook and breakfast in approved man-fashion

WHEN you can get a man in a cooking mood, possibly into an apron and most certainly into the kitchen—when you can—something good is sure to come out. It won't be fancy, but it will probably tempt you to gasytonomic over-indulgence. Men know how to make coffee that is coffee. They know how to broil a steak in man-fashion, than which none is better. And sometimes they know more.

When Carl Brisson, Danish Paramount star of "All the King's Horses," arrived in Hollywood awhile ago, he knew enough to bring along his Danish cook and Danish recipes. Herrings masked in cream, pigs' trotters in graceful poses and foods that I can't spell and you can't pronounce can cause a sensation—even in Hollywood.

At first, Carl and his household swore secrecy on divulging the component parts of his food creations, but with compliments flying fast and furious and lovely ladies asking very direct questions, there wasn't much chance of the mystery remaining one. So here's the inside story from Carl's lips.

A typical state dinner at the Brisson home begins with *smorgasbord*. The French call it *hors d'oeuvres*, the Italians, *antipasto*, and appetizers or cold table covers it for the rest of us.

A correct *smorgasbord*, according to Carl, consists of between fifty and one hundred dishes of every kind—fish, flesh, fowl, salad, and on and on. This light introduction is followed by a meat course with vegetables, a green salad, three or four cheeses, sweets and dessert. Coffee and liqueurs are offered later in the drawing-room.

The proper liquid menu to be consumed with dinner is an important part of the ritual. Before the *smorgasbord*, Mr. Brisson serves a famous Danish *schnapps* or *akvavit*, as it is sometimes called, as an aperitif. With the *smorgasbord*, Danish lager beer is the thing, and with the meat course, probably a white or red table wine. A little very dry sherry accompanies the sweet course.

Here are a few of the dishes that will be found in the *smorgasbord:* Creamed salmon tidbits; canape a la Riga; Spring croutons; salad canapes; Russian salad; liver paste; rullepolse; spegepolse; mushroom canapes; salted herrings; gaffelbittar; herring salad; buttered herring and eggs; herring in cream dressing; hard-boiled eggs in mayonnaise; anchovy fry; mock caviar; eggs with creamed lobster; eggs on spinach; eggs with Madeira and tomato sauce; French string beans and mushrooms; such cold roasts as beef, pork and tongue; frikedeller; hakkebofer with onions; beuf tatare with egg yolk; pressetsylte; meatballs; stuffed onions; pigs' trotters; bikesmad and—but isn't that enough?

Having wheedled the inside story on a few of these little numbers, we offer them for your own gas range:

Creamed Salmon Tidbits: With a pastry cutter, shape twelve slices of white bread into rounds. Mix together by pounding in a mortar four ounces smoked salmon, one tablespoon cream, three tablespoons butter. Then put the mixture through a strainer. If not soft enough, add a little more cream. Now butter the bread rounds, place on each a slice of hard-boiled egg (you need three eggs for all). Force the salmon through a pastry bag and tube in neat piles on top of the egg. Garnish with a few sprigs of dill. Enough for twelve tidbits.

Eggs with Madeira and Tomato [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]

"Camels certainly make a difference..."

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

IN NEWPORT, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most fêted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*

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Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem
N. C.

MISS DE MUMM'S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

CAMELS ARE MILDER!...MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Eugene Robert Richee

A justifiable flood of requests has come in for another picture teaming the delicate beauty of Joan Bennett with the sturdy handsomeness of Joel McCrea since their dramatic triumph in Walter Wanger's "Private Worlds." Everybody asks that they be starred on their own

Sylvia's Cure for the Depression Blues

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

When I give you exercises and diets I give ou star standards of beauty. My exercises o not develop muscles. On the contrary, they atten muscles, tear away fatty tissue and ake you as flexible and graceful as a panther. Ly diets do not starve you. They give you ep and energy and the minerals that the body eeds.

I've had complaints from some of you saying hat you can't possibly do all the exercises I ive you. Well, for heaven's sake, don't! Use our brains. Choose the exercises you need ost and when the part of the body you have xercised is reduced then go on to another exerise. Simple, isn't it? Well, why didn't *you* hink of it?

I get so many letters filled with self-pity. wish you'd spend that time you devote eeling sorry for yourself on getting rid of your lues. Many of you say that you're sure the icture stars haven't a worry in the world. Vell, let me tell you—you're wrong. I worked n the stars' figures. I worked on their souls s well.

Those girls used to come to me in tears ecause they were not being as successful as hey would like to be, because they had just ost out on a part they wanted, because they ad quarreled with their sweethearts. Believe e, the stars have the same problems you ave. And I felt sorry for them. There's othing more pathetic than a beauty in disress.

But I bawled out the stars, just as I bawl you ut, so that they could get the courage to go n. Jean Harlow, Helen Twelvetrees, Gloria wanson, Constance Bennett and scores of thers have told me their troubles and they've ll said that I cured them of their bad nerves nd melancholia.

Buck up, girls! Crying doesn't get you anyhing—except wrinkles. Start today to take he health and happiness that is yours.

I'm going to tell you how to overcome poor circulation and cure your bad nerves. For when you've cured your nerves, you've cured the depression blues. Every night before you go to sleep roll over on your stomach with a pillow tucked under your ankles. With your hands, grab hold of the bed posts. Grab hard and make your whole body grow tense. even your fingers and toes. Hold that tenseness for about half a minute. Then relax for half a minute. Repeat this ten or twelve times. You'll soon feel yourself slipping off to sleep with every nerve quiet.

Before you do this exercise get your solar plexus relaxed. Lying on your back in bed, gently massage your stomach and dig in good and hard into the solar plexus. When you start out it will be tight and tense. Work on it until it is loosened. Just before you drop off to sleep take a nice big glass of grapefruit juice.

You'll feel well and rested after the night's sleep which begins with these exercises. And your blood will have circulated properly all night long. In the morning, jump right out of bed. Don't lie in bed feeling sorry for yourself. Keep yourself so busy before breakfast that you haven't the time to think how unkind fate has been to you. Hop under a warm—but not hot—shower. Scrub your body briskly with a brush and soap. Then work for about five minutes drying your skin with a rough Turkish towel and run the towel up and down your spine until the blood is tingling.

Now get your neck loosened up for the day by digging your fingers into the end of your spine at the back of your neck. Work on the top of your shoulders, too, using the right hand for the left shoulder and *vice versa*. In the center of your chest, right between the breasts, is a very important gland which, if stimulated, will increase circulation. Work on the gland with your finger tips in that gentle rotary movement I've talked about so often. Do the same thing on all the neck muscles working right up to the roots of the hair.

Boy! Don't you feel swell? And not an ounce of self-pity in a carload of cares. Why? Because your blood is running through your veins. You've loosened up those sluggish glands. You're ready to go out and lick the world.

And, of course, while you're doing these exercises you'll also be taking whatever exercises are necessary to work off the lumps and bumps of flesh that accumulated while you were sitting around feeling sorry for yourself.

Here's just one more exercise that you should do occasionally. It'll make you feel great. Lie flat on your back with your arms at your sides. Relax completely. Now get someone to help you by bringing your feet slowly up until your toes are over your head. Do this about three times at first and work up to ten. It can be done!

One thing more for circulation, energy and blues chasing—about twice a week make your luncheon of this menu: Steamed brown rice to which has been added a heaping tablespoon of raisins and a level tablespoon of brown sugar. A glass of sweet milk. A dish of gelatin.

Okay. Now you'll be asking me, "But what am I to do when I feel like having a big cry?" The answer is this: If you take off that excess weight, if you get your sluggish blood running through your body, if you eat my way and exercise my way you won't feel like crying. Blues are about as welcome in the society of good health and leanness as rival stars are to each other in the same picture.

So, come on you neurotic, melancholy women.

I'll guarantee that the depression is over for you the minute you climb up on Sylvia's band wagon.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

What is your very best exercise for taking down the hips? I have time to take only one ip exercise a day. How long should I do the est exercise?

M. R., Westport, Conn.

Here it is. Get on the floor on your hands nd knees. Stretch the left leg back as far as t will go with the toe pointed. Now draw the eft leg up until the knee is at your chest and ut your weight on the left foot . . . As you o this put the right leg back with the toe ointed. Go entirely across the floor three or our times this way pulling up first the left nd then the right leg. Do this slowly and ake sure that you feel your hips and legs ulling, pulling. Work up until you're crossng the floor fifteen or twenty times. Baby, hat will take down the old hips. If you have tubborn lumps of fat squeeze them off with our good ten fingers.

Dear Sylvia:

What is the proper way to take sun baths?

LETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

Some of my friends get burned to a crisp the first few days of summer and I'm sure that can't be good for the skin.

M. McD., Santa Barbara, Calif.

Always begin with just one and a half minutes of sun the first time. That means one and a half minutes front and the same on the back. The next day increase this to three minutes front and the same for the back. When you're up to ten minutes you can increase by five minutes. I could shake those stupid people who take a chance on ruining not only their skin but their health as well by lying in the sun a couple of hours the first day

Dear Sylvia:

Please tell me what foods are good for anemic people.

Mrs. D. R. T., Billings, Mont.

Rare beef, broiled liver, liver extract (and if you don't like the taste alone put it in soups), gelatin (lots and lots of gelatin). In fact, you should eat gelatin every day at least. You won't get bored with it because it comes in so many flavors. Ripe black cherries. And three glasses a day of the juice produced from simmered turnip tops or beet tops. Raw apples—eat the skin, too—lettuce, raw carrots, fresh blackberries and raw red and white cabbage (be sure the cabbage is finely shredded).

"EVERY DAY

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love —even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear — tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It's easy to guard against Cosmetic Skin the Hollywood way. Screen stars protect their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE

I LOVE YOU MORE"

Thrilling words— but nobody says them to the girl who has COSMETIC SKIN...

lather sinks deep down into the pores, swiftly carries away every trace of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Use all the cosmetics you wish, of course! But to *protect* your skin—keep it really beautiful—follow this simple rule:

Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh rouge and powder during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN

RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROS. "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

I'M not particularly superstitious, and Jeanette MacDonald swears she isn't either—but from now on it's a cinch she's not going to worry about the number thirteen.

"Naughty Marietta" was her thirteenth picture.

If you've seen it, you'll know it's the best picture Jeanette ever made.

WHEN Francis Lederer and Katharine Hepburn parted on the set of "Break of Hearts" where their temperamental differences made it impossible for them to work together, Francis addressed Katharine gravely:

"When you have had a great deal more experience, Miss Hepburn, you may become a fair actress."

LOUISE FAZENDA was listening to assistant director Roy Rowland lament the hard luck he had been running into.

As Roy finished, the big-hearted comedienne whipped a penny out of her purse and gave it to him.

"This has always brought me good luck," she said. "You can have it."

Rowland thanked her profusely and pocketed the piece with reverence. That night his shaving mirror broke, he ran into a lamp-post with his car, and he got a sudden and acute attack of appendicitis which rushed him to the hospital where he was immediately operated upon.

When he recovered, Rowland returned the penny with the following note:

"Dear Miss Fazenda, here is your lucky penny. I can only say thank heaven it wasn't a horseshoe."

SID GRAUMAN, famous theater owner, let his income tax returns go until the deadline. When he arrived at the bureau he was all fussed up, not to say nervous. The gentleman in charge began firing questions.

"Did you file your tax for 1933?" he asked.

"Er . . . er . . ." began Sid nervously, "wait until I call my secretary."

Several more questions were shot at him, to answer which the clammy-browed Mr. Grauman each time had recourse to his secretary.

"Are you an American citizen?" he was finally asked.

The perspiring theater magnet didn't know a thing by this time. He grabbed frantically for the phone. A moment later he turned back beaming.

"I am!" he announced proudly

ISABEL JEWELL is bringing the folks out from Wyoming to settle permanently in Hollywood.

She won't talk when Lee Tracy's name is mentioned—but surprises all present by showing up at rare intervals with him.

So it's probably just simmered down to a nice friendship.

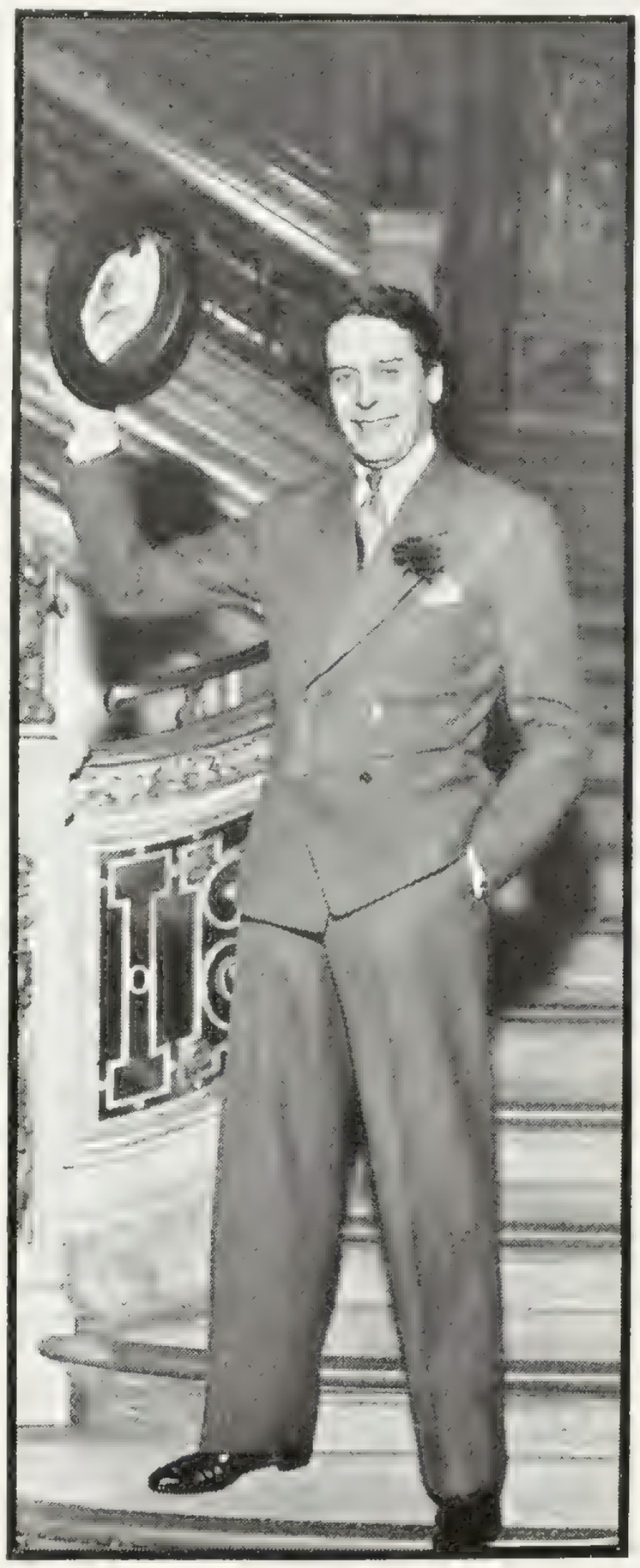
Isabel remarked to me the other day that it certainly behooved her to begin making time. Ten years ago, she set herself a mark. Ten years in which to achieve stage and screen success, marry and have a baby.

She says she has a year and a half left in which to accomplish the last two—and she's getting worried!

THE morning event in the Crawford ménage is the arrival of Franchot's flowers to Joan—gardenias and red roses. But Baby has all the fun. Baby is the dachshund puppy, also to Joan from Franchot (with love and kisses, we assume).

Baby waits, panting furiously, for the red ribbon and the white ribbon on the flower boxes. After a little by-play, he gets them, and tears through the house, ribbons streaming.

Then the inevitable encounter with a table leg, and Baby lands in a heap, neatly done up in red and white bandages. Joan thinks he has a little flag-pole blood!



Jack Buchanan, British comedian, star of "Brewster's Millions," a United Artists, here for a visit

HENRY WADSWORTH, new M-G-M player, has been adopted by a town. The town is Wadsworth, Ohio, and Henry wasn't born there—never lived there in his life, as a matter of fact—which makes it stranger and stranger. Except when you notice the similarity in names. Wadsworth has taken upon itself to look after Wadsworth—beginning by sending him two dogs to keep an eye out for his welfare

LITTLE did old Cal figure, when he took the week-end up in Lake Arrowhead, that two of the screen's leading idols would have the same idea. (Making it a mixture of business and pleasure for Cal.) There was Clark Gable looking full of health and wearing the loudest muffler in captivity, recuperating from the mauling he got by loving hands in Texas. (Went down to officiate at his step-daughter's wedding.)

And there was Cary Grant looking awfully lonesome, girls—roaming around with nothing but a Sealyham in a red collar.

AFTER a year's continuous illness, Mrs. Wallace Beery is able to be on her own for the first time. She is going to Honolulu with a companion—because Wally is unable to leave the studio for that long.

THE real reason Marion Davies' picture is delayed is because Mervyn LeRoy is taking time out to make the acquaintance of his son. The baby was born while Mervyn was busily directing "Oil for the Lamps of China" and he insisted on a little while between pictures to "register" with the newest member of the Warner-LeRoy family.

A GOLDEN wedding is something to celebrate, these days—especially in a Hollywood family. Dick, Joby, and Ricky Arlen are taking off for St. Paul to celebrate just such an event with Dick's parents, on the twelfth of May. It will also be in the nature of a family reunion and a good old fashioned get-together

THE record-breaking engagement for the season has taken place. At least, until another comes along that can top it. Anita Louise became engaged to Kelly Anthony (son of a Los Angeles automobile magnate) and announced it on Saturday

The following Monday announcement was made of the break. Do you suppose seeing Tom Brown at a party Sunday had anything to do with it?

ONE of the show spots at Paramount Studios now is the door over which hangs the legend, "Bing Crosby, Inc."

It's Bing's business office, and it has made all the rest of the stars very jealous indeed.

They want to know, "Do you have to be a crooner to incorporate?"

Jack Oakie, particularly, is depressed. The other day he hammered on the door and when Bing, very businesslike, emerged, Jack wisecracked:

"You can't fool me—I pay an income tax too."

FRED KEATING'S confession has a nice honest ring to it. (I suspect a lot of other actors feel the same way, only it doesn't sound quite glamorous enough, so they try to make up better ones.) Anyway, Fred hates radios he has no pet economy, his pet extravagances are "all of 'em," his favorite sport is reading in bed—which is also his favorite place to spend a week-end.

We nominate him for charter member of the "Man After Our Own Heart" Club.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

This day will never come again—save it with snapshots

Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by . . . Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

Sidney Skolsky (seated next to Mae Clark) goes over the script of "Man Proposes" with Jimmy Dunn and Director William Seiter. Skolsky, N. Y. columnist, wrote the story with Claude Binyon for Fox

NO sooner does the Marquis de la Falaise pop into town than he prepares to hie himself off to some dank and dark jungle or other.

Now Connie's titled husband-producer, who has been rounding into shape his latest picture on Indo-China, is preparing to depart for a mysterious destination. It's far away, and that's all he'll say.

Connie, of course, has a financial interest in the projects which have been successful and interesting.

REMEMBER the days when it was considered fatal to a star's career to have a baby?

Not so long ago.

Well—just to show you how times have changed, Gloria Stuart, who plans to present husband Arthur Sheekman with an heir some time soon, tells me that her fan mail has piled up by leaps and bounds ever since it became known that she was to be a mother.

Most of the letters give very earnest advice all about everything. Gloria says after reading them she's in such a fog about what to do about the youngster when it arrives that she's afraid she'll be spending all her time reading directions.

I KNEW something would come of that moustache Bing Crosby sprouted for "Mississippi."

My worst fears have been realized.

Now Dick Powell has received notice from Warner Brothers to leave his upper lip in the unshaved state that nature intended. It's for his next picture.

The "Troc" is ordering a shipment of moustache cups, anticipating what it might all lead to

THIS "Woody" Van Dyke person is becoming just about the most honored man in Hollywood.

Not only from a professional standpoint (he's about tops in his record of smash hits for the past year) but strictly aside from movie making.

"Van" holds numerous decorations from foreign countries, and the other day he told me that he had been honored with a new one—and a very special and time honored order, by the way—the Baronial Order of Runnymede.

It dates back to the nobles who gathered about England's King John, in the year 1215 and made him sign the historic Magna Charta outlining the rights of Englishmen.

"Van," however, says it doesn't mean a thing to a traffic cop.

HERE'S another one on Bob Montgomery: The other day when Joan Crawford came on the set of "No More Ladies," clad in that startling swim coat Adrian designed for her, it was too much for Bob.

The suit is one-pieced and streamlined, solid white with blue trimmings with a cape striped with blue, which hangs to the knees.

Bob took one look and gulped. It took him three or four takes to remember his lines for the next scene.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

Believe it or not, but that smart and swim-comfortable bathing suit the petite Jean Parker is about to dunk is nothing else but cellophane

After Dark

Ann Sothern stars in white net, with handbag to match

Ann Sothern in "Hooray for Love," an RKO Radio Picture

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This bright star of Hollywood chooses her handbag fashions the Talon way! Finds the Talon fastener a guide to style and quality as well as an assurance of convenience and security for handbag contents. Careless handbags, with the possibility of loss of precious compacts, money, notebooks, have no place in important Hollywood wardrobes. Talon-fastened models star with the stars every time.

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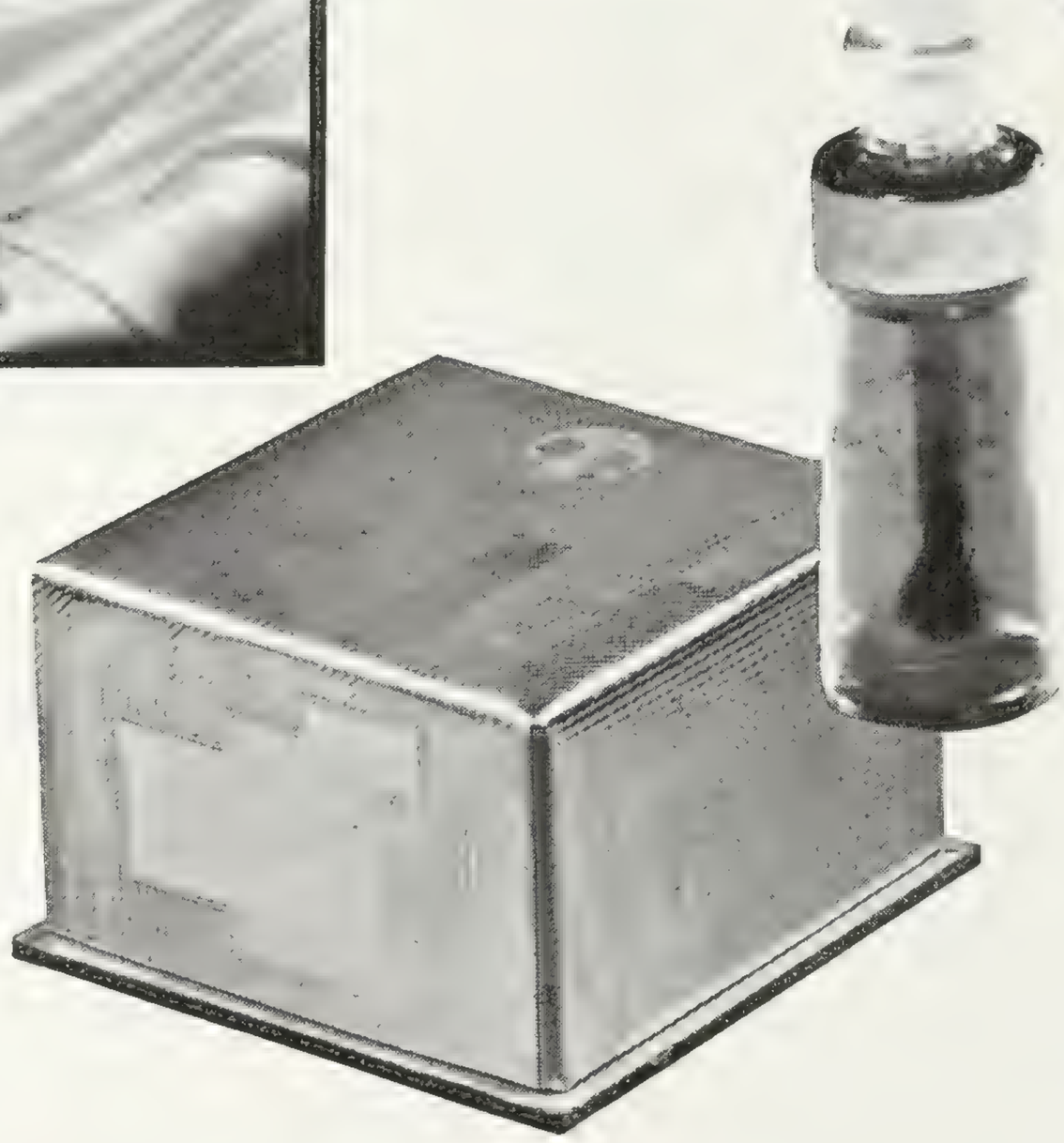
A NEW TONE IN *Make-up*



Rochelle Hudson in quiet mood. Her skin possesses a faintly luminous quality, the result of youth, fine texture and a mere touch of make-up, shown opposite, in new, warm tones known as terra cotta, a shade that blends well with her radiant rich skin

Summer is already bringing its quota of problems, sunburn and tan, make-up and perfume and little problems about keeping cool and dainty. Every day brings more new, practical and inexpensive aids to get us happily through this season. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 1926 Broadway, New York, will tell you about them for a stamped, self-addressed envelope

IN spite of her soft, calm beauty, Rochelle Hudson is a spirited little person, just twenty in March, with almost a veteran record in pictures.

That flower-fine skin of hers gets plenty of soap and water baths but a cream is first used to remove make-up. Her skin has a childish glow, so she uses very little make-up, sometimes no rouge at all or a faint touch. Powder is also used sparingly but all over her face, not just on chin and nose, which is always a mistake. Her lips are well rouged and eyes left untouched for day. Her terra cotta touches include rouge, lipstick, powder and nail lacquer, an idea for every one of us, this harmonizing of all touches. This terra cotta is a shade of unusual warmth. It gives a natural, sun-kissed touch, suggesting good health and eboullient spirits. The perfume is a fragrant water-lily odeur.

Rochelle told me two good eye make-up tricks. Instead of using mascara in the Garbo manner, which is accenting the outer end lashes for that long, sleepy look, if the lashes are brushed inward toward the center of the eye, this seems to open it up and make the eye appear larger and clearer. Try this, especially if you have decided lashes. The other thought is for evening and must be done very lightly. A favorite trick is a tiny triangle at the outer corners, but Rochelle says that if these two little lines do not meet and are gently drawn then slightly smudged, they make the eyes appear much larger.

Since most of our beauty aids have been perfected, the whole trick lies in correct use.

"How Beautiful She Looks"

...they say of

GINGER ROGERS

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Instantly, the very first time you make up, you will note an amazing difference. You will see how the face powder actually gives to your skin a satin-smooth loveliness...you will marvel how the rouge, like finest skin-texture, imparts a soft, natural color...you will see your lips becoming more alluring with a perfect color accent...and hours later you will wonder how make-up can remain so lastingly beautiful.

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ROUGE... *Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder...Max Factor's Flame Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks...smooth, like finest skin-texture, it always blends evenly.*

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

© 1935, by Max Factor

Don't Love Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

of the demi-monde quite so scrumptious as this one," he nodded toward the set.

I laughed. I thought I was expected to.

Mr. Deering, who sat nearby, studying the script, looked up, annoyed. "Please, Miss Adair, try to remember that no matter what kind of a part you are playing, when you are off the set you are supposed to be a—er—"

I presume it was the mounting indignation in my eyes which caused him to falter.

But I finished his sarcasm for him, "—supposed to be a lady! Well, I'm not a lady, Mr. Deering. Perhaps that accounts for it. I never saw a drawing room in my life except in pictures and I'd never worn an evening gown before I put this one on."

Gay had released me by this time and he now patted me on the shoulder. "Well said, my lass, well said—with fire and trippingly on the tongue, methinks." He turned to the director. "It was not Miss Adair's fault. I did it with my own little insatiable hatchet. It's the pioneer in me. I wanted to find out if anything as fair to look upon as our co-worker in the cinema vineyard could be real. I thought I must be dreaming and it was myself that I meant to pinch. A perfectly natural mistake but it did settle a bet. She is real and—"

MR. DEERING interrupted him. "A bet with whom?" he asked coldly.

"With my better self, sir. You didn't know I had a better self? Gadzooks, yes. Shy and unassuming but always hanging around criticizing me unmercifully, nonetheless. Mr. Deering, Miss Adair and gentlemen all—meet my better self, Sir Galahad Gay."

He got the laugh that he was expecting—a very grudging one from the director—and the scatter-brained actor went on to something else, secure in the feeling that he had squared everything.

But things were far from squared between Mr. Deering and me. I was smarting more from humiliation at the way the director had spoken to me than from resentment toward the irrepressible Freddie Gay. I recognized some way that the latter did not mean anything seriously—ever—but I felt that I was in an almost irreparably false position with Scott Deering. For some reason I cared about that.

A strained formality pervaded the work for the rest of the afternoon. I could not shake off my combination of moods and the director looked and acted as if he were doing an unsavory job that he wished fervently he could get out of.

For that reason nothing went right. But a certain number of scenes were scheduled for that set which was to be dismantled that night, so we plodded on wearily, long past quitting time.

Shortly after six o'clock I was on a staircase, coming down to meet Mr. Gay, who was my lover in the picture, when suddenly and disturbingly the structure under my feet began to rock and sway. I thought that the carpentry work had collapsed. It was a very sick sensation and I wondered, as I fell, if I was going to be violently ill.

Freddie Gay mounted the staircase swiftly and caught me.

"Hold everything!" commanded Deering sharply.

There was a long, deep rumble underneath somewhere and arc-lamps on their standards swayed drunkenly.

"IT'S only an earthquake," said Deering.

"I was afraid it was my conscience," Freddie whispered in my ear. Then he spoke to the director, still holding me. "What'll we do now?"

"Retake!"

It was an unpopular decision and there were muttered protests from the crew. But Deering pretended not to notice them and went on about the work as if nothing had happened. A devil was driving inside him and he bit into the job savagely. I sensed that it was partly because he was angry with me—I didn't exactly know why. I hadn't meant to fall into Freddie's arms.

Everybody was jittery and if Deering hadn't held his crew together with an iron hand they would have walked out on him.

It was probably because of that rebellious uncertainty and the nervous readiness to abandon ship that the accident happened.

I was descending the staircase again for about the tenth take when there was a second shock—not so strong as the first, but a considerable disturbance just the same.

One of the lamps of the upper staging got away from the electrician in charge of it and crashed onto the set. Nearly everybody dodged at the electrician's warning cry, but one of the sound men was hit.

It was Lanny Barnes. He had his earphones on and hadn't heard the shout.

Nobody knew how badly he was hurt. Jimmy McCane jumped to the set telephone and began calling the studio hospital.

Some of the men started to pick up Lanny and put him on the property couch, which was at the bottom of the staircase, but Deering stopped them.

"Don't move him!" he ordered. "Wait till we get a stretcher."

Jimmy yelled from the telephone. "The hospital doesn't answer!"

"Ask the operator why not."

"I did. She says there's been a call for all nurses and doctors to report to Long Beach. Our ambulance left five minutes ago."

"This guy is bleeding all over the place," said a prop man who was kneeling beside Lanny.

I pushed into the circle around Lanny.

"Keep out of this!" Deering told me curtly.

"Don't be silly. I can help."

"This is no time for a publicity racket," he said cuttingly. "There's nobody here to take a photograph for the papers, 'Blonde Actress Poses as Nurse.' "

"I'm not an actress—I'm not even a blonde—but I *am* a nurse."

"MOVE over, Lanny, and let me lie down beside you." The comedy touch was added by Freddie Gay.

As it happened it was not amiss. Even Lanny smiled weakly at the old joke.

It was his leg that had been hit. There was a gash in it from just above the knee down to his ankle and the blood was pouring out.

There was a train on my gown. I tore it off. It made a serviceable temporary tourniquet which I twisted up with a pair of electrician's pliers while Deering, taking orders from me for once, cut off the leg of Lanny's trousers.

"Louella," I said to my hovering guardian, "go to the dressing room and get all the clean make-up towels you can find, and a bottle of that astringent face lotion." She departed. "Somebody else get hot water! 'Props,' saw off a piece of stage brace, for a splint!"

"That's a carpenter's job," "Props" objected.

"Okay, get a carpenter then. Far be it from me to disrupt a union just to save a man's life!"

We were just an hour getting Lanny in shape so that he could be moved. And my dress—or rather the company's dress—looked like a butcher's apron.

Mr. Deering commandeered a film delivery truck and we improvised a stretcher. Somebody gave Lanny a lighted cigarette—conventional stuff out of the war pictures—and he grinned at me as they carried him away.

"Thanks, Miss Adair," he said. "I owe you one."

Mr. Deering followed the truck to Lanny's house in his own car. He was feeling guilty, I guess, because if he hadn't been so pig-headed about keeping on with the work nobody would have been hurt.

CHAPTER XVII

I WENT to my dressing room. While I cleaned up as best I could and got into my street clothes, Louella told me what news she had gathered up about the earthquake. Long Beach was in ruins, she said, and a lot of people were dead.

I remember thinking grimly to myself, "I don't see how I can be to blame for this."

When we came out of the dressing room onto the studio street Scott Deering was there. He had seen Lanny safely home and had come back to talk to me.

"I guess I was a little harsh on the set this afternoon," he apologized lamely.

"A *little* harsh? How harsh can you get?"

"I'm taking you somewhere to eat."

"Sorry," I lied brusquely. "I have a dinner engagement."

"So have I," he replied, "but nobody is keeping engagements tonight. It's an old California custom. All bets are off after an earthquake. We start all over again. You'll be safe with me."

"Safe from what?"

"Falling buildings, alligators, actors—practically everything."

"But—"

"Come on, Louella,"—he had learned her name from hearing me order her about—"that is, if you don't mind riding in the rumble seat."

That decided me. That and the fact that while we were standing there the earth gave a little shiver under my feet. It did that about every fifteen minutes all night. I didn't exactly like the idea of going home anyway.

He took us to Karl's Barbecue out on the Figueroa Street where we could eat in the car.

The waitresses dress in matador costume—tight long pants, flaring at the bottom, sashes bolero jackets, Mexican hats and waist-length capes. The general effect is the same as a musical comedy and the girls themselves only escaped Ziegfeld because they were too young when he was alive.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

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Catalina Baby Pants is one of the biggest grown-up water-fashions of 1935 — both swim suits and trunks. "Hand-Lumos" — look hand knit! So very provocative!
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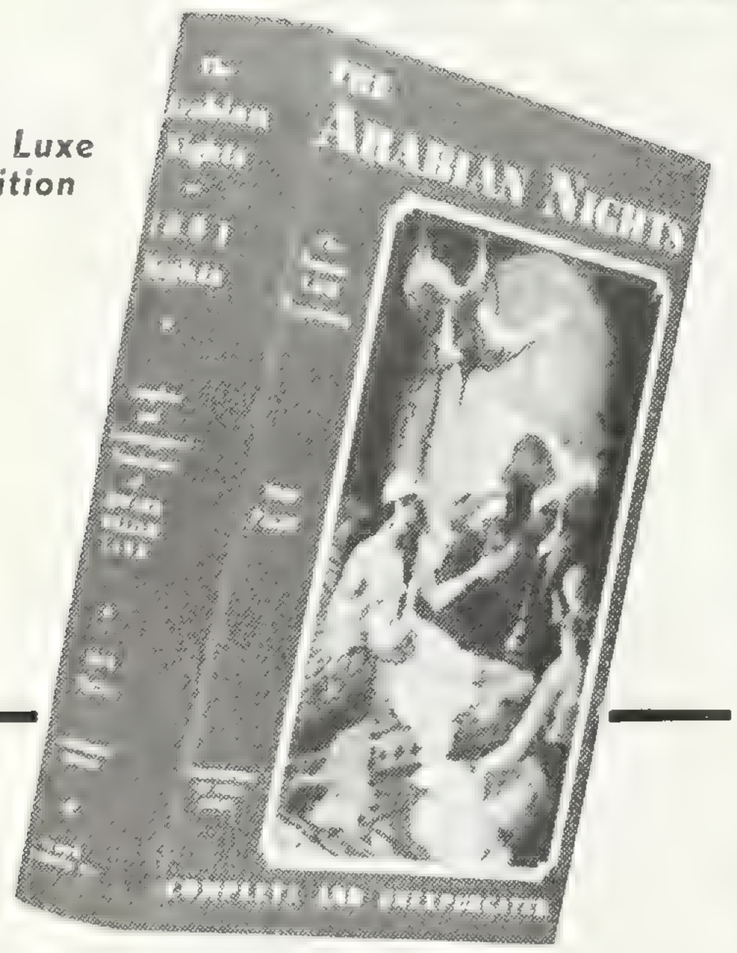

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Don't Love Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

I hadn't been there before and I wondered at the beauty of their faces and figures.

"They only take these jobs temporarily," Scott Deering explained, "hoping that some day a motion picture director will come along and notice them."

"You're a director. Notice this one just coming to take our order."

She was a sweet, baby-faced blonde. Her chin was quivering over the chin-strap that held her big hat on her head.

"What's the matter, kid?" Deering asked. "You aren't scared of earthquakes, are you?"

"Not very much, sir," she said, "but they do kind of make me wish I'd been a better girl."

Deering laughed. "Then bring us a lot of fried chicken all around, and some cherry pie and coffee."

I wondered how he knew all of Louella's favorite dishes. It wasn't so far from being my own preferred list either.

He was looking after the retreating back of the waitress. "She's only a kid—younger than you are—and she hasn't a chance."

"Why not?"

"Because she is just sweet and pretty. She hasn't an ounce of that damnable twenty-four sheet poster allure that makes box-office bets out of brainless hussies."

I thought he meant me, but it seemed a good idea not to admit it.

There were several minor quakes while we were eating supper, but we didn't notice them much, sitting in the automobile—the tires absorb the shock, I guess.

From the barbecue stand we drove back to Hollywood, stopping on the way to see how Lanny Barnes was getting along.

His mother met us at the door of their cottage. She looked at me in some surprise.

"I didn't expect you to be like this," she said, and then stopped in some confusion.

"Your son has been telling you that she is some kind of an angel," Scott Deering accused, laughing cynically. "Men always get false ideas about their nurses."

"Come in," she invited hospitably.

I liked her, no matter what she thought about me. Mrs. Barnes was a stout, home-maker sort of a woman and her house reflected her accurately. It was plain and simple—full of little handmade embroideries and knick-knacks, more like the things I had been accustomed to back East than the too modernistic furnishings of most Hollywood dwellings. And Mrs. Barnes herself might just as well have been the wife of any grocer as what she was. She and her son were my own kind of folks.

THE fascinatingly ugly Lanny was in bed, wide-awake but resting comfortably. He seemed younger than I remembered, more boyish. Men, when they're hurt or sick, always do, I guess.

They hadn't been able to get a doctor yet so I decided to renew his dressing myself. Mr. Deering went to the corner drug store and bought bandages, antiseptics and a sedative. Then he and Lanny's mother helped me while I did a more workmanlike job on the leg than I had been able to accomplish with the makeshifts which had been available at the studio.

"There," I said when I had finished. "I don't see any reason why that should not be a perfectly good leg again in about a week."

Mr. Deering was silent as he drove me home.

But when he delivered me and Louella at my door he stopped me for a minute after she had gone in.

"So you really are a nurse," he said.

"I didn't quite graduate," I replied, "but—"

"I know," he interrupted, "I used to live in Michigan myself."

So that was why he had been watching me so thoughtfully while I worked over Lanny.

I was frightened again, but I couldn't admit it.

"What's Michigan got to do with it?" I asked, trying to marshal my wits for a defense.

"Nothing," he replied. "Not a thing." He patted my arm. "I told you that you were safe with me, didn't I—from everything? Goodnight, Miss Adair."

He turned and went to his car.

CHAPTER XVIII

I slept like a log that night. So much had happened in the last couple of days that nothing short of a landslide could have kept me from it. There were several earthquakes during the night but I only learned about them from Louella in the morning.

That day, at the studio, I found that a very pleasant change in the atmosphere had occurred. Freddie Gay kidded me unmercifully about being a little heroine, but I think there was a new respect in his tone and he didn't try to get fresh—anyway, not very.

BUT the most noticeable and certainly the most pleasant thing was the attitude of the crew. They had decided to like me. And that let me tell you, is one of the most fortunate things that can happen to an actor or an actress on the stage or screen.

I think that day was one of the nicest in my life. Even Scott Deering was cynically considerate. He made me less afraid of him. In return, I did the best I could. It wasn't much, I knew, but at least I learned my lines and did what he told me as well as I knew how.

There were minor difficulties, of course, and two stunt men were killed in a flying sequence. That saddened everybody, because they were nice boys and one of them had a wife, but I tried to make myself believe that the accident was not a part of my personal jinx. A head-on collision in the sky seemed rather extraordinary —there's so much room in the air for two planes to miss each other—but, after all, I scarcely knew either of them. One was doubling for Freddie Gay and it sobered him, literally, for almost a week.

There was a sneak preview of the picture in Pasadena and Scott Deering took me over. The first trial showing of a finished picture is always called a "sneak preview," but in some way, by an underground telegraph, nearly everybody gets wind of it. The place was packed and a huge crowd was waiting outside to watch the celebrities come in. As every automobile door opened at the entrance, a bevy of autograph hounds swooped down on the luckless occupants to demand signatures which they would later sell for anything from a quarter to a dollar apiece. It's a racket.

But when Scott helped me out of his car nobody paid any attention to me. They didn't know who I was.

He laughed as he dismissed his driver.

"You are entering a theater unmobbed for the last time in your life, Rochelle," he said.

I looked at him questioningly.

"Do you think the picture is all right?"

"It's in the bag, darling,—it's in the bag."

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

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What Defeated Jack Gilbert

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

belonged to them. He wasn't any New York stage actor who came into Hollywood—for money. He wasn't the kind—and they're a big school—who just wanted to earn enough money to get out of Hollywood. He didn't look down on Hollywood—he looked up to it, he believed in it as a great new art that belonged to the people, was closer to them, gave them more real happiness than other arts had done.

Work.

And love.

Ah, that word included a great deal for Jack Gilbert. The love of women—and how recklessly women loved him. He came, in time, to belong to the great company of poets and lovers, for he knew a great love affair. Jack was devoted to Virginia Bruce when he married her, he was crazy about Leatrice Joy, dark and lovely Leatrice, and there were other women who adored him. But he had one love and one only in all his life—and that was Garbo. She was his only love, as he was hers.

AND tragedy pursued him even there, for a man might love Garbo, as Gilbert loved her, but there was no happiness in loving her. She had not been made for love, Garbo, but for her work—and theirs, to me, was that most piteous of all things, the great love of two people who cannot be happy together, who even while they love look at life so differently, want such different things, have such different natures that unhappiness comes instead of joy.

So he lost his great love—and with her, it seemed, went his luck.

You see, there can be no half way measures with Gilbert. That, I am sure, is why we loved him so—why he thrilled us on the screen—why he had a place no one else has ever occupied. You felt the sheer dynamic emotional force of the man, even when it came through the medium of the screen.

But love, to Jack, didn't mean just women. It meant friendship, too. And Jack was capable of the greatest and most loyal friendship. Again, there were no half measures. If you were Jack's friend, it never occurred to him that everything he had wasn't also yours; it would never have occurred to him to hesitate or count the cost if a friend wanted or needed him. It just couldn't have entered Jack's mind.

You know how with your friends some one thing they have done for you stands out and makes a deathless bond of understanding and gratitude? Two or three years ago, death took the dearest friend I had in the world, a woman well past seventy upon whose love and wisdom I had leaned for many years and whose going left me sadder and more lonely than I had ever been. Upon the day that we covered her with flowers and committed all that was left of her to the flames, I came home to find Jack Gilbert waiting in my living room by the sea. It was a very low spot in my life, that night was, and I shall never forget the kindliness, the gentleness, the sympathy, strong and wise, that Jack gave me all that night. He talked to me, he led me away from the thought of my grief, he found little tales to tell me that were cheerful yet not so cheerful I couldn't bear them, he made me talk of the friend who was gone and console myself with the knowledge that I could never really lose her.

His men friends have been many and close—he and Dick Barthelmess and Ronny Colman and Dick Powell used to form a quartette that was full of fun and excitement and conversation. He and King Vidor and Lewis Milestone were inseparable pals, who could talk themselves through a whole week-end. He and Don Ogden Stewart, Laurence Stallings and many other writers who came out from New York found so much in common that they spent nearly every night together.

If you consider those names, you will realize how much Jack had to offer intellectually. On a certain occasion a famous New York editor had been assigned to a drawing room on a train with Jack Gilbert. The editor protested to me in the station—what in the world could he talk about to a "ham actor" and matinee idol? He was quite annoyed, really. When we got off the train the next morning, he told me that he and Jack had sat up all night talking.

So you see now what we have lost in Jack Gilbert. The boy of "The Big Parade" on the screen. The great lover of "Flesh and the Devil" on the screen. We could ill afford to lose him No one else has come along who has given us that feeling of joyous life, no one else has come onto the silversheet who has given us that sense of male-and-female love as a vital something that might burn up the world.

And as a man, we have lost the most charming, the most loyal, most entrancing of persons that ever lived.

For now it seems that we have lost him.

Why?

What has happened to send Jack Gilbert into solitude, into seeking not life but escape from reality, surcease from thinking, so that sometimes for days he doesn't answer his telephone, so that telegrams from his dearest friends remain unanswered? Jack, who was so dear and gay, so touched with genius, and whom we need and miss so much.

It is a tragedy—and tragedy is often something for which no one is to blame.

I do not think anyone was to blame for the tragedy of Jack Gilbert, though certainly little wisdom was used at times, both on his side and on the side of those who dealt with him, so that often it seemed he had enemies bent upon destroying him.

TWO incredible and all-powerful circumstances united to destroy Jack Gilbert—and the very thing that made him great, his eagerness, his restlessness, his love of life—made him an easy victim.

The talkies.

The fact that he was getting too much money.

These two things tangled and bound him, tripped him, enmeshed him so that he exhausted himself trying to fight his way out, until they became like living things to him, and filled him with bitterness and a sense of injustice, until his own passionate temperament brought them alive to flay him.

When the talkies came, the whole of Hollywood changed. It was cataclysmic. Nothing was like it used to be. The world turned over before our startled eyes. Great scenario writers were out of work because they didn't know anything about dialogue, and playwrights from New York who didn't know anything about the screen were getting fabulous salaries. Stars fell from the heavens and new stars flamed—went out swiftly.

Those of us who lived through it regard it rather as did the survivors of the San Francisco earthquake or the Johnstown flood.

Things, in time, adjusted themselves to this new form—and went on.

But John Gilbert got caught in the mess of readjustment.

He was one of the early men to make a talkie love scene. He made it before he had learned to handle the mechanics of this new form of work. He made it before microphones and mixers had been properly adjusted. Now the American public is a peculiar thing, as you and I both know. It laughs, often to hide embarrassment, often because it has a little sense of shame. Jack Gilbert's talkie love scene did something like that. They had been used to Jack's passionate silent love scenes. When impassioned speeches were added, they didn't exactly know what to do about it. I have always thought that an intelligent director should have sensed something of that—and yet, they, too, were in the dark.

That one picture destroyed Jack Gilbert, momentarily. It did something dreadful to him—because ridicule is the most difficult of all things to surmount. But Jack might have surmounted it, except for one thing.

He was getting too much money.

Just before talkies, John Gilbert was among the greatest box-office attractions of all time. He was worth any amount of money to any producer, because he would bring it into the box-office. And he had been signed to a long-term contract that sounded like the national debt. It involved millions—and was probably the highest salary ever paid a motion picture star.

CAME the talkies—came Gilbert's first unfortunate and subsequently not-so-good pictures. And then he wasn't worth all that money any more to anybody. It was a gamble, now. And such a huge gamble! Half a million dollars paid to a star for a picture, and that star one who had been crushed by this new medium.

I believe unquestionably that Jack Gilbert would have made a great motion picture star, after the talkies. I believe with a little study,

Mae West goes modern and very, very Spring-ish, with this new hat of hers. Note the brim and nosegay

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a little direction, a good deal of careful help and selection of stories and directors, he might have survived them as well as did his beloved Greta Garbo.

But temperamentally, Jack and the people who handled the money were at odds. They didn't understand each other, they didn't speak the same language. Jack was unsettled, worried, wildly unhappy over the fact that he had failed—that he had been made fun of, that within twenty-four hours he had changed from the greatest star on the screen to the greatest problem on the screen. He was impatient, and right then he needed the most careful handling

THE battle between Gilbert and his own studio is historic. It is an open secret in Hollywood. It was a question of business interests—and artistic temperament. Of a thousand and one difficult angles during those supremely difficult years of readjusting everything intellectually, artistic and mechanical. Of actors worried over jobs, over this new monster—the mike, and of executives worried over whether these new pictures would go, over a thousand new problems in making them.

The studio wanted Jack to take much less money.

Jack countered with an agreement to take less if he had more say about his pictures—he was fighting for his life and he knew it

When no agreement was reached, the studio seemed to lose interest in Gilbert. No really logical effort was made to save him—perhaps they figured it was hopeless. Anyhow, they had a right to their own decision in the matter

And Jack grew morose and nervous—he felt he was being unfairly treated, and he grew belligerent.

Finally, the clash of temperaments—which has happened often enough in the peculiar and difficult business of studios—came to a climax. Jack swore in public print that M-G-M was keeping him away from the camera on purpose to ruin him, that they wouldn't let him work, they were trying to force him to break his contract, with its incredible figures.

Adjustments were made. Jack had started on a down-hill course by this time. There are many things which can never be told, they are too delicate, too impossible to understand, too hard to tell. But somewhere along that difficult road, while his whole life and life's work slipped away from him, while he felt himself misunderstood, the victim of a peculiar method of twentieth century persecution, Jack seemed to lose his grip.

He knew his talents—knew his ability.

He wanted a chance to direct, to write, to act.

But the gods had become deaf, the gods who always before had listened to his softest whisper

GARBO gave him his great chance, and he somehow didn't make the grade. It was Garbo who asked to have him as her leading man in "Queen Christina," believing that the old, magic combination—Gilbert and Garbo—might bring about the old, magic results. But it was an unfortunate venture. A bad story, a very bad picture, Garbo at her worst—and Jack in a stupid part, stupidly directed.

The stars say...

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. . . IRENE WARE, former Miss America and lovely star of Universal's "Rendezvous at Midnight" . . . adopts Banda-WIKIES to make her bewitching on summer sands!

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"If you're going to toot your own horn," Gracie Allen might say, "don't go in for a tin whistle." It would seem George Burns thinks so too

One after another things fell away before him.

As his luck had seemed all good, now it seemed definitely all bad.

His marriage to Ina Claire was a great mistake—and for Jack a costly one, for the brilliant Ina did more to undermine his self-confidence than anyone else in the world had ever done. Just when Jack was having the greatest difficulty in surmounting the talkies, when he was going through all the harassment of learning to speak lines, of facing a new angle of acting, wasn't the best time for him to marry the pointedly witty comedienne, who probably speaks lines better than any other actress on the American stage. Ina was a woman of tremendous charm—but there was no softness and no gentleness to her. None. She meant to help Jack—no question about that. But, psychologically, nothing could have been worse than her amused superiority, for while that might have been all right with anyone else, it wasn't good for Jack where his wife was concerned. He needed, just then, praise and comfort—somebody to cheer loudly for him.

HIS marriage to Virginia Bruce looked like working for a while. A lovely girl, with every charm, and with much understanding of life. But Jack by then was past much help. His nerves had betrayed him. He felt himself a martyr—and in many ways, I think he was and is. Without work to do, that passionate intensity of disposition was a red-hot goad that drove him constantly. Without work, he brooded. He wanted to work. He saw the game he loved and had helped to make great sweeping by him. His sense of injustice flavored his whole life with bitterness.

Like Byron, he who had been the idol, the idolized, the gleaming success, found himself shoved aside, beaten by those he believed to be his inferiors. And it was more than he could endure and remain himself.

Right or wrong, those of us who have loved him, love him still—because we know he'd do the same for us.

Right or wrong, he was a great artist and he gave us much that was beautiful and joyous.

Personally, I think he got the worst break any man in pictures ever got—and on top of that I also say that, personally, I think he was handled with very little understanding, very little tact and very little wisdom.

Proud, vain—as all creative artists must be in their hearts—highly keyed to life, over-dramatic, over-imaginative, overly emotional, the thing was too much for him. But if he hadn't been all those things he would never have been the boy in "The Big Parade" nor the lover in "Flesh and the Devil."

Life seems to have lost its taste for Gilbert, or to be so flavored with bitterness and idleness and injustice that he can't drink of it any more, anyhow he seems to have flung away the cup—and we hear the crash of it.

I think Byron must have felt rather like that in Venice—and in Greece. Or Keats—in Italy. Or Poe or Stephen Crane. Or Da Vinci, when they were laughed at.

The artist, defeated by the world—and the commercial world at that. That's Jack Gilbert—and artists don't understand those things very well, some of them.

I think he was right, mostly.

But right or wrong, his tragedy is one that breaks my heart for its reckless waste of talent and of charm and of things that made life all the more worth living.

And right or wrong—we still love him.

STEICHEN

HAS "*lipstick-parching*" ROBBED YOUR LIPS OF LOVE?

When a man kisses, he wants to kiss *soft* and *smooth* lips—not crinkly and rough lips!

Yet so many lipsticks don't consider the *feel* of your lips . . . they take that delicate rosy skin—the most sensitive skin of your face—and dry and parch it until the texture of your lips is more like crepe paper than a caress!

Away with "Lipstick Parching!" Banish lipsticks that take the young moisture from your lips! Here is a NEW kind of lipstick which Coty has discovered. A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, exciting color . . . but *without* any parching penalties.

It is called Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. It is *truly* indelible . . . yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually *smooths* and *softens* your lips. It gives them the warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

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If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—notice how soft your lips feel . . . how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five ardent indelible colors at drug and department stores.

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The Tragedy of Being a Hollywood Mother

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

fact, he has a bunch of rattle-trap things with the paint worn off, just like any other youngster at the careless age. He is never allowed to stay on the set and watch his mother in a scene. No photographs are made of him for publication, and, of course, he is not taken out in public to places where he would be recognized.

Norma has worked it out with a perfect balance between home and studio. But this worry not to sacrifice the screen career to the baby or the baby to the career—what heartaches for most of the girls who look so lovely and carefree when you see them on the screen!

The frantic juggling of time, just plain time, that goes on. The speed laws that are disregarded, to get home for one precious moment before baby is asleep! Especially during that first year when schedules are so vitally important.

No star who is making a picture can get home until eight, at best. She must take off her make-up and see the rushes—and, in most instances, she has a long drive between the studio and her home. So she kisses the sleeping baby and hopes to see him a little while in the morning. No baby can be kept up until eight o'clock to have dinner with mother, because every picture baby, without exception, is properly reared and on the strictest schedule. The best play-time of the day, as you know with your own baby, is the romp on the floor just before his supper. But few star-mothers can enjoy this rare interval. I have never heard of any mother in pictures selfish enough to wake up her child or interfere in any way with his schedule. It's an unwritten law—just as a seven o'clock call to be made up and on the set is a law.

And after a star's child is old enough to wait and have dinner with her—well, mama usually is no longer a star by that time!

ANYWAY, as you mothers know, baby has the lightest meal at night and dinner is at noon. Frances Dee goes home to have noon dinner with Joel Dee McCrea if she has to drive forty miles and take an extra hour. She allows nothing to interfere. It is an unwavering rule on her set. The instant "lunch" is called Frances makes a bee-line for the door where her car is waiting. The make-up and bouffant costumes—during "Becky Sharp" for example—are forgotten. Acting and career are forgotten. She is Mrs. Joel McCrea having luncheon with her young son, and it is by far the biggest moment of her day.

No matter how late she has worked the night

Reflected glory, you might say, taking a look at beautiful Tala Birell in the mirror. It was when she was doing her latest picture, "Air Hawks"

efore, Frances is up at seven when her baby akes. So if she does not see him at night, xcept asleep, they have at least shared two f the best times in the day. And if you hear bout Frances being haled into court on a peeding charge, don't put it down to recklessess. Remember, she was in a hurry to keep n important engagement!

Frances has had a splendid offer to make a icture in London. Whether she accepts is ntirely dependent on the temperature and he climate over there at the time. At the resent time she is making a thorough checkp of food supplies so the baby's diet need not e altered. If it is decided that the trip will e beneficial to Joel Dee, a bouncing young usky if ever there was one, she will take the ffer. But she will not gamble on her baby's ealth nor will she be separated from him. s a matter of fact, she told a friend that she waiting for Joel to get an offer, as she herelf would rather not go over to work but just be Mrs. Joel McCrea and have all her time ith the youngster.

When Joan Blondell's baby, Norman Scott arnes, was four months old, Joan had made wo pictures since his birth. She is so fond of er baby that she feels it's a great deprivation ot to watch him grow up. "Sundays, I see im with his eyes open," she told me, as if elating some indescribable miracle. "Wild orses couldn't drag me away from home on at day."

WAS out on a location trip, not long ago, on a picture Sally Eilers was in—her first fter her baby was born. There was an underurrent of excitement around the place. Sally ashed up suddenly, her eyes sparkling.

"My baby is coming out to visit me today, r the first time," she cried. Her words sped head of her because she couldn't wait to tell e great tidings. She was so beautifully ger, so madly anxious to get her arms round his warm little body—just for a moent. The car drove up with the baby and urse. Sally was inside before it stopped.

In ten minutes, the car drove away with s precious cargo. Sally waved it out of sight, ood for a moment with her heart in her eyes—d went back to work. A different Sally. bdued.

The question of divorce and custody of her ild has driven Ann Harding almost to disaction, and broken her health for a time. If e were not a picture star, possibly Harry annister would not have contested her ll right to little Jane. His contention is at a mother whose career is in pictures has time to devote to a child.

Ann, whose devotion to her little girl is the ost important thing in her life, will fight e suit to a finish. A mother is judged, in ne cases out of ten, to be the natural guardian r her child. Ann Harding is considered a e and unselfish mother up to the limits posed upon her by her profession. The best rt of her child's support is dependent on that ofession.

She went through the most torturing period the kidnapping scare—and it is never enrely absent—with guards placed even at the ot of the road leading to her hilltop home, ferocious police dog also was at large day and ght within the fenced-in Harding estate. ne, now six, goes to school every day acmpanied by a guard.

When she is making a picture, Ann is home fore seven every night, if it means halting the middle of a scene to leave. From seven til seven-thirty belongs to Jane, and no trusion is tolerated. If Ann has guests, they

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What flavor! Each taste more delicious. For a thrill...Try Beeman's

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can wait. Ann has very definite ideas about child rearing. It is no haphazard business to her, to be left to providence and a good nurse She respects the individuality of her daughter, and never forces herself on the child. She waits patiently for Jane to come to her with problems.

Ann does not believe the atmosphere of a motion picture set is good for the young mind, so Jane is brought to the studio only at very rare intervals, although Ann is denying herself the privilege of seeing Jane more often by adhering to this rule.

Through all the exigencies of profession travel, and broken marriage, Gloria Swanson has managed heroically to keep her children with her most of the time. During enforced separations she is miserable.

The worldly and soignée Gloria is difficult to picture in the devoted mother rôle, but she is actually one of the most conspicuously successful star-mothers in pictures. Like Ann Harding, she has definite ideas on the subject, is a strict but fair disciplinarian—a perfectly splendid mother. Gloria believes the English children are the most beautifully brought up and models her own ideas on this school of behavior.

Gloria, the younger, is fifteen, Joseph is twelve, and Michele Bridget is two and a half. Bridget is very important with her little troubles. When her mother is working, she saves them all up for a thorough going-over at the first opportunity. If young Gloria gets ideas at school about wearing high heels or smoking cigarettes or using make-up, she consults her mother who convinces the child that she must not be guided by what the other girls do, but what *she*, her mother, thinks is best for her. Gloria, the younger, has never been out without a chaperon—either the boy's mother goes with them, or Gloria—no matter if she has an early call at the studio the next morning.

Joseph is a young inventor, with promise of genius. Gloria reads scientific treatises to keep up with him. When she has the time, she is out in the workshop pottering around engine models with him.

Perfect manners are emphasized among the Swanson-Somborn-Farmer children to such an extent that their mother knows she can be absent from them for any length of time with confidence in their behavior. After all, says Gloria, good manners are simply a practical application of the golden rule "Do unto others"—and she thinks a well-mannered child has grasped the fundamentals for a good life.

THIS is a secret—but Gloria has a suppressed desire to have a children's school—and in some not too remote day she may start one.

There are two classes of screen star mothers, to divide them into general divisions—the *dressy* and the intelligently *efficient* types.

The dressy type likes to have the baby brought in, pink and fresh and sweet, to show to visitors on a Sunday afternoon. Or, if the child is older, dressed up at teatime and sent in for an hour while mama tells stories—when she can be home from the studio between pictures.

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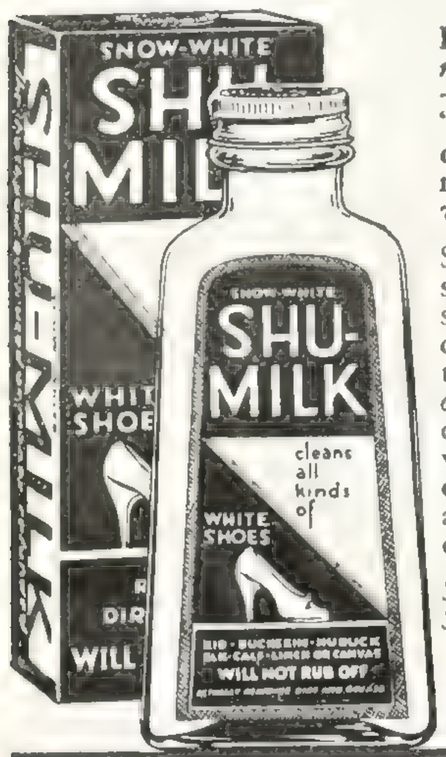

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America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

Robert Young takes to the life of a carefree sea rover—for a while, that is—in his latest picture, "Vagabond Lady," with Evelyn Venable

The efficient type is, perhaps, best exemified by Louise Fazenda. All winter long, er son Brent was in Palm Springs with a ompetent nurse, because Louise felt all the unshine and moderate climate better for his ealth. It was a real sacrifice for her to make, ecause only to see him nights and mornings ould be better than just for week-ends. Every aturday she flew, literally, to Palm Springs. he couldn't get there fast enough. And once here, it was not enough just to hold him and ook at him. She wanted to do *everything* for m. Squeeze the orange juice, put the carrots hrough the sieve, feed him, bathe him, weigh im, change him, dress him—even wash his ttle clothes. She was jealous of everything he nurse did—she wanted to have the full leasure of bringing up her baby through very minute of the day and ministering to very need.

She makes clothes for him, on the set beveen scenes. He was taken ill once, and ouise was in Hollywood. It was raining so ard she couldn't fly down to Palm Springs make good time driving. She went almost ad with anxiety until her husband put her on crack express train which usually roars right rough the desert. It stopped at Palm rings for Louise—a frantic woman in neared make-up and funny costume to the tonished passengers. It was a short trip, but ouise says she put on ten years.

Joan Bennett seems to manage her houseold with one hand and her career with the her. Never a cog in the machinery slips. ith a wonderful nurse for little Melinda, w one year old, and a governess for Diane, e mechanics of the situation are beautifully ntrolled. But she hasn't seen very much of r children lately.

OR eight months after Melinda was born she made no pictures. She enjoyed the most preme luxury a star-mother can have—an ndivided companionship with her baby. hen when she started to work again, Joan as doing two pictures at once and she never w Melinda except on Sundays. This beme unendurable until she finally insisted on rmission to have the baby brought on the t every day. Joan is looking forward to the y when she can retire and be with her chilen all the time, with no interruptions. icture work now, while there is a demand for r, simply hastens the day and the indepennce—and she feels it is worth the sacrifice, r the present.

Arline Judge, Karen Morley and Dixie Lee rosby are all young mothers, who must ave their babies in other hands from morning ntil evening—wondering if they are all right, nning to the telephone at every opportunity call up home and find out.

I know the retort from all you strict displinarians—"A baby is better off in the perienced care of a nurse than in the care of inexperienced mother."

Maybe you're right. But it's pretty hard the mother, having to deny herself the rilling delight of watching and holding and ring for her own baby, hour by hour.

Picture this to yourself—Six o'clock on a vely sunny morning, when your baby waks with a wide pink yawn and the happy by-noises that send your heart leaping. e gives you that morning smile, and the day folds like a magic carpet—every moment in r glorious companionship.

There is no delight on earth, for a woman, be compared with the daily cares and joys motherhood—and no star in pictures can ve this exquisite pleasure!

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Name Address

Irish Nights and Other Adventures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

that bar. Not drinking . . . unless you want to! . . . but listening to his stories about all the folks whose pictures hang there. Now I don't imbibe, as you know, Joan, but there's no rule against carving your Mitzi Hancock in the O'Brien bar with the good old ice-pick, is there? So, I etched it on. You may, if your old eyes are still bright, see Walter Catlett peering through his cheaters over Pat's brawny shoulder. Incidentally, Pat's elbow is right smack in Jimmie Cagney's face. A good thing for O'Brien they're life-long pals, huh?

Me, I'm too weak-minded, but the gentle Evelyn Venable just eats vegetables which must, doubtlessly, keep her from ever raising a temper. Nothing ever makes her angry . . . and the day I was there for lunch, first, John Lodge was late, then Tessie the dog suddenly did a fade-out, all the while workmen kept coming in and going out, banging away at an addition they were building on the house. But Evelyn kept serene as a lily pond. Eventually Tessie returned; Mr. Lodge put in his tardy, though welcome appearance and at the stroke of one the workmen threw down their tools . . . klunk! . . . and silence reigned. Then to the vittles.

FOOD is one of my prime interests, but I will rest my jaws long enough to say that I've never seen such lovely eyes as Evelyn Venable's . . . nor such a charming man as her husband, the ace cameraman, Hal Mohr. The lunch was very tasty, but I couldn't concentrate on it much because Bride and Groom were arguing over horse-back riding. Groom begged Bride to give it up because he was afraid she might have an accident. The little woman laughed and said she was too good a rider. Said she, "Give up your flying and I give up my riding." Latest reports are that neither have given up either . . . but Evelyn now rides with a groom, and her husband takes her along when he flies!

I've always loved Evelyn's dark, naturally curly, simply-dressed hair. I guess her man shared my sentiments for when she said eagerly, "Darling, how would you like my hair with henna on it?" He replied briefly, "Darling, how would you like a poke in the nose?" And that, kitten, was that!

I just remembered that I promised, last epistle, that I was going to tell you all about the ranch party at Harry Carey's. Half a mo' while I leap on Dobbin! Tally-ho and a bottle of liniment! Jam-shed Dinshaw Petit, the Bombay laddie who has more rupees than you or I ever will, my sweet, was the honored. The boy, as I told you, is taking a little jaunt around both hemispheres, and whilst stopping in our fair Hollywood, his pals showed him life as she is lived here. A bit of the latter included a sample of the Wild West, or Mister Carey's rancho.

Among the guests you would know was my old friend, Henry Hathaway, who directed "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Hank once was a prop boy for Harry Carey, and also for Edwin Willis who designs so many of the peachy sets at Metro. Ann Sheridan, who is as pretty as she is talented, drove up with me, and Monte Blue, the attractive Tom Keene, Joyce Hearst and Julie Haydon, a pippin who got into pictures via the fairy-tale route. She sent her photo to Ida Koverman of M-G-M (who found Jean Parker) and Mrs. K. was so impressed by her beauty that she had the girl come to the studio! Put away that tin-type, Joanie, it only happens once in a lifetime! Will Rogers couldn't come so he sent Mrs. Carey, whose name is Olive, this wire: "Golly Ollie so sorry but I've got to go to Wyoming. Will."

The moment we arrived we found the genial Harry had the gee-gees all saddled. The gang immediately set forth over mesquite brush and sage (I reckon that's the lingo, pardner!) for a couple of hours, then we limped back for lunch. After that there was a first-class demonstration by experts in cow branding and

Fred Astaire isn't turning farmer, he's just having a grand time puttering around before "Top Hat"

punching with wild and woolly whoop-ees supplied by us tenderfeet, sitting pigeon-toed atop the corral fence. We became so exhausted from the strain of watching so strenuous a sport that for the next hour or two we just sat around inhaling the very fresh air.

Dinner was a sizzling Mexican meal which we gobbled out on the porch while a dazzling silver moon rose over deep blue hills to a black velvet sky. Whee-ee-ee! But hang on! A coupla low moans had no sooner escaped me than suddenly through the night drifted the poignant music of soft melodious voices and Mexican guitars! The lads rendered everything from "La Paloma" to "Home on the Range." There is no use to continue . . . the moon, the music, the smell of wide, open spaces . . . ! I'm going to buy me a pair of chaps, settle down and wrangle mustangs!

NEVER ignore health for pleasure . . . combine them! That's this lass's creed since the cowboy outing I just wrote you. I let the Trocadero rest a couple of nights while I concentrated on What Is Good for the Growing Girl. Under this heading came Ida Koverman's party at her Santa Monica beach home to which I went with Jack LaRue. Sea air is fine, so I left the champagne strictly alone and just concentrated on demolishing a bunch of the teeney, piping hot meat *canapés*. My old friend Nils Asther shared a few of them with me. It was my first real opportunity to thank him for the cable he sent me from Stockholm and which I flaunted plenty in the face of the current boy-friend. (All the way from Sweden! Imagine!) I asked Nils to repeat the performance whenever out of town. He agreed, which is ducky, but personally I'd just as soon have him stick around . . . if he'd stick with me!

BUT to continue! There were lots of beauties around . . . Jean Parker, Madge Evans, Mady Christians, Joan Marsh, Ann Sheridan, Una Merkel, Betty Furness and . . . but with each name my head drops lower so I cease. Most of my solace came from admiring Leo Carrillo's Mexican get-up. He lives near by and came in his colorful costume . . . beaded tie, sombrero and buckskin panties with gay embroidery. A hearty caballero, Leo, who loves to tell stories, in dialect, that are worth two bucks of your dough at any theater. Incidentally, his family once owned practically all of what is now Santa Monica. They had a huge rancho there which they gradually sold as the fortunes of the family lessened. Leo's big place is heavenly, and so picturesque, with Mexican fangle dangles all around—a big barbeque pit, bright flowers and a clever young Mexican lad who strolls about with a guitar and sings amusing folk songs with Leo.

I slept like a babe after so much fresh air so the startled anatomy had to do something about that, quick. It did. Next P. M. found me, once again, in the Trocadero. I've been reading in the fashion magazines how we're going to get the Hindu influence in our clothes pretty soon. Personally, I'm all for it since seeing the Princess Mehu Colah of Bombay in her East Indian regalia. I stared like a ninny, but so would you at the vision of a dark lady with a drape slung over her head. It came from the shoulder of her *sari*, a very handsome thing of black chiffon embroidered with glittering silver sequins with which she wore matching sandals, and earrings, right to the shoulders, solid with diamonds. She danced very prettily and apparently enjoyed Hollywood gay life.

The lad that glides is Cesar Romero. All the girls in town are daffy to waltz when held in his arms. This particular evening it was pretty Mrs. Billy Wilkerson, whose husband owns the Troc and also the Vendome who drew the winning ticket most of the time. They made a charming couple. Not quite his style was Young Tom Brown who, I'd say

ances more vigorously. News Item: He was ot with Anita Louise. She was present with me unknown gent, but Tom had a little ranger with him, too. Such elaborate estures the young starlets made of avoiding ach other . . . they had a mad on . . . I'm oping it's not permanent . . . but Anita as always peeking over her partner's shoulder to see where Tom was, and the lad's eyes id a fine bit of darting about, too.

USY as a bee I was taking in everything for your edification, my lamb, when along me Edwin Willis ('member I told you he ecorated at M-G-M) and invited me over to is table. Eddie Lowe breezed over to the ble with Irvin Cobb's daughter.

She chirped: "Dad's just had his teeth nked out. Poor boy, he's got to talk bere a ladies' society. He'll probably hiss at em!"

She rolled her eyes around the place.

"My, my, I'm due for a collapse, too much sy-daisy goings on for a simple country ss like me."

The handsome Lowe fellah said he wanted collapse too . . . he'd been eating so many ring beans at dinner he felt like a relief map Iowa!

When those two irrationals left we chatted out thisa and thata.

Mostly thata.

After this I did a little dancing. Occasionly I got bumped by a grand looking girl who ore a tailored suit and a tremendous sixrat star sapphire on her scarlet-tipped finger. hen turned about the lady proved to be iss C. Lombard, who had no business being ywhere but in a bed nursing a cold, but who said she would rather munch rat poison than stay between the sheets another moment.

Back at the table we greeted the saucy Florine McKinney and her shadow, Barry Trivers, who writes very good movie stories Sadly he pointed to his upper lip, the moustache was gone. "I done it," said Florine proudly, "with my little hatchet! For months I've been begging him to shave the thing off, but he wouldn't."

"And then," chimed in the lad with the hairless lip, "she said that if Ronald Colman could take his off for 'Clive of India,' I certainly could do it for Florine McKinney!"

"So what else," asked Florine, "could he do?" Then they danced off, looking very pleased with themselves.

Now I shall give you the Fox luncheon held for their splendid designer, Royer, at the Assistance League this very noon. Betwixt courses, I talked with Adrienne Ames, and the creator himself, and I got a very heartening flash of What's To Be. The results are pretty chi-chi! Besides Adrienne, the other honeys whose clothes were modeled from the unreleased pictures, "Dante's Inferno" and "Mystery Woman," were Mona Barrie and Claire Trevor.

ADRIENNE was dying to eat her salad, but she had to pop up and pose for pictures every moment. There was a robe-de-style number with a big stuffed bird perched at the waist that the photographers went nutty over, so they had the model, Adrienne, the clever and embarrassed Royer and the other girls pose all together. Suddenly Royer got hysterical and pointed. The bird was upside down! Our little humorist, Miss Ames, remarked that it had probably had a hard winter and was now flying south for the sun!

Another surprise note was the sudden entrance of the three of the Marx brothers. These little men just rattled to the League for a quick and good lunch, but when they spied their favorite movie star they just pulled up the chairs and went for a full dinner. Then Mrs. Bruce Cabot made an error. She told them they were moving into a fashion luncheon. Chico went for her head, Harpo for her arms and Groucho for her feet. They scrabbled the daylights out of her. Then they left off abruptly and pompously marched away.

POOR Adrienne, she pulled herself together and started to tackle her salad again. But it had been removed! During the next course she stopped to applaud the lovely gowns, posed for more pictures, and bowed to several enthusiastic fans. By this time the meat was cold so dessert was brought in. Perhaps I shouldn't have done it, but I told her she was looking well after her flu siege. During the ensuing discussion she looked up and saw the waiter disappearing with her chocolate cake and coffee!

It was then time to go, so Adrienne asked me to meet her at the Vendome next week and have a little lunch.

And speaking of lunch reminds me I haven't had any yet, so as much as your stoical scribe would like to continue she will have to be a little copy cat and say what Fred Astaire did when his lighter wouldn't work—"The flint is willing but the spirit's weak."

Not bad, eh?

Ravenously yours,

Mitzi.

EDMUND LOWE PICKS MOST ALLURING LIPS IN LIPSTICK TEST

HERE'S WHAT EDMUND LOWE SAW

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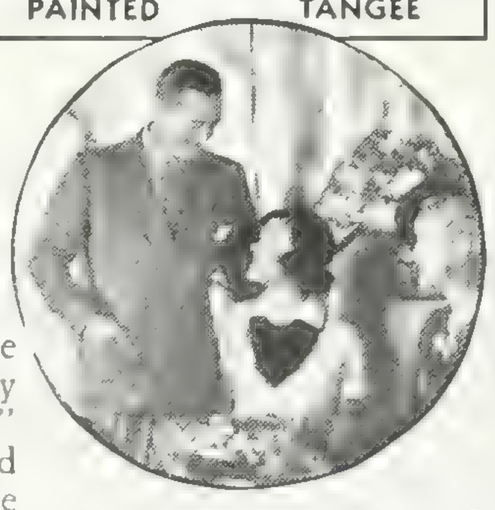

Picture shows Edmund Lowe, making lipstick test between scenes of his latest **Columbia release, "The Best Man Wins".**

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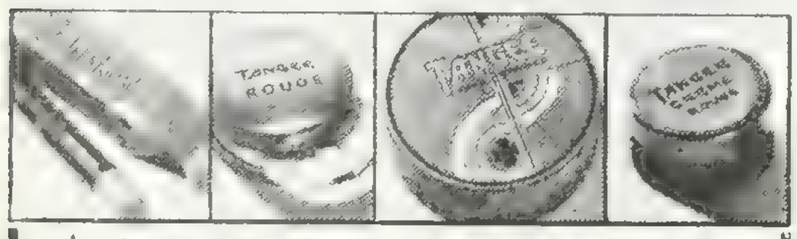

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Where Is Hollywood's Glamour?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

parties, but no one would even remotely consider having a special footman behind the chair of each separate guest, as Charlie Ray did at his dinners. No one would dare to make Swansonian regal appearances, surrounded by royal crests. As a matter of fact, no one would want any of that ostentation today. It's considered poor taste. Just as along Hollywood's boulevards every day the highest priced cars made in this world roll unnoticed, with stars hidden in covered tonneaus.

There is no Valentino with a silver cobra coiling on the hood of his car to warn pedestrians out of the way. There is no Wally Reid in his yellow racers thundering spectacularly at dare-devil speeds, wild-haired in the wind. There is no Fatty Arbuckle parking his half-block-long car with the built-in icebox for curbstone customers to gape at.

CARL BRISSON has just sent his big white Hispano-Suiza with all the fancy built-in accessories back home to avoid the tax. He came, of course, from Europe, and probably still believed the stories he had read about how Hollywood stars captured glamour. But he was about ten years behind the times, and his old-fashioned stab at glamour missed by the wide breach of boredom. Few bothered to look at the automobile. Nobody cared.

I haven't heard of a star with a private car for years. The roadbeds of the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific used to groan with them. I haven't seen a chinchilla coat for lo these many moons. The Talmadge sisters used to wave them in the breeze at every public occasion possible, and Clara Kimball Young once forked out $30,000 for the most famous of the lot.

No star that I can think of would remotely consider striding up and down Sunset Boulevard regularly every afternoon in brilliant Chinese pajamas as Nazimova used to do. The lighted "TM" brand which used to announce Tom Mix's Catalina home to the tourists in glass-bottomed boats have long since winked out. And Tom, although an incurable showman, has laid aside his blue velvet evening clothes in mothballs, and no longer puts up his ponies in the best London hotels, as he did Tony in the past.

VALENTINO, of course, was tops on the male side for glamour; even when he built a house on a hilltop, not so different from the hundreds of houses which today surmount Hollywood's knolls—but he called it "Falcon's Lair." Glamorous? Certainly. Pola Negri sent to Europe at enormous expense for a certain kind of tree to plant on her lawn. Only the sigh of the wind through those particular boughs could soothe her esoteric spirit, she explained. Would that make her glamorous today—or humorous? Now, how is the public going to take her buying the Valentino house—"to be near his spirit"—with a nominal fee to be charged visitors, if her plan materializes?

How long since have you heard of a mad caprice to equal that of Mabel Normand when she impulsively took all the friends gathered at the pier to bid her good-bye with her on a trip to Europe! And when she returned and heard the regrets of those who had failed to be on hand for the profitable adieu, she took the "left-overs" and made a second trip—standing all expenses.

No—exhibitionism is out, partly because it doesn't beget glamour any more, and partly because the old mad Hollywood is gone. It has grown up, sobered up, taken a look at itself and, slightly ashamed, completely reversed its glamour-getting tactics.

The idea used to be to let the world know how much you had. To dazzle with opulence. To enchant with magnificence.

Every pay day Wallace Reid used to walk into Sam Kress's old drug store on Hollywood Boulevard and stop at the perfume counter. He'd buy hundreds of dollars worth of expensive scents, which he distributed to the first girls he met.

Most stars of the old Hollywood had their paychecks spent before they ever saw them. They were children living in a wonderful land of plenty and they had no reason to suspect that it wouldn't last forever.

They know better now, and the idea has suddenly about-faced. Now, it's *not* to let the world know how much you have. And save as much as you can. Improvidence is out.

The two largest writers of insurance annuities in the country have their headquarters in Hollywood. If I listed the number of ranches and other sound investments of the stars, it would take up the rest of this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

What happened? What sobered Hollywood up? And just where is Hollywood's glamour today?

SEVERAL things happened. For one thing, Hollywood was mellowed and tempered by that which mellows and tempers all things, including good wine—age. The mad mannekins sickened of their own brew and swore off as they grew older.

Another important factor is the talkies. They flooded the town with stage actors, tired of hotel life and trunk living. They made sane home life popular and fashionable. Instead of a possible twenty-weeks a year on Broadway, they had fifty-two on contract salary and a chance to put away that nest egg they had always dreamed about. They set about doing it and the rest of Hollywood followed suit.

Also, of course, there was the Depression.

The only place left for glamour was in work. And that is just where Hollywood's glamour is conjured up today—in work, in careers, in screen personalities—and in sane, healthy play—even as you and I.

Private lives, which used to have everything to do with glamour, now have nothing. Glamour lies strictly before the camera's eye.

Greta Garbo is the most glamorous star of this age. Yet there is no "enticing charm" about her life. It is simple, secretive, colorless. She does nothing showy or spectacular. When she rented the big home in Beverly Hills she used but two rooms. She ate in the kitchen and slept in the smallest bedroom. The rest of the house was dark. She is said to have rented this house because of its high walled back yard in which she could take sun baths.

But the meager known facts of her existence haven't created her powerful charm. Her spell on the screen has done it.

Mae West, as the whole world knows, completely belies her screen character in private life. Her glamorous fore-runners—Nita Naldi

and Barbara LaMarr—however, created a romantic legend in Hollywood.

Off screen Mae is no more *Diamond Lil*, the sexy siren, than your Aunt Hannah. She leads a life of hard work and little diversion. You couldn't pick up a whisper of scandal about her even with one of those new radio sets that get Russia.

And as I said, the whole world knows that —but it doesn't give a hang. Mae is glamorous because she burns up the screen as no one ever burned it up before.

You can apply the same rule to Norma Shearer, glamorous because she flaunts married convention and lives a free life—but strictly on celluloid. No more conventional, stainless reputationed wife and mother can be found in Hollywood or elsewhere, for that matter.

No, today, that personal glamour which was measured by lavish squandering of money on eccentricities, pretension, extremes in dress or behavior—the very things that gave Hollywood (and rightly so) its label of being a mad town of wholly irresponsible people—has gone forever.

But few, and very few examples of outlandish behavior or living are seen or known. A Dietrich may come along with another clothes fad, such as her trousers get up, but, like Dietrich's, it won't last long. It will be laughed out of existence. Also, you no longer hear of Katharine Hepburn plumping down in the middle of a street to read her mail. There was one mention lately of her running around the set with no shoes on, but it wasn't picked up and spread around. Those things, mild as they are in comparison with events of a few years ago, are ignored or snickered at and dismissed.

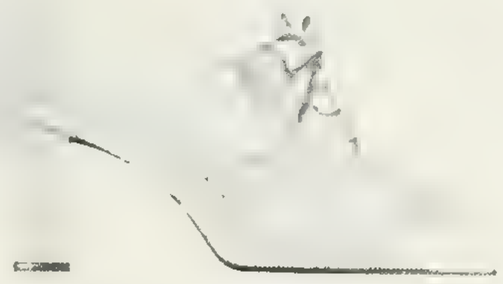
LET'S take some of the top bracket names at random and see if we can point the finger at one eccentricity of any sort.

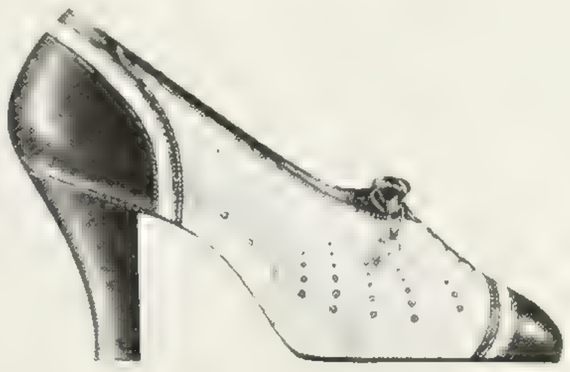
Joan Crawford, to lead off with, pictorially one of the most glamorous actresses on the screen. But—Joan is the most concentratedly hard-working girl in the films. Rarely is she seen about town. Not that she is "exclusive," she just hasn't the time. Her work is her passion, and her relaxation is more work, in the little theater she built on her estate. If not that, it's dancing, to keep herself point perfect in picture poise.

So, there's no help there. Now for Clark Gable. And we may as well admit at the beginning neither is there any help there. He and his attractive wife are seen occasionally at the better clubs and cafes, but almost all his other spare time, and he has little of that too, is spent in outdoor sports, mainly hunting —and not the coy charmers as you might expect from his screen rôles.

As for Robert Montgomery, there's his farm in Connecticut, on which he gets out and, believe it or not, works. From the earth we jump to the aesthetic—Kitty Carlisle. Kitty, in less opulent days, was strong for clothes. All her pin money went toward an attempt to be the best appearing woman—note, not the most lavishly dressed woman, as it might have been a few years ago. But now, Kitty spends every spare moment on her voice, travelling even to Europe when she has the time to further her singing. Hardly time to be glamorous there, is there? As for the clothes, still very smart, but they get the least of her time.

And Claudette Colbert likes nothing better than jumping into her small car and shooting off alone, to any destination her fancy may take. But, you say, who doesn't do that? That's what we've all done. All right, Bing


The FONDA—white oxford for all-around wear, air-cooled with many tiny pinpoint perforations.


The HIYA—white buckskin and brown calf spectator tie with perforations and leather heel.

The ELISE—dainty white open-shank sandal for dress wear. Cool, lightweight, flattering.

"You have to wear the dainty new summer Styl-Eez shoes to realize they have the art of keeping cool down to a fine point. For one thing, they're *white*—and that makes them look cool. For another thing, they're *air-conditioned*—with hundreds of perforations worked into clever designs . . . just like little windows that let cooling breezes blow in on your hot feet! To me, Styl-Eez shoes are the coolest, the smartest, the most comfortable friends that a pair of busy young feet can have when it's 100 in the shade . . . and any other time. They're quality through and through, but their price doesn't budge my budget. I'm glad *I* have the Styl-Eez habit!"

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Crosby. For Bing, golf, and family, mainly family. W. C. Fields, that auto trailer of his, going off into the country for long walks, at night, mostly, trying to catch up with his insomnia. Elissa Landi—books, not just reading them, writing them. She's already turned out four!

SIR GUY STANDING, that grand character actor, war hero and keen business man—painting. And his canvasses are of sufficient merit to bring him international attention in that field of art. For that matter, Lionel Barrymore is not unknown for his painting, and his music. Nothing extraordinary there, you say, after all this talk about "the escapades of the Barrymores."

Warner Baxter likes nothing better than the sport of fishing, and where is there glamour in a set of flopping rubber hip boots and old clothes? Just about the best bet on the glamour side, however, is the pursuit of John Boles—horseshoe pitching! Can you imagine that spread all over magazines and newspaper pages? And creating a sensation? Another is that of Leo Carrillo, when he isn't improving his hacienda or playing polo, he's writing poetry. What glamour!

The thing is this, the old Hollywood glamour that has gone was nothing more than a sideshow Barnum and Bailey, reckless, swaggering personal glamour that used to make a star an incredible legend.

But in its place is a new glamour—a healthy, solid and substantial glamour—yet every bit as coveted, every bit as rare, every bit as powerful.

And the nice part about it is that you don't have to come clear to Hollywood to sample its spell.

You can find it right on the screen of the theater in your own home town.

Filmland's Dictator Is a Woman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

own in 1926. When it closed, after one week, the producer was in debt to the tune of $55,000. She mortgaged her estate in Redding, Conn., and set about recouping in the only way she knew how. She wrote a play.

It is for Miriam Hopkins, a Goldwyn contractee, that the initial Crothers script is intended. Its theme is the power of money; and Miss Crothers has adapted it from an unproduced play of her own, called "The House of Larrimore."

"I know Miss Hopkins will be great in it," she told me, "and it will be great to work with her again."

Most of Miss Crother's comedy-dramas have dealt with the changing social attitude toward the allegedly weaker sex. Women, she said, "evolute" and she quoted a line of Ibsen to the effect that if you want to know social change, watch women. Thus "Nice People" was concerned with the more somber aspects of "flaming youth"—"Let Us Be Gay" with the remarriage of a divorced couple! "When Ladies Meet" with the problem of "the other woman," etc. She doesn't know precisely what women are "evoluting" to right now, but she isn't worrying. "They are capable," she assured me, "of taking care of themselves."

Unlike many of her Broadway contemporaries, Miss Crothers has approached the cinema with an open mind. In the theater, her word was absolute; John Golden, who presented many of her plays, had such confidence in her ability that he would frequently remain away at Miami Beach until after a premiere. Producer as well as playwright that she was, she could see a script take living form as she penned it. Sets, costumes, movement, speech—she visualized them all. Nor did it take her long to get the hang of the films; even while at M-G-M, she began, she says, to get the "pictorial feel." She recognizes the gulf separating the two mediums, and she is aware that the cinema is compounded of "quick telegraphic moving things." But she is unalterably opposed to motion for motion's sake.

"I realize the films cannot be wholly mental," she explained; "but I do believe the human element is often lost sight of entirely.

"There is too much running up and down stairs."

Of her filmed plays, she liked "When Ladies Meet" better than "Let Us Be Gay," and "As Husbands Go" more than either. She wouldn't go to see her silent pictures.

Miss Crothers looks forward to her new adventure with zest; but you must not suppose that it has replaced the stage in her affections. When someone asked her recently what there was left in the theater, she replied quickly, "Just what we put in it." With fire in her eyes, she amplified this to me. "People who say the theater is dead," she flashed, "are dead themselves." But she admits that the talkies are giving it a run for its money.

She scoffs at the notion that the screen is a more profitable venture for an established playwright—at least over a long period of time. "A successful play," she said, "makes easily $100,000 for the author. It usually runs two seasons—and may go to London. Then there are the other foreign rights. Add to these the amateur stock, book, film and radio rights, and you will appreciate why I regard that as a fair figure.

"Yet the movie people fondly believe they pay you so much."

MISS CROTHERS does her writing in bed; she has for years. Mornings. "Life is so interesting, even to get up begins a different kind of world," declares this extraordinary woman "Once the pad is brought in with the breakfast tray, I am completely isolated from everyone. I can work in peace. When I do get up, it is with a free conscience.

"In the afternoons, I play golf. Eighteen holes," she added, "today."

Golf, Winter and Summer, is one of the reasons she has taken Hollywood to her bosom. She didn't, at first; she had never felt lonelier, she confided, than during those first few months; even in Europe. Now she regards Hollywood as "a gracious, charming place to live. Here one meets one's own craft and kind," she exclaimed. "I've had a happy winter; I've been very gay!"

I wanted to know if Miss Crothers had gravitated naturally toward the theater. She assured me she hadn't.

"The stage was very remote and wicked to the Crothers family," she recalled. "Nor had any of us been writers." An astonishing number of them had become preoccupied with medicine—father, uncles and cousins. Even

her mother had suddenly, at the age of forty, turned to the well-thumbed pages of Gray's "Anatomy." A few years later she received her M. D.

All this was bound to have its effect on Rachel, youngest of nine children. Hers was a lonely life; in a kind of blind desperation, she began to build houses on the floor for her dolls and live out, as she describes it, their full lives. "Talking aloud for them like that," she says, "I began to play at playwright before I knew what a play was." Soon, as a matter of course, she was writing "novels," and even a play: "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining, or The Ruined Merchant."

After being graduated from Illinois State Normal, she set out, starry-eyed, to seek her fortune in New York. She found it.

But first there were years of struggle. Miss Crothers had only $300 and an unconquerable faith in herself. When an interview with Daniel Frohman, dean of theatrical producers, came to naught, she entered the Wheatcroft School of Acting. It was there that she received a grounding in that fearful and wonderful art which was one day to be truly hers. Soon she was coaching other students, and even writing plays for them—typical, adolescent pieces like "The Rector," "A Water Color," "Elizabeth" and "Which Way?"

IN 1906, Carlotta Nielson, the actress, persuaded a manager to put on "The Three of Us," by Rachel Crothers. In it occurred a scene in which the heroine, crying out that she was able to look after herself, hied her to a man's room. This was considered very daring at the time; but it didn't hurt the play any. "The Three of Us" marked the beginning of its author's investigation of the social attitude toward women, and was an instantaneous hit.

Since then, she has averaged a play a year.

If, out of it all, she has evolved any enduring philosophy, she thinks it is this: "We bring all our misfortunes on ourselves. If somebody has deceived us, we've allowed ourselves to make a mistake in judgment. Every failure I've had has been *my* failure; *my* play was wrong. It is a most unhappy philosophy to believe we have been injured by others."

Leslie Fenton, featured in the sophisticated mystery, "Star of Midnight," starring William Powell, Ginger Rogers

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He Hated the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

It opened the following Autumn at the Globe Theater. Bessie McCoy, Richard Harding Davis' wife, was the star. Also in the cast were the Dolly Sisters, their first American appearance. Likewise the dancing team of Ryan and White, the latter to become George White of "Scandals" fame.

"The Echo" was an instant success. So was Bill LeBaron. Likewise Deems Taylor. No college show had ever graduated from the dear old campus right onto Broadway before.

LeBaron received his diploma before his play was produced. Face to face with a cold, cruel world and wisely realizing "The Echo" might just as easily be a smeller as a smash hit and that many a playwright had starved to death waiting for the first royalty check, he got a steady job with a publishing house at twenty-five dollars a week. This sufficed handsomely until his play opened. For many weeks thereafter he received weekly royalties of one thousand dollars.

THE result was a bad habit which remains with him to this day. To be specific: every Saturday night he collected his weekly twenty-five dollars, got himself organized and refused to go home until every dime had been squandered. In his own words—"It taught me to know nothing whatever about the value of money." His salary is several digits larger now but he finds it just as easy to spend as it was then—and just as much fun.

The sudden prosperity of "The Echo" did not turn our hero's head. He continued to hold down steady jobs, but industriously wrote more plays nights, Sundays and holidays. "The Very Idea," a hilarious farce starring Ernest Truex, which LeBaron authored alone, was his outstanding non-musical effort. It played for years, was twice made into pictures—and may be again. Who knows? His musical tops was the tuneful and charming "Apple Blossoms," music by none other than Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacoby. In the leading rôles were John Charles Thomas—the man with no last name—and Wilda Bennett, no kin to Joan or Constance. But the real stars of "Apple Blossoms" were a couple of show-stopping youngsters from vaudeville, making their first New York legitimate stage appearance—Fred and Adele Astaire.

Mr. LeBaron, by and large, penned so many plays that recently he sold the motion picture rights to one he had completely forgotten ever having written. It was called "Something to Brag About," but the author now frankly declares that "nothing" is a better word.

In his spare moments—during lunch hours probably—Mr. LeBaron dashed off vaudeville sketches for a man named Jesse Lasky, little musical *mélanges* entitled "Redheads," "Trained Nurses" and such like. These eventually led their author into what might well have been a fatal error of judgment. Mr. Lasky invited him to call one ante-bellum Sunday afternoon. Mr. LeBaron called. Present were two other fellows named Cecil B DeMille and Samuel Goldwyn. They propounded a fantastic scheme. They were going to make a motion picture and wanted him to join their venture as a scenario editor.

Mr. LeBaron's answer was an ill-concealed sneer. He loved the theater which was paying him handsomely. He didn't like motion pictures. They were just a fad with no future whatever, he declared. He also declared he didn't know a thing about them and neither did Lasky, DeMille and Goldwyn, which was true. Their blandishments fell on deaf ears. Even offers of equal partnership left him adamant. So Lasky, DeMille and Goldwyn marched to fame and riches in Hollywood which the skeptical Mr. LeBaron, for the asking, could have shared.

LITTLE did he know that ere long the movie ogre was again to rear its ugly head and bite him for keeps. As follows:

After the war he was on the editorial staffs of two national magazines. After Mr. LeBaron took over his second magazine job, he was asked by the publisher to be at a certain place, certain time. Mr. LeBaron went

Who said picture making wasn't a serious business? This was when "Chasing Yesterday" was being shot. Anne Shirley is at the table, with O. P. Heggie. Director George Nicholls, Jr., crouching

was ushered into a pitch-black room, pushed into a seat and presto!—a motion picture flickered on a far wall. He watched it in contemptuous silence. The film completed, the lights went up. Mr. LeBaron looked around, to face his publisher who said: "What'd you think of it, Mr. LeBaron?" Said Mr. LeBaron vehemently: "I think it's terrible." Which was the end of his career as an editor and the beginning of his career in motion pictures—his publisher was interested in a motion picture company, and he, too, didn't like that particular film.

Mr. LeBaron was immediately assigned to the job of re-editing and re-writing the picture, which he did so successfully that he was given further assignments. Came the day when, because Mr. LeBaron had nothing better to do, it was decided he should produce a picture on his own. His choice of subject was a story he and a girl around the place liked. Her name was Frances Marion, now, as you know, one of the leading scenarists. Everybody else was ag'in' it. Along came a young director out of the West named Frank Borzage. He liked the story, too. The three pooled their talents and enthusiasm. The result was "Humoresque," a howling success and the winner of the first PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year, 1920.

TWO more pictures produced by LeBaron were later to win this honor, "Beau Geste" and "Cimarron," which makes him the only three-time winner of the prize. "Cimarron" won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award for the Best Produced Picture of the year—the other two probably may have, too, except that the Academy wasn't awarding awards then.

In producing "Beau Geste," Mr. LeBaron pulled the rather unusual caper of sending a company from New York to Arizona, which everyone thought was pretty stupid at the time but didn't later when the picture became the sensation of the year.

Since "Humoresque" Mr. LeBaron has produced a list of pictures as long as your arm—maybe both arms—first for Cosmopolitan, then Paramount, then RKO-Radio and now for Paramount again.

Among the best remembered are "Rio Rita," "Manhandled," "Madame Sans Gene," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Little Old New York," "Enemies of Women," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Sally of the Sawdust" (in which W. C. Fields first appeared in films), "Knockout Riley," "The Quarterback," "The Ace of Cads," and, more recently, "She Done Him Wrong," "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony," "I'm No Angel," "Belle of the Nineties," "Goin' to Town"—but why go on?

A FEW of the stars with whom he has been associated besides those already mentioned are Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, Marion Davies, Thomas Meighan, Adolphe Menjou, George Raft—but again, why go on? He brought Wheeler and Woolsey to Hollywood for "Rio Rita," which made them headliners. Likewise Edna May Oliver. Also Irene Dunne. All of which goes to show he's been fairly busy most of the time.

While he has achieved success with almost every type of picture, his recent efforts have been chiefly comedies and musicals. He has the rare—I might even say almost extinct—gift of knowing quite precisely what he wants and getting it with a minimum of time, effort and excitement. Although he can and does throw out an atomic bombardment of con-

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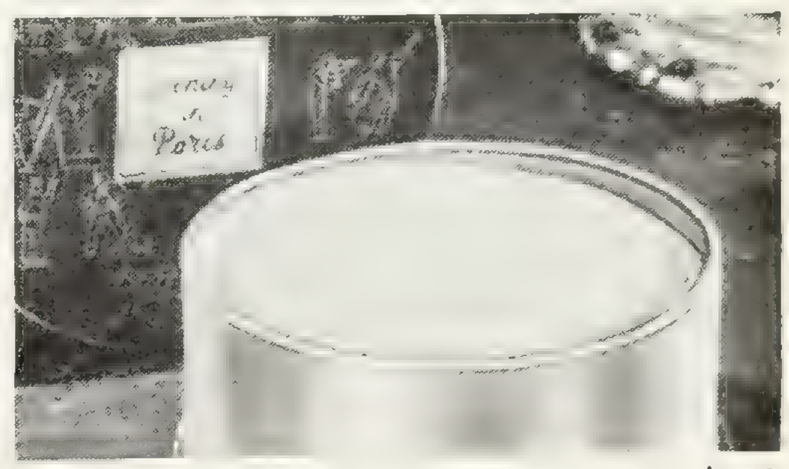

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tagious enthusiasm he positively declines to get wildly and exhaustingly excited about anything.

His understanding of how to handle most effectively temperamental artists, to remain placid and unruffled under all trying circumstances has been frequently demonstrated, but never more entertainingly than during an incident with a famous star. The lady in question—we'll call her Miss Fitzfancy—was on a temperamental rampage. One afternoon she concluded a hectic pitched battle with several executives by rushing into LeBaron's office, starting a hysterical protest against the human race, then suddenly swooning gracefully to the floor—as neat a stage faint as ever she'd pulled. Mr. LeBaron, reading at his desk, ignored the lady's vapours and calmly continued to read. Nothing happened for a minute or more. Then, to see why he wasn't doing anything about it, she cautiously lifted her head, opened one eye and peeked. At that very instant Mr. LeBaron leaned over solicitously and inquired: "Did you wish to see me about something, Miss Fitzfancy?"

HE works on the theory that it takes two people to make a fight—so count him out. A valuable asset is a sharp and untiring wit that frequently enables him to sum up and conclusively dispose of a problem with a single brief but humorous sentence.

Writers respect him because they know he can write a better script than they can—and will, if theirs isn't up to snuff.

He commands the loyalty of his associates because he deserves it. Sixteen years ago he engaged a new secretary, assured her that if her work proved satisfactory the job would be permanent. The other day he told his secretary—everybody knows Georgette—that if her work was satisfactory the job would be permanent, which was exactly what he told her sixteen years ago.

His most depraved personal vice is a secret passion for pop-corn. Neighbors report he can be heard in his kitchen at all hours of the night stealthily preparing to indulge this weakness. He imports the raw material from Kansas, prepares it with loving solicitude and arrogantly brags about the quantity he can eat. In extenuation, may it be said that he eats it straight from bowl or bag—no tossing kernels into the air and catching them in his mouth. He's not like that.

He rides in the back seat of an automobile with utter complacency at any speed or under the most harrowing circumstances—for the simple reason that he doesn't like to drive a car, seldom has, never intends to. There is not one back-seat-driver corpuscle in his entire bloodstream. By the same token, he has practically no sense of direction or location. He doesn't know—or care—where he is until he reaches his destination.

His favorite comedian is Bill Fields, whose favorite audience is Bill LeBaron. The latter's shrewd and sympathetic understanding of the Fields genius and knowledge of how to put it on the screen has contributed materially to the Fields success.

A fascinating and willing conversationalist in private, he has yet to be caught leaping to his feet at the snap of a toastmaster's wisecrack. His friends say he recoils convulsively at the very thought of being asked to speak in public and I say: "Bless you, Mr. LeBaron. May your tribe increase."

It is doubtful if, for a long time, he has been fooled by anyone.

IT would not be accurate to say he discovered Mae West for pictures. Suffice it that he has been the producer in charge of all her screen vehicles. Curiously, he wrote the first play in which she appeared on Broadway. Miss West says she was a child actress then but Mr. LeBaron gallantly contradicts her by insisting she was carried onto the stage in arms—without saying whose arms. Equally curious, they did not meet from that time until she came to Hollywood for her first picture. He is not only one of her best friends but also one of her severest critics. The other day he started to enter the set on which she was working. He had no pass and a new doorman, who didn't know him, refused admission. Mr. LeBaron took the blow stoically. "That's fine," he told the doorman. "If you'll just stick to that maybe I can get a day's work done."

He can take golf or leave it and he loves horse races and so do I and if I don't stop here we'll *both* miss the first race at Santa Anita, so if there's anything more you want to know about Bill LeBaron—ask Bill LeBaron.

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
(Signed) Wesley F. Pape, Secretary.

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 4th day of February, 1935.

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Notary Public, Queens County.
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Commission Expires March 30, 1936.

Five Million Dollar Bachelor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

screen by Ben Hecht. That was one reason Coward felt kindly toward the idea of playing in one of Hecht and MacArthur's movies. Plans at first were for Coward to play a small rôle in a picture that the two American playwrights had ready to produce. After they met Coward, however, and talked to him, they were so impressed with his charm and picture possibilities, they told him if he would agree to play the leading rôle in a film they would write one to suit his personality and talents. Caught up by their enthusiasm Coward, who had turned down dozens of profitable movie contracts, agreed. Hecht and MacArthur shelved the script they had on hand, retired to a mountain retreat and wrote furiously for several weeks on "The Scoundrel."

While working in the picture with Hecht and MacArthur, Coward flatly refused to make any changes in their script. Even so, some of the lines sound distinctly Cowardian. When, for example, the blasé young publisher says to the girl, "I'm sorry if I've ruined your life," and she answers, "You haven't ruined it—you just decorated it." Neatly turned dialogue like that reminds one of Coward's own—the lines, for example from a scene in "Design for Living," when Gilda says, "Doesn't the eye of Heaven mean anything to you?" And he answers, "Only when it winks."

THOSE who admire Noel Coward most call him a genius. Those who admire him least call him a natural—a man who happened to have what the public wanted just at the time the public wanted it. They say if he had been born a generation earlier or twenty years later nobody would ever have heard of him; that his phenomenal success isn't genius at all but just luck—luck because he has a knack for writing the kind of tunes people of this generation enjoy dancing to, the kind of shows people today like to watch.

Natural or genius, he's a regular fellow, and his phenomenal success hasn't spoiled him.

Once when police reported that three thugs had tried to kidnap Coward, newspaper men dashed to his hotel for a statement. Cool, unruffled, he said calmly, "They weren't thugs, they were autograph hunters." The reporters, eager for a good story, were unable to get more than that from Coward.

It is probable that the formality and organization of picture making in Hollywood scared him away from movie contracts. Working with Hecht and MacArthur was different—backgammon game going on just off the set all the while, changes in script and direction made as and if they were needed, mutual New York friends dropping in to visit. It was home

BESIDES, Noel Coward couldn't tie himself down to a contract. He's smitten too often with wanderlust. As soon as "The Scoundrel" was finished, he packed up and started for China. Going to write his autobiography while there. Just why a chap would choose war-torn China as a writing retreat, we don't know. And Coward doesn't explain. Hecht and MacArthur, at the same time, left for the New York countryside to write another picture play for Mr. Coward. For Noel is supposed to come back in midsummer to start his second film.

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Why Merle Oberon Clicked

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

found *that* out when she waved a fare-thee-well as alone he sailed back to India—Merle immediately embarking on a stage career.

Miss Thompson found the prospects of the theater delightful—and vice versa. Soon she was working at Elstree and wondering if Hollywood were fact or phantasy.

There were countless suitors who ultimately became countless desperate young men all heading for the Thames and oblivion . . . Merle did not think them worth her wiles. Except one.

And again there was an "engagement" which lasted for almost three years and ended in an annulment of wedding plans.

But meanwhile her career was getting off under its own power.

Estelle Thompson had been discovered by Korda's ex-wife.

It was at her suggestion the producer-director took pains to cast her in his pictures, studying the promising young actress with a keen professional eye.

ESTELLE THOMPSON, he decided, was no name for a glamorous lady of the cinema. Telephone directories were scanned for a more euphonious one and then Merle did some of her own private thinking—at which she is very good, as you will later see—and suggested Auberon. Finally it was edited to Oberon, Estelle Oberon. Not so jolly good, doncha-know?

So they looked through *more* directories, until Merle offered her middle name and everything became pip-pip and toodle-oo!

The most exciting thing that *ever* happened to her, she says, was being cast as *Anne Boleyn* in the memorable "Henry the VIII" with Charles Laughton.

Merle was recuperating from an illness at the seaside. Long hours of watching the blue sky and the water pounding along the rocky coast were interrupted only by reading theatrical publications from London. Her recovery became suddenly complete when she read the astounding news that she was cast as *Anne!* She haunted museums and libraries, she visited historic spots and thought so much of the ill-starred Queen that actually, she says, "I almost believed I was she!"

Reporting at the studio she nearly had a relapse when she found she had exactly two pages of script!

She was crushed.

"IT was a terrible blow," she admits, her eyes clouding in recollection, "for *Anne* being the most important wife, I naturally thought I had the leading rôle. I didn't know what to do, but I resolved I'd show Korda!"

At the time London films were hard-pressed for money and having accepted his rôle—although still before production—everyone was given a salary cut.

To this Merle made no protest because she was so anxious to make good, and, she decided, this was her big chance! With two pages of dialogue! What an impossible task she set for herself!

Then word arrived there was to be still another cut for the entire cast, the deciding meeting to be held Saturday. The day was Friday!

And here are some facts which should give you a tip-off on just why Merle did click!

She thought a great deal about that second cut. She really didn't feel she could accept it. Yet she was so anxious to get the part and "show Korda" that she devised a *coup de theatre!*

As the first part of her scheme she called on London's most famous theatrical photographer and that very day sat for a variety of poses. The man's knack was infallible and she never worked harder in her life to cooperate. She felt certain that, as a result, the pictures would be all she could ask for.

When would she have them?

Monday or Tuesday, he assured her, because she wanted them rushed. (Three or four days is the English equivalent of a Yankee split second.)

MERLE realized, in panic, that would never do! Was all her strategy to go unrewarded?

He must do better than that, she pleaded, for the meeting was the following afternoon—and shooting was to start Monday. Even photographers, I have it on good authority, are mere men, not immune to feminine beauty in distress. He would, he promised, rush through two pictures for Saturday.

Fine! Well, almost fine, anyway. Merle believed her whole career was at stake. She still believes it was.

The two pictures came through as promised and they exceeded her every hope.

Armed with her deadly ammunition she hurried, uninvited, to the meeting. The board had convened. Quite casually she asked to see Korda, on a pretext. He left the conference only long enough to explain how important it was for her not to interrupt at that time. Fate he explained, practically hung in the balance, by its teeth.

MERLE showed him the pictures quite, quite casually. She mentioned, as he looked at them, that she'd be very glad to appear in the film, provided, of course, there would be no second cut. . . .

She watched his face behind her slanting lashes as he murmured something about he'd take these with him—and she shouldn't worry—he was sure everything would be all right. And it was!

But that is only half of the story. . . .

After "Henry the VIII" Merle's stock shot up by leaps and bounds. She was under contract to Korda for five years, with twelve-month options.

And because Korda neglected to take up her option on April 15th, 1934, her contract up and lapsed!

Merle's agent delightedly told her about it and produced offers from almost every company in Hollywood at figures starting at ten times the salary she was receiving from Korda! She was, in a legal sense, as far as London Films' contract was concerned, "free, white and twenty-one!"

During a telephone conversation two weeks later Merle mentioned she was no longer under contract to him.

"What do you mean?" Korda roared, frantically.

Merle explained.

He asked her to please come immediately to his office.

Ruth Fraser, Merle's lifetime friend and

constant companion, rode with her to Elstree. Ruth tells me she pleaded with her not to sign a paper—not to lift a pen!

"You mustn't, Merle," she commanded, advised, threatened. "You are only young and famous once. You *must* think of yourself. Korda should have taken up your option!"

Merle promised nothing, denied nothing. She sat quiet and thoughtful.

Korda greeted them frantic and distraught. . . . It was an oversight . . . stress of business . . . she couldn't hold him to such a technicality . . . and so on. . . . Merle burst into tears. She couldn't, she explained to Ruth later, do that to the man who had given her her first chance! She told Korda of the offers she had received, the fortune she was signing away. His reply was:

"But I'd be very much insulted, Merle, if their offers had been for less!"

And so ended one of the most incredible incidents in Filmdom.

Merle is the kind of girl who you and I are. And she was *that* embarrassed when she and Chevalier were to film their first love scene for United Artists' "Folies Bergere."

OVER and over the scene was shot, with Merle giving Maurice a discreet peck that caused director Roy Del Ruth to say:

"You're not cast as a school ma'am, Merle, you're supposed to knock him cold!" which only made her more self-conscious. Finally they put screens around and she tried harder than ever. Maurice said, "Chevalier teached how to kiss in six takes," and everyone laughed. Merle felt she was getting worse instead of better. Finally, at the eighth take, she forgot her embarrassment and put what Monsieur calls "Um-*umph!*" into it. Del Ruth, apparently relieved, sighed, "That's better!"

And Chevalier, with his hat on the side of his head and his infectious grin, said, as only he can say it, "You're telling me!"

For Chevalier Merle has nothing but praise. "He is so delightful—such a charming personality—and yet some say how difficult he is, how taciturn. They simply don't know him."

One day an interviewer talking with Merle on the Bergere set mentioned she'd have to get to Chevalier and confessed she was really afraid to approach him.

"Don't worry," Merle said, "he's charming. He's just sensitive, don't you see? Now you leave it to me. I'll introduce you. Just visit with him and see what you get for your story." They met and Chevalier, at ease, was his most delightful self.

As a consequence, thanks to Merle, she got the real Chevalier, the spontaneous, sparkling personality!

THERE is, too, another side of her nature, the romantic young woman who wants very much to have a husband, a home, children. Her recipe for a happy marriage is a love long tried and tested, a friendship that includes mutual interests and tastes, respect and also admiration. In short, she says, "One must always have one's feet just a trifle off the ground. Love must have illusions, dreams and ideals." Yet should she wed here, she is not fearful of what Hollywood might do to her marriage, for, as she explains, she could never live in the limelight, never dramatize her own personal life—and that, she believes, accounts for many Hollywood divorces.

Merle clicked, if you ask me (which, of course you haven't), simply because you've wanted her to—and fifty million film fans can't be wrong!

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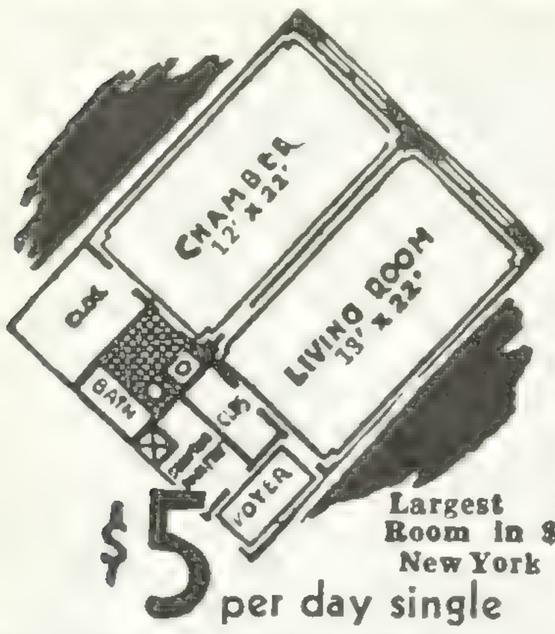

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The Rise of a Song King

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

A break that comes as such a surprise as Lambert's last minute call is so often a portentous one in show business that Eddie wouldn't have missed the opening if all the pneumo-cocci in the world were tugging at his lungs.

The show clicked. A twenty-week run in Hollywood is almost epoch-making. Joe sang his heart out seven nights a week hoping that somebody out front would heed and be driven into a frenzy of picture contracts, but, though he seemed to go over all right, Hollywood turned a blank stare on him when he tried to make the grade at studios.

The money helped. They paid off their debts slowly but surely and began thinking the world not such a bad place after all. Joe got quite friendly with Al Herman, the star of the show. A crusty old duck, Herman, but a grand guy. He growled at everybody, but always was the first one to do the real helping when anyone had a bad run of luck. One night he growled at Joe who was standing in the wings.

"SAY, kid . . . get a car. Got to have one in Hollywood. Impress 'em . . . Probably won't do you any good though."

And with that cryptic remark he left. But Joe talked it over with Eddie and they decided it would really save enough car fare and time to pay for itself. "And there," says Joe, "is the laugh! We found out cars *don't* pay for themselves. Try it sometime and see!"

When the show closed they had a car nearly paid for and a small amount of money saved. So small that it only lasted for three weeks, during which time they had scurried high and low in search of some kind of an engagement. Once again they got down to small change—and two things happened at once. They got an offer from a small vaudeville circuit in Seattle, but no transportation money. In the same mail they got a statement from the finance company brutally calling their attention to the fact the payment on the car was long over-due and, even though it was the final installment, the company wanted the money or the car.

The boys conferred. They conferred a lot in those days. The way they did it was to empty their pockets on the bedspread and then go through all the pockets of the clothes in the closet. Then they counted up the money—and usually shook their heads sadly. It was never enough.

This time Joe went to see Al Herman. He told him about the contract in Seattle and then began wondering how to broach the delicate subject of a touch.

"Good," growled Mr. Herman, "good . . . What are you telling me for? Congratulations? . . . Okay, you're congratulated."

"Well, it's this way . . ." Joe stammered —and blushed.

"Un-hunh. Thought as much . . . .Trouble with you young squirts you spend everything you get. . . . Buying a car! Urrngh!" And Mr. Herman reached for his checkbook still muttering. The more he liked you and wanted to help the more he grumbled. "How much do you need?"

"Well, we need $22.36 for the last payment on the car and about . . ."

"About nothing! . . . Take what you get!" he snorted, giving Joe a check for fifty dollars —which was twenty more than he needed. "Glad to see you get a break, kid. You deserve it. Swell voice." Joe blinked in his surprise. . . . "And now get the devil out of here!" bellowed Al Herman remembering to be gruff.

THE HORSE

One night stands, quick and dirty lunch wagons and smelly hotels, badly ventilated dressing rooms always shy of light bulbs, and cheap theaters on a cheap circuit—vaudeville in the great Northwest. But they saved money. There was no place to spend it until they finished the swing and got back into Seattle at the end of the contract.

Joe was all set to try Hollywood again, but to Eddie that little town was just one short step out of The Black Hole of Calcutta. They argued for days in the hotel room, but for once Eddie was going to have his way. He had a hunch that New York was the place for Joe Then they decided to flip a coin—New York or Hollywood, and then they argued about who was to flip it. Finally Joe did—trying hard to make it come up heads—Hollywood—but Eddie concentrated and tails showed.

They divided the money into seven lots, six for six days of cross-country driving and the seventh to carry them a week in New York. But they made a miscalculation. It took two weeks to get a job in the big town instead of the week they'd figured on, so they were both "reducing" again by the end of the second week.

Then came the job that justified Eddie's hunch—singing with George Olsen's band over WOR. George and Joe were sitting around one day listening to a Tin Pan Alley composer running through some songs he wanted to peddle to the band. Just before he left he tried out "The Last Round-Up" on them. Why not? He'd tried every place else! But this time was different. Joe liked it and so did Olsen. They put it on the air for a couple of nights and it flopped deader than a deceased garden slug. But, they figured, you can't be right all the time, and promptly discarded the song.

MONTHS later Joe was sitting around between numbers with Mrs. Olsen in The Willows Cafe in Pittsburgh Idly she inquired what had happened to that cowboy tune, and Joe asked Olsen why they didn't try it on a first-hand audience. . . . You know the rest. All about how they went wild over the song, how Olsen figured that when the house could see the singer and the band the song went over even if it did flop on the air, and how they used the song again when they went into the New York Paramount.

But still Joe was really scared to try singing a hillbilly tune to a sophisticated Broadway audience. The first time he went on for that number it was under protest—but he stopped the show. They wouldn't let him leave the stage, and raised such a commotion that Adolph Zukor came down from his palatial offices upstairs for the next show to hear this wonder worker himself.

He didn't go back upstairs afterwards. either. He went back-stage as fast as his legs would carry him—and his competitors will tell you that's very fast. In ten minutes Joe Morrison had signed a contract upping his salary just ten times—from seventy-five dol-

lars to seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, every week—and said forty prayers hoping it was all true and had wired Al Herman. He was slightly delirious.

THE KINGDOM

A long-nosed, shining green car snored over the gravel of the gas station—now a big, modern unit of a mammoth chain—and pulled up to the pump. Politely, but firmly, Joe Morrison eased the attendant aside and filled his own gas tank while the white-uniformed man looked at him with a dazed expression, probably thinking these Hollywood people were nuts anyway. After Joe had efficiently serviced his car the attendant collected the charges and vaguely muttered,

"Wipe your windshield, mister?"

"Not in this station! I'll do it myself, buddy. I used to work here . . ."

"Yeah? Here?"

Joe nodded. He was humming as he briskly polished the broad glass; he wasn't happier than usual, but he just did break into melody every now and then because it reminded him of other days. The job finished, he stepped back from the car with a cheerful grin.

"Yes. Right here . . . the old independent station. Got ten bucks a week, too."

"Well, whaddaya know . . ." murmured the man as the powerful green car slid smoothly away down the drive. "Whaddaya know!"

Joe didn't hear him, though. He was in a hurry. His new picture contract called for a couple of grand a week—which is a lot of money and he likes to be on time to earn it. . . . And, anyway, he had to pick up Al Herman for whom he'd gotten a small part in "Four Hours to Kill," his new picture.

He felt great when he drove out of that gas station . . . you see the King had remembered the Nail.

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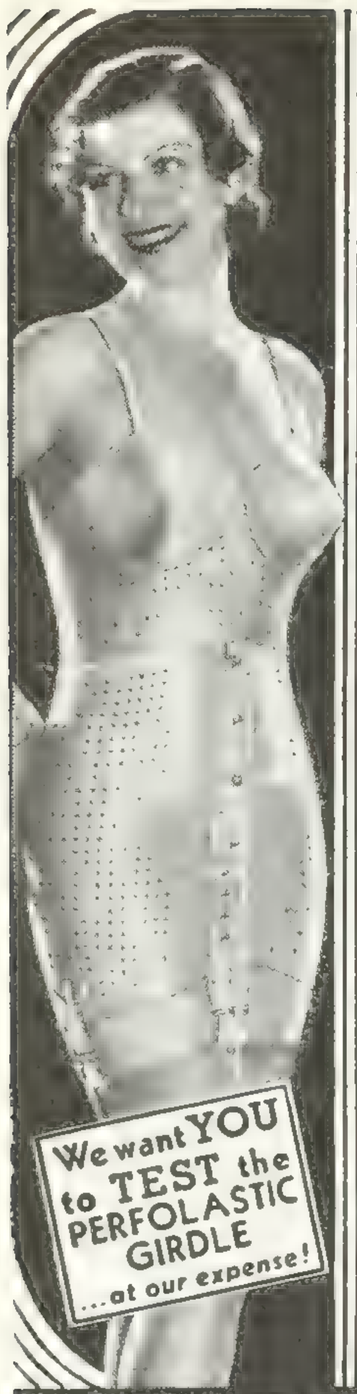

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SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

THEDA BARA

THEDA BARA confessed! In this issue an article told the truth about the greatest vamp of the day. Among other things Miss Bara confessed that she wasn't born in Egypt, a worshipper of slant-eyed gods. Her birthplace was Cincinnati, and her real name Theodosia Goodman. She had just completed an unsuccessful venture on Broadway, in "The Blue Flame." Alan Dinehart was her leading man. Norma Talmadge joined the PHOTOPLAY staff with this issue, as Fashion Editor. In her first article she advised all girls to learn to cook and sew "The Golden Age of the Pictures" was an article which discussed the marvelous heights to which the motion pictures as an industry had soared. However, compared with its present size, it was a small business then, with the talkies not even prophesied and color but a dream. "The Lonely Princess" referred to Mary Miles Minter. The romantic story of Mary and Doug Fairbanks' wooing and wedding was detailed. "Beauty her Greatest Handicap" was a story about Katherine MacDonald, who admitted, however, that she would not trade her beauty but hoped to overcome its many handicaps. Chief among the movies were "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with John Barrymore; Richard Barthelmess and Clarine Seymour in Griffith's "The Idol Dancer;" Wallace Reid in "Excuse My Dust;" Dorothy Gish and Ralph Graves in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town;" Lawson Butt and Ann Forrest in "Dangerous Days;" "His House in Order," with Elsie Ferguson; the cover girl—Katherine MacDonald.

10 Years Ago

MADELINE HURLOCK

BACK in 1925 the invasion of Hollywood was not by foreign stars but by Indians! They had come there—tents and all—when extras were needed for redskin scenes in "The Covered Wagon," and there they stayed. "A Honeymoon Home Built by the Wages of Evil," was the house of Wallace Beery and his bride, Rita Gillman. Theirs is still one of Hollywood's happiest homes. "The Most Versatile Girl in Hollywood" was Louise Fazenda. Now the mother of a two year-old son, Louise has added child rearing to the list of her achievements. Incidentally, she has been in films for twenty-three years. Few can top that record! In the roto section was a lovely picture of Claire Windsor with her son Billy. He's sixteen years old now. Other portraits were of Eleanor Boardman, Lita Grey Pauline Frederick and one of John Gilbert looking boyishly youthful, without a moustache. There was some criticism of Adolphe Menjou because he was being very choosey about his rôles. Noting how his success has continued through the years, however, one is inclined to think he was right. The editor hazarded a guess that Jack Holt was one Hollywood actor who would survive through the years. His prophecy was right. Among the best films were "Madame Sans Gene," starring Gloria Swanson; Richard Barthelmess in "Soul-Fire;" "The Wizard of Oz," with Larry Semon as the *Scarecrow* and Dorothy Dwan as the *Princess;* Eleanor Boardman, Harrison Ford and Pat O'Malley in "Proud Flesh;" "Chickie" with Dorothy Mackaill. Madeline Hurlock, cover

5 Years Ago

AGNES AYRES

FIVE years ago, by PHOTOPLAY's own confession, there were four movie stars a magazine could not criticize without making the readers mad as hops! They were Clara Bow, John Gilbert, Rudy Vallee and Garbo. A statement that Jean Arthur had stolen scenes from Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid" had the public screaming at our doors and postmen working overtime bringing angry letters from angry readers. Today, however, one wit has dubbed Clara the ex-It girl, and Jean climbed another step toward stardom in her latest film, "The Whole Town's Talking." The most temperamental lady in pictures was Mary Nolan, keeping Universal constantly in a state of excitement. She dropped out of pictures shortly thereafter and hasn't made a film now for about three years. Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque were denying divorce rumors—and they are still together. Agnes Ayres was rumored engaged to Director Lewis Milestone, but it never came off. Milestone is still a bachelor, and the last we heard of Agnes, she was demonstrating a beauty product in a New York store. Pauline Frederick's coming marriage to Hugh Leighton was announced. That marriage was annulled the following December, and Pauline is now Mrs. Joseph Marmon—her fifth matrimonial venture. Best films were "Journey's End," starring Colin Clive; "One Romantic Night," Lillian Gish's first talkie; "The Divorcee," with Norma Shearer and Chester Morris; "All Quiet on the Western Front;" "King of Jazz," in color. Cover girl, Ann Harding.

The Man of the Hour

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

might better have been called "Break of Ribs." He took a too realistic tumble from the orchestra stand and cracked his slats up pretty painfully. Not painfully enough, however, to damage his interest in the picture into which, as you probably know, he stepped when Francis Lederer and Katharine Hepburn couldn't get along.

Charles Boyer may become the rage and the big heart-beat of the ladies in this and other fair lands. In fact, after seeing the intenseness, authority and magnetism of his personality in "Private Worlds" I am inclined to predict that he will. But he will *always* be first the actor, the artist, interested not in his abounding popularity or his power over feminine hearts, but in the fine *shading* he can give his character creations.

HE himself was quite disappointed in his work in "Private Worlds." He thought it was flat and monotonous. He considered it just another Hollywood job, and the tumult and tribute which followed the preview absolutely astounded him.

Even as we talked he dismissed it quickly to speak of his part in "Break of Hearts." Was it romantic? Well—he supposed so, but what was important was that it offered a real range of characterization and change.

He's a serious and, I rather imagine, a sophisticated person. He's had women mad about him before. Like Valentino, Boyer discovered the strange, amorous power of a burnoose early in his career.

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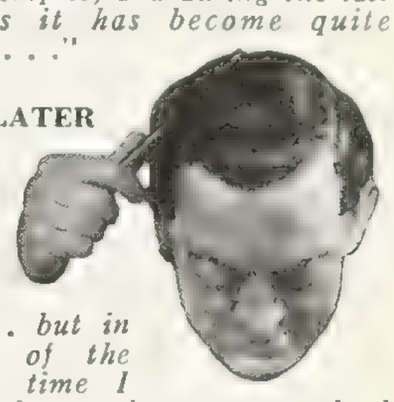
". . . I notice a great improvement in my hair. New hair is coming in and it has taken on a glossy and beautiful look."
Signed, Mrs. R. G.

FIRST DAY

". . . am now 49 years old. Already at about 30 my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray . . ."



LATER

". . . but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody." *Signed C. M. L*

FIRST DAY

". . . Formerly my hair was thin and straggling . . ."

LATER

". . . But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful . . ."
Signed, M. H.

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

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440 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Like Valentino, he played the rôle of a Moroccan prince, *Fazil*, in a play called "L'Insoumise." The hot sands of the desert, and all that. Potent stuff!

Women of Paris became delirious when they saw him in this play. They said he had a "tormenting beauty" and they showered him with cigarettes, perfumes and, of course, flaming letters of love. Each morning he would have to hurdle their prostrate forms cluttering up the steps of his hotel and kick his way through suicidal bottles of poison and what not. It was that bad. Well, nearly that bad.

But the whole business left Charles Boyer pretty cold. He was polite but firm about it all.

His work kept him much too busy for any such foolishness—

AND I rather imagine that's just how he feels now—or will if they make an idol out of him in Hollywood.

When you talk to him you can see that he's a set-up for the great-lover affliction.

First of all, there's the accent. His is pleasingly romantic—soft and mesmerizing. Then the eyes, they're quite large and very dark beneath eyebrows which can close in the middle and spread at the ends most diabolically when he talks.

It gives him a downright wicked look at times—and is that intriguing!

He is thirty-five—old enough but not too old—and his good looks are of the dark, but sincere type. He's a cinch.

However, to me the most striking thing of all about Charles Boyer is the intense power of his personality—that which a French critic once noted by saying "He always seems to have a temperature of a hundred and four."

It is not so much when you talk to him, for then the gracious, typically Latin charm of his manners and the politeness of his speech dispel the idea. But when he acts on the screen there is room for no one else. He radiates authority, magnetism and a nervous intensity which is unmatched by any other actor I can think of who doesn't resort to dramatic subterfuge or tricks.

It is nothing acquired. When he was practically an infant, in the tiny town of Figeac, France, where he was born, his mother took him to the Superior of a church school.

"I am not bringing my child here for you to instruct him," she explained to the nun. "He is too young for that. But I wish you would see if you can get him to sit down and keep quiet!"

A few weeks later little Charles returned home and astounded his parents by reciting the long story of the "Passion." His father immediately upbraided the Superior for tiring Charles out with such tasks of memory.

"I taught him nothing," she replied. Charles had picked it up from hearing the older students. He could sit still—but he couldn't keep quiet. He had too much nervous energy.

That a man of all this charm *could* have remained a bachelor up to his thirty-fifth birthday in spite of all the beautiful women in Paris and Hollywood is little short of a miracle.

But Charles Boyer never had eyes for women until he met little, blonde, English Pat Paterson at a Fox studio party last year and immediately forgot all his "confirmed bachelor" ideas right then and there.

THEY were married on one of those impulses-of-the-moment occasions—after a wild, impromptu ride to Yuma, Arizona—and you can add Mr. Boyer's assurance to that of general Hollywood observations that they're very very happy and he considers himself "very, very fortunate."

Yet, in spite of the fact that the whole town is currently at his feet and heaping laurel wreaths wholesale on his brow, Charles Boyer is anxious for his six months in Hollywood to be up. For then his French screen contract will call him back to Paris and that will be a great event, this time—because he will be bringing home his Hollywood bride—and "Pat," Mrs. Boyer, that is, for the first time is due to "meet the folks."

Forecast for Summer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Fabrics: Sheers and crêpes, roughish silks, prints, especially those of abstract rather than purely geometric motif, and linen lace

Line: Skirts will be about twelve inches from the floor. Jackets, brief or of hip length. No finger-tip or Russian type designs. Light colored fox will be used in combination with pastels. Pastel *tailored* suits a new note. Combination of fabrics where cape or coat is plaid or novelty, with matching plain fabric. New linen lace suits with taffeta slips and linings—these laces usually in navy-blue. Taffeta good in combination with other fabrics as trimming, or entire ensemble. Trend for *highest* fashion is toward fulness at bottom of skirt. Many favor taffeta-lined skirts to give this illusion of stiffness and size. Most extreme ones will run very large at bottom. Side fulness and draped effects important for town frocks.

Town Frocks: Much shirring, which replaces cordings and quiltings of last season. Removal of large balloon feeling in sleeves, especially with jumper type dresses.

Trimming: Carnations and tulips are important flowers, and flowers as definite trimming and part of frock lines are important

Hats: Almost "anything goes" if it is unusual interesting and fresh. Beware of the fantastic new hats that lack reason. After all they must be attractive. Straws with patent and shiny surfaces will be good. Pastel felts are important, and large hats will be seen for sports and street. Feathers in almost grotesque fantasy adorn the more formal chapeaux.

Jewelry: Pearls, black and white, even for sports, will be smart. White, marvelous on dark fabrics; black, marvelous on light. Trend is toward finer adornment, and not so much in quantity. Earrings, as well as bracelets, few and large.

Sports Clothes: Interesting combinations will be good, such as ensembles of linen and taffeta, etc. One excellent outfit combines taffeta blouse in turquoise blue, black linen suit with silk braid binding, worn under sports coat of turquoise and black plaid wool. This is similar to the tailored outfit

worn by Mona Barrie in "Ladies Love Danger," and also a brown and white combination sponsored by Vionnet in her Spring showing.

EVENING CLOTHES

Colors: White and pastels are still important. Dusty pink very prominent. Lipstick red, "electric," powder blue and prints in vibrant colors on navy-blue ground will be good.

Fabrics: Crêpe, ninon, plain and printed starched chiffon, mousseline de soie, organdy, taffeta, lace, eyelet embroidery, with special emphasis on plain and printed chiffon.

Line: Draped skirt in its many new types adapted in prints, plain chiffon and crêpe. This silhouette resembles the pre-war line but has great chic. Some are wrap-around with side drapes; others with gathered and pegged sides to add interest to skirt. Other important new trends are full gored skirts in taffeta with organdy over-skirts.

All necklines are in two classifications: the very low, or the tailored, almost shirt-maker type.

Trend is away from the fulness at waist. It now starts usually at hips (seven inches below waist). Many evening gowns show front fulness which is achieved with shirred effects.

This, to be good, must be kept flat over hips and stomach. Difficult to wear. Skirts will be shorter as season progresses. All skirts should clear floor in front and some will be ankle length in front. These usually dip at sides and are longer in back, ending in a brief train. Front of dress may be arched or cut square over feet. This movement to slit or uncover feet is definite indication of shorter skirts, but does not mean short skirts. Oriental and harem skirts with billowy bottom and side treatment in chiffon are an important trend; also deep girdle and sashes to accentuate this harem feeling.

These are very high style notes and require great chic to wear, but are definitely important.

The classic line gown is staple, but not too new and, therefore, should be considered by conservative dressers.

Tunics are practically passé; tiered skirts good.

Wraps: Organdy and sheer wraps in either long capes or coats are good. Some organdy coats with tiers are worn over simple taffeta gowns or gowns of print crêpe or taffeta.

FASHION ADVICE

Short women should avoid the front shirred fulness of skirt and the deep girdle of the harem sash. The following innovations are more becoming: the full gored or godet skirt of taffeta, organdy or sheer fabric. The new silhouette is definitely more elegant, more youthful, but more discouraging to the heavy person.

Shirred fronts of bodice and upper sleeves are excellent for the person who wishes no evidence of a too small or too full bust.

To appear to advantage in the new Summer fashions, the wearer must be well-groomed at all times.

Any nonchalant or careless effect is disaster when gowned in the draped or the harem silhouette

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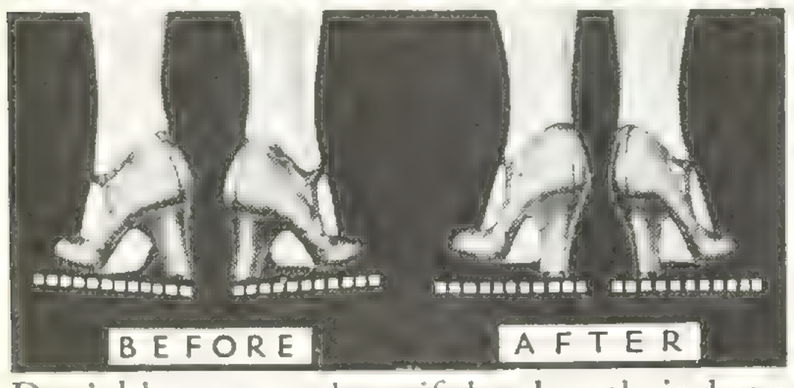

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Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"BABY FACE HARRINGTON"—M-G-M.—From the play "Something to Brag About" by Edgar Selwyn and William LeBaron. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson and Edwin H. Knopf. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Willie*, Charles Butterworth; *Millicent*, Una Merkel; *Ronald*, Harvey Stephens; *Uncle Henry*, Eugene Pallette; *Rocky*, Nat Pendleton; *Dorothy*, Ruth Selwyn; *Skinner*, Donald Meek; *Edith*, Dorothy Libaire; *Albert*, Edward Nugent; *George*, Robert Livingston; *Mullens*, Stanley Field; *McGuire*, Raymond Brown; *Glynn*, Wade Boteler; *Dave*, Bradley Page; *Judge Forbes*, Richard Carle; *Hank*, G. Pat Collins; *Colton*, Claude Gillingwater.

"BLACK FURY"—First National.—From the original story "Jan Volkanik" by Judge M. A. Musmanno, and the play "Bohunk" by Harry H. Irving Screen play by Abem Finkel and Carl Erikson. The cast: *Joe Radek*, Paul Muni; *Slim Johnson*, William Gargan; *Tommy Poole*, Tully Marshall; *Johnny Farrell*, Joe Crehan; *Mary Novak*, Mae Marsh; *Sokolsky*, Akim Tamiroff; *Louie*, Selmer Jackson; *Tessie Novak*, June Ebberling; *Mac*, Ward Bond; *Bill*, Pat Moriarty; *Agnes Shemanski*, Edith Fellows; *Johnny Novak*, Bobby Nelson; *Little Mary Novak*, Dorothy Gray; *Kubanda*, Vince Barnett; *Ivan*, Jack Bleifer; *Welch, Supt.*, Willard Robertson; *Jenkins*, Purnell Pratt; *Anna Novak*, Karen Morley; *McGee*, Barton MacLane; *Steve Croner*, J. Carrol Naish; *Sophie Shemanski*, Sarah Haden; *The "Butitchka,"* Effie Ellsler; *Mulligan*, Wade Boteler; *Alec Novak*, Egon Brecher; *Pete Novak*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Mose*, Floyd Shackelford; *Chris Shemanski*, Mickey Rentschler; *Zitch, the dog*, "Corky"; *Willie Novak*, Wally Albright; *Tony*, Pedro Regan; *Lefty*, Geo. Pat Collins; *Mike Shemanski*, John Qualen; *J. W. Hendricks*, Henry O'Neill; *Butch, a miner*, Eddie Shubert.

"CARDINAL RICHELIEU"—20th Century-United Artists.—Based on the play by Sir Edw. Bulwer-Lytton. Screen play by Maude Howell. Adapted by Cameron Rogers. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Cardinal Richelieu*, George Arliss; *Father Joseph*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Louis XIII*, Edward Arnold; *Queen Marie*, Violet Kemble Cooper; *Queen Anne*, Katherine Alexander; *Lenore*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Andre DePons*, Cesar Romero; *Baradas*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Gaston*, Francis Lister; *Fontrailles*, Robert Harrigan; *DeBussy*, Joseph Tozer; *Buckingham*, Guy Bellis; *Austrian Prime Minister*, Boyd Irwin; *Olivares*, Leonard Mudie; *King of Sweden*, Lumsden Hare; *Conde*, Russell Hicks; *Duke D'Epernon*, Keith Kenneth; *Duke Lorraine*, Murray Kinnel; *Duke of Brittany*, Herbert Bunston; *Large Innkeeper*, David Clyde; *Old Innkeeper*, Charles Evans; *Coachman*, Reggie Sheffield; *Tradesman* Frank Dunn; *Chamberlain*, Wm. Worthington.

"CHASING YESTERDAY"—RKO-Radio.—From the novel "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" by Anatole France. Screen play by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: *Jeanne*, Anne Shirley; *Sylvestre Bonnard*, O. P. Heggie; *Therese*, Helen Westley; *Mlle. Prefere*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Coccoz*, John Qualen; *Henri*, Trent Durkin; *Mouche*, Etinne Girardot; *Mme. De Gabry*, Doris Lloyd; *The Slavey*, Hilda Vaughn.

"DEATH FLIES EAST"—Columbia.—From the story by Philip Wylie. Screen play by Albert DeMond and Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by Phil Rosen The cast: *John Robinson Gordon*, Conrad Nagel; *Evelyn Vail*, Florence Rice; *Evans*, Raymond Walburn; *Helen Gilbert*, Geneva Mitchell; *Baker*, Robert Allen; *Burroughs*, Oscar Apfel; *Satu*, Miki Morita; *Dr. Landers*, Purnell Pratt; *Mrs. Madison*, Irene Franklin; *Dr. Moffat*, George Irving; *Pastoli*, Adrian Rosley; *O'Brien*, Fred Kelsey; *Wotkyns*, George Hayes.

"FAREWELL TO LOVE"—Gaumont British.—From the story by H. G. Lustig and M. Logan Screen play by Benn Levy. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast; *Struensee*, Clive Brook; *Queen Caroline Mathilde*, Madeleine Carroll; *King Christian VII*, Emlyn Williams; *Brandt*, Alfred Drayton; *Guldberg*, Nicholas Hannen; *Juliana, the Queen Mother*, Helen Haye; *Von Eyben*, Isabel Jeans; *Sir Murray Keith*, Frank Collier.

"FOUR HOURS TO KILL"—Paramount.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: *Tony*, Richard Barthelmess; *Eddie*, Joe Morrison; *Sylvia*, Gertrude Michael; *Helen*, Helen Mack; *Mac Danish*, Dorothy Tree; *Johnson*, Roscoe Karns; *Carl*, Ray Milland; *Anderson*, Noel Madison; *Little Girl*, Lois Kent; *Taft*, Charles C. Wilson; *Mac Mason*, Henry Travers; *Pa*, Lee Kohlmar.

"GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS"—Fox.—From the story by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Screen play by Jack Yellen and Patterson McNutt. Directed by George White. The cast: *Honey Walters*, Alice Faye; *Eddie Taylor*, James Dunn; *Elmer White*, Ned Sparks; *Manya*, Lyda Roberti; *Dude Holloway*, Cliff Edwards; *Midgie*, Arline Judge; *Marilyn Collins*, Eleanor Powell; *Louie Pincus*, Benny Rubin; *Aunt Jane*, Emma Dunn; *Harriman*, Charles Richman; *Officer Riley*, Roger Imhof; *Lee*, Jed Prouty; *Stage Manager*, Tommy Jackson; *Secretary*, Iris Shunn; *Madame DuBarry*, Lois Eckhart; *Sam Fogel*, Fuzzy Knight; *Grady*, Donald Kerr; *Daniels*, Walter Johnson; *Master of Ceremonies*, Fred Santley; *Ticket Seller*, Jack Mulhall; *Dispatcher*, Harry Dunkinson; *Lady in Waiting*, Esther Brodelet; *Porter*, Sam McDaniels; *Jean*, Marbeth Wright; *Chorus Girl*, Aloha Ray; *Boop Sisters*, Edna Mae Jones, Madelyn Earle; *Do's Four Gals*, Florine Dickson, Marbeth Wright, Kay Hughes, Mildred Morris; George White, Himself, and the Scandals Beauties.

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"—First National—From the story by Bradford Ropes. Adapted by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Al Howard*, Al Jolson; *Sadie Howard*, Glenda Farrell; *Benny Rubin*, Benny Rubin; *Rio, the banamaster*, Phil Regan; *Duke*, Barton MacLane; *First Blonde*, Sharon Lynne; *McGee*, William Davidson; *Mexican*, Akim Yamiroff; *Dorothy Wayne*, Ruby Keeler; *Luana Bell*, Helen Morgan; *Music writers*, Warren and Dubin; *Fred*, Gordon Westcott; *Irna*, Patsy Kelly; *Second Blonde*, Joyce Compton; *Jackson*, Joseph Cawthorn.

"HOLD 'EM YALE"—Paramount.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Adapted by Eddie Welch and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Clarice Van Cleve*, Patricia Ellis; *Gigolo Georgie*, Cesar Romero; *Hector Wilmot*, Larry Crabbe; *Sunshine Joe*, William Frawley; *Liverlips*, Andy Devine; *Mr. Van Cleve*, George Barbier; *Sam, the Gonoph*, Warren Hymer; *Bennie South Street*, George E. Stone; *Mr. Wilmot*, Hale Hamilton; *Coach Jennings*, Guy Usher; *Cleary*, Grant Withers; *Laverty*, Gary Owen; *Mrs. Peavey*, Ethel Griffies; *Langdonn*, Leonard Carey.

"HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE"—Monogram.—From the story by Edward Eggleston. Screen play by Charles Logue. Directed by Lewis D. Collins. The cast: *Ralph*, Norman Foster; *Hannah*, Charlotte Henry; *Martha*, Dorothy Libaire; *Shocky*, Tommy Bupp; *Hawkins*, Otis Harlan; *Bud*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Jake*, William V. Mong; *Doc Small*, Russell Simpson; *Randall*, Joe E. Bernard; *Hank* Wallace Reid, Jr.; *Pearson*, George Hayes; *Sarah*, Sarah Padden

"IT'S A SMALL WORLD"—Fox.—From the story "Highway Robbery" by Albert Treynor. Screen play by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Bill Shevlin*, Spencer Tracy; *Jane Dale*, Wendy Barrie; *Judge Julius B. Clummerhorn*, Raymond Walburn; *Lizzie*, Virginia Sale; *Nancy Naylor*, Astrid Allwyn; *Cal*, Irving Bacon; *Cyclone*, Charles Sellon; *Motor Cop*, Nick Foran; *Mrs. Dale*, Belle Daube; *Snake Brown, Jr.*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Snake Brown III*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Snake Brown, Sr.*, Bill Gillis; *Buck Bogardus*, Ed Brady; *Freddie Thompson*, Harold Minjir.

"MARK OF THE VAMPIRE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Guy Endore and Bernard Schubert. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Professor*, Lionel Barrymore; *Irena*, Elizabeth Allan; *Count Mora*, Bela Lugosi; *Inspector Neumann*, Lionel Atwill; *Baron Otto*, Jean Hersholt; *Fedor*, Henry Wadsworth; *Dr. Doskil*, Donald Meek; *Midwife*, Jessie Ralph; *Jan*, Ivan Simpson; *Chauffeur*, Franklyn Ardell; *Maria*, Leila Bennett; *Annie*, June Gittelson; *Luna*, Carol Borland; *Sir Karell*, Holmes Herbert; *Innkeeper*, Michael Visaroff.

"MISTER DYNAMITE"—Universal.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Doris Malloy and Harry Clork. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Mr. Dynamite*, Edmund Lowe; *Lynn*, Jean Dixon; *Mona*, Verna Hillie; *Charmion*, Esther Ralston; *Dvorjak*, Victor Varconi; *Lewis*, Minor Watson; *King*, Robert Gleckler; *Williams*, Jameson Thomas; *Sunshine*, Matt McHugh; *Rod*, G. Pat Collins; *Jans*, Greta Meyer; *Felix*, Bradley Page; *Joe*, James Burtis.

"ONE NEW YORK NIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the play "Order, Please" by Edward Childs Carpenter. Screen play by Frank Davis. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Foxhall*, Franchot Tone; *Phoebe*, Una Merkel; *Kent*, Conrad Nagel; *Collis*, Harvey Stephens; *Louise*, Steffi Duna; *George*, Charles Starrett; *Ermine*, Louise Henry; *Selby*, Tommy Dugan; *Blake*, Harold Huber; *Carlisle*, Henry Kolker.

"PEOPLE WILL TALK"—Paramount.—From the story by Sophie Kerr and F. Hugh Herbert. Screen play by Herbert Fields. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Henry Wilton*, Charlie Ruggles; *Clarice Wilton*, Mary Boland; *Peggy Trask*, Leila Hyams; *Bill Trask*, Dean Jagger; *Doris McBride*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Strangler Martin*, Ivan Linow; *Prettyboy Plotsky*, Constantine Romanoff; *Pete Ranse*, Edward Brophy; *Helen Baxter*, Marina Schubert; *Spider Murphy*, John Rogers; *Mr. Quimby*, Sam Flint; *Willis McBride*, Stanley Andrews; *Martie*

Beamish, Sarah Edwards; *Gertrude Mahoney*, Betty Alden.

"PRINCESS O'HARA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Doris Malloy and Harry Clork. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Vic Toledo*, Chester Morris; *Princess O'Hara*, Jean Parker; *Louie*, Leon Errol; *Fingers*, Vince Barnett; *Spidoni*, Henry Armetta; *King O'Hara*, Ralph Remley; *Maggie O'Hara*, Dorothy Gray; *Hanna O'Hara*, Anne Howard; *Pat O'Hara*, Jimmy Fay; *Alberta*, Verna Hillie; *Tad*, Clifford Jones; *Miss Van Cortland*, Clara Blandick; *Mrs. Goldenberg*, Pepi Sinoff; *Deadpan*, Tom Dugan

"PRIVATE WORLDS"—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Phyllis Bottome. Screen play by Lynn Starling. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The cast: *Jane*, Claudette Colbert; *Charles Monet*, Charles Boyer; *Sally*, Joan Bennett; *Alex*, Joel McCrea; *Claire*, Helen Vinson; *Matron*, Esther Dale; *Dr. Arnold*, Sam Hinds; *Carrie*, Jean Rouverol; *Tom Hirst*, Sam Godfrey; *Bertha Hirst*, Dora Clemant; *Dr. Harding*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Dr. Barnes*, Stanley Andrews; *Jerry*, Guinn Williams; *Boy-in-car*, Maurice Murphy; *McLean*, Irving Bacon; *Arab*, Nick Shaid; *Dawson*, Monte Vandergrift; *Clarkson*, Arnold Gray; *Johnson*, Julian Madison; *Johnson's Father*, Harry Bradley; *Carrie's Nurse*, Eleanor King.

"RECKLESS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Oliver Jeffries. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Mona*, Jean Harlow; *Ned Riley*, William Powell; *Bob Harrison*, Franchot Tone; *Granny*, May Robson; *Smiley*, Ted Healy; *Blossom*, Nat Pendleton; *Paul Mercer*, Robert Light; *Joe*, Rosalind Russell; *Harrison*, Henry Stephenson; *Louise*, Louise Henry; *Dale Every*, James Ellison; *Ralph Watson*, Leon Waycoff; *Man Mountain Dean*, Himself; *Gold Dust*, Farina; *Allan*, Allan Jones; *Carl Randall*, Himself; *Nina Mae McKinney*, Herself.

"STAR OF MIDNIGHT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Arthur Somers Roche. Screen play by Howard J Green, Anthony Veiller and Edward Kaufman. The cast: *Clay Dalzell*, William Powell; *Donna Mantin*, Ginger Rogers; *Kinland*, Paul Kelly; *Swayne*, Gene Lockhart; *Mr. Classon*, Ralph Morgan; *Tim Winthrop*, Leslie Fenton; *Doremus*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Tommy Tennant*, Russell Hopton; *Mrs. Classon*, Vivien Oakland; *Abe Ohlman*, Frank Reicher; *Cleary*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Kinland Gangster*, Francis McDonald; *Corbett*, Paul Hurst.

"STOLEN HARMONY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Leon Gordon. Screen play by Leon Gordon and Harry Ruskin. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Ray Angelo*, George Raft; *Ray Ferraro*, George Raft; *Jack Conrad*, Ben Bernie; *Jean Loring*, Grace Bradley; *Sunny Verne*, Iris Adrian; *Lil Davis*, Goodee Montgomery; *Tex Burrage*, Lloyd Nolan; *Ted Webb*, Paul Gerrits; *Dude Williams*, Ralf Harolde; *Schoolboy Rowe*, William Cagney; *Turk Connors*, William Pawley; *Clem Walters*, Charlie Arnt; *Pete*, Cully Richards; *Phillips*, Jack Norton; *Mathew Husley*, Christian Rub; *Henry*, Snowflake.

"STRANGERS ALL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Marie M. Bercovici. Screen play by Milton Krims. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: *Mom Carter*, May Robson; *Murray Carter*, Preston Foster; *Lily Carter*, Florine McKinney; *Dick Carter*, William Bakewell; *Lewis Carter*, James Bush; *Mr. Green*, Samuel Hinds; *Pat Gruen*, Clifford Jones; *Frances Farrell*, Suzanne Kaaren; *Mr. Walker*, Leon Ames; *Judge*, Reginald Barlow; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Paul Stanton.

"$10 RAISE"—FOX.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Henry Johnson and Louis Breslow. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Hurbert T. Wilkins*, Edward Everett Horton; *Emily Converse*, Karen Morley; *Fuller*, Alan Dinehart; *Don Bates*, Glen Boles; *Mr. Bates*, Berton Churchill; *Dorothy Converse*, Rosina Lawrence; *Perry*, Ray Walker; *Clark*, Frank Melton; *Jimmy*, William Benedict.

"TRAVELING SALESLADY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert, Manuel Seff and Benny Rubin. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Pat O'Connor*, William Gargan; *Millicent Twitchell*, Ruth Donnelly; *Elmer Niles*, Hugh Herbert; *Melton*, Johnny Arthur; *Schmidt*, Al Shean; *Miss Wells*, Mary Treen; *McNeil*, James Donlan; *O'Connor, Sr.*, Harry Holman; *Angela Twitchell*, Joan Blondell; *Rufus K. Twitchell*, Grant Mitchell; *Claudette Ruggles*, Glenda Farrell; *Murdock*, Joseph Crehan; *Harry*, Bert Roach; *Freddie*, Gordon Elliott; *Burroughs*, Carroll Nye; *Scoville*, Selmer Jackson.

"VAGABOND LADY"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—From the story by Frank Butler. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Tony Spear*, Robert Young; *Josephine Spiggins*, Evelyn Venable; *John Spear*, Reginald Denny; *"Spiggs" Spiggins*, Frank Craven; *R. D. Spear*, Berton Churchill; *Mr. Higgenbotham*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Corky Nye*, Forrester Harvey.

"WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the novel by Mignon G. Eberhart. Screen play by Robert H. Lee and Eugene Solow. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Sarah Keats*, Aline MacMahon; *Lance O'Leary*, Guy Kibbee; *Deke*, Lyle Talbot; *March*, Patricia Ellis; *Isobel*, Helen Flint; *Jackson*, Allen Jenkins; *Adolphe*, Robert Barrat; *Eustace*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Millie Brown*, Dorothy Tree; *Elihu Dimuck*, Henry O'Neill; *Dr. Jay*, Russell Hicks; *Grondal*, Brandon Hurst; *Richard Federie*, Walter Walker

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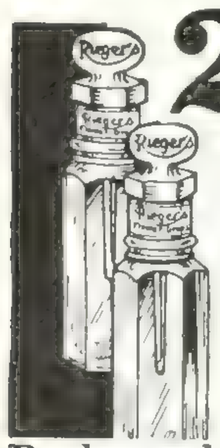

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—FOX

GAY dialogue in a wisp of a story presents Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie as two whose cars crash in a Louisiana swamp, leaving them stranded. Tracy falls hard, but believes the girl to be a notorious divorcee. Complications are adjusted with numerous laughs. Wendy Barrie has something new. Spencer is easy and assured. Light and amusing.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER—MONOGRAM

NORMAN FOSTER is the schoolmaster who finds himself in the Indiana hotbed after the Civil War, and Charlotte Henry plays her first grown-up rôle. Fred Kohler, Jr. and Wallace Reid, Jr. look like promising material. Others in the cast of this old time favorite are: Dorothy Libaire, Tommy Bupp, William V. Mong and Russell Simpson.

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M

AN amusing, none too unusual little story about the timid soul whom everyone mistakes as a big-shot gangster, and who, in the end, is turned into a hero. Charlie Butterworth, with his sad, rather expressionless face turns in an ideal characterization.

Nat Pendleton as Public Enemy No. 1 is fine. So are, Donald Meek, and Una Merkel who should have had more to do.

HOLD 'EM YALE—PARAMOUNT

RATHER a weak but pleasant little program picture, involving four thugs who inherit a lady—not literally, but it amounts to that. Patricia Ellis falls for uniforms, causing grief and expense to her fond papa, so he invites the comic gangsters to keep her. It winds up with a football game between "Harvards" and the "Yales"—and Larry Crabbe, papa's choice—wins the game and the girl. Cesar Romero gets better in every picture. William Frawley, Andy Devine, George E. Stone.

DEATH FLIES EAST—COLUMBIA

WHAT originally made very good reading concocted by Philip Wylie emerges, on the screen, as an irritatingly illogical story with much too much air-liner. Both Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice do well with it all, but the comedians, Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin have to struggle desperately with material that simply is not funny. But it isn't very interesting.

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—FIRST NATIONAL

JUST another murder mystery, and pretty thin in spots. For your suspense and excitement you follow Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee as they track down the murderer of a paralytic's son. It's not their fault that the story sags, for they're both in top form, as is Allen Jenkins who struggles manfully to make you laugh. Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up in support.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M

ANY picture presenting Lionel Barrymore gives you some pretty good acting, but here he labors with a confused and incoherent story. All about vampires who live in an otherwise deserted castle and suck out people's life blood—ugh! But in the end they're just stooges who help solve a murder.

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-RADIO

A RATHER pallid film version of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" by Anatole France. Motivated by nostalgia over a youthful and frustrated romance, O. P. Heggie seeks out and adopts, after some legal difficulties. Anne Shirley, daughter of his one-time sweetheart; but this story, while straight enough, doesn't seem very important in the screen telling. There are excellent characterizations by Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson.

When you see Bill Powell in the mystery drama, "Star of Midnight," he's gay and debonair. But discussing the script with Stephen Roberts, the director, Bill is certainly taking the picture seriously

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

So many requests for information have come into the offices of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, regarding the operating of various clubs, that it may be wise to explain that a prospective member of a fan club may get detailed information about joining clubs already formed by writing direct to the club headquarters itself. Simply select the name of the club you wish to join, as they are listed in the Fan Club Corner, and write direct to the club. All information about joining, dues, etc., will be forwarded to you.

Fan Club members are certainly getting around these days. Reports coming in from all the clubs have mention of members going hither and yon, seeing their favorite stars, visiting fellow members in other cities, and entertaining in a big way. Despite this happy visiting, club bulletins are more attractive this month, containing lots of hard work preparation, with much interesting news.

The Fan Club Federation's second issue of "Fan Club Fare," is worth considerable time. There are so many interesting things in it that it is hard to name the outstanding club contribution. However, the fashion piece, "Fashion Designing with Charles LeMaire," written by Minnette Shermak, president of the Jean Harlow Club, is going to interest all members. Write the Fan Club Federation at 116 East 79th Street, New York City.

Joel Dee McCrea, the precious little baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee), grabs the spot-light honors on the cover of the new anniversary number of the club news. Shown at the age of six days, this youngster is going to have plenty of fan followers in this club. Helen Moltz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., is the capable president of this club.

Jean Harlow tells her club members about her new studio dressing room, in the club bulletin, "The Platinum Page," She writes: "The drapes are of a crepe in what is called 'Ice White'—the exact shade of the walls. The furniture is antique white tipped in antique gold. The little French chairs are upholstered in different shades of white, some being quilted satin and others in fine brocade satin. In the dressing room proper the chairs and dressing table stool are done in oyster white velvet. The apartment also has an enclosed refrigerator that has the same mirrored panels as the wardrobes, and above that has shelves of white wrought iron. Mother gave me a delightful surprise by sending me a complete luncheon set of white Wedgwood, plain crystal glass with my monogram. Well, in all, it is indeed a lovely and cozy studio home, with radio and phonograph combination." Write Miss M. Shermak, 328 E. 90th St., New York City, for details on the Harlow club.

The Sidney L. Bernstein questionnaire, going to a quarter of a million film goers in England, resulted in naming Norma Shearer the most popular actress shown on the British screen. George Arliss was named as the favorite actor. Members of the Norma Shearer Fan Club are certainly proud of the news. Hans Faxdahl, 1947 Broadway, New York City, is president of this club.

The April issue of "The Telescope," will celebrate the first birthday of the Lew Ayres Fan Club. Write to Helen Raether, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Michigan, for details about joining.

One of the members of the Vallee Booster Fan Club wrote a most successful song about their favorite, Rudy. It is "King of the Air." The club is sole distributors of the piece. All fans of Rudy Vallee are invited to write Beatrice "Val" Gordon, Lefferts Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., for club details.

Alice White's letter, appearing in the club bulletin of the "Alice White Fan Club," informs us that while at Palm Springs recently she entered her English sheep dog in a dog show. Snooty won three ribbons and a trophy.

This fan club is for girls only, and Lucile Carlson, 206 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., is president

The Movie Club Guild of Chicago is certainly going places and doing things. The progressive dinner we told you about in the last issue was a great success. They are now going in for all sorts of card parties. One was held March 14th.

Quintuplets in Hollywood, too. Peek-aboo, the Persian cat that belongs to Cora Sue Collins, recently had five kittens. Cora Sue named them for the five Dionne babies. All are doing well

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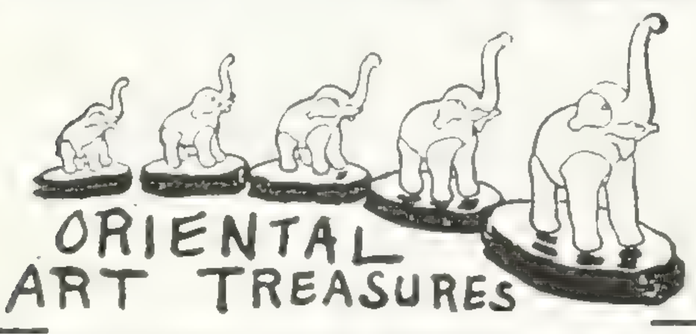

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DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
67 Minna Ave. at First, San Francisco

Mae West Can Play Anything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Paramount set to direct Mae West, I didn't know whether she was actually an actress, or, simply a woman with an amazing personality. She hadn't finished rehearsing the first scene until I knew the answer to that one.

It was "actress"!

There is none of the poseur in Mae West. She is so genuine in her work that she breathes life into characters that would be flamboyantly artificial in the hands of lesser players. For example: Jeanne Eagels was the only actress who succeeded in making *Sadie Thompson* a believable, sympathetic character.

In her characterizations we know so well in pictures today, Mae West is the soul of rhythm. Neither her seductive walk, her knowing, alluring wink, nor her languorous drawl are studied poses. I have seen several clever girls attempt to imitate Mae, but they always fail to even touch the real thing. Their Westian poses are jerky and unconvincing. In other words, the lure is lost.

LIKE our other few real actresses, Mae believes in what she is doing. She understands the necessity of rhythm and relaxation in acting. She reminds me of a "sleeping" leopard, completely relaxed, yet with all her senses fully alert for the big moment. To watch Mae play even an unimportant scene say, strolling nonchalantly across a set, stopping to light a cigarette for a man, is to watch the epitome of grace. But, to watch her really turn on the heat and "GIVE"—I'll leave the effect on your system to your own fertile imagination.

I wonder how many people realize that Mae West satirizes sex? She has made our old-fashioned vampires, those mysterious, pallid, emaciated, smoky-eyed females appear as futile as they usually are in real life. Her robust, lusty humor would do much towards humanizing several traditional characters.

Mae has always wanted to do a version of the *Queen of Sheba*. As this glamorous biblical character is almost wholly a legendary woman, the West version, however humorous, is apt to be as truthful as any.

—Catherine the Great—

OBSERVE the billing! I submit Mae West as *Catherine the Great*. Am I mad? Not at all. Read your history. What sort of woman was the amazing Empress of all the Russias? Not the glorified person we have seen in pictures. Not by any stretch of the imagination. Instead, she was a female *Don Juan* or *Casanova*, as well as a remarkably strong, dominating and fascinating woman.

She freely acknowledged taking her fun where she found it.

She was really a woman of great executive ability, and every inch an empress despite the irregularity of her moral life. To the very end, she was a great gal, good-natured and bubbling over with robust humor.

So much for the character that everyone will agree Mae West can play. I'll now go to the other extreme.

Mae could play a *Peg O' My Heart*.

—Mae as Peg—

Yes, I know this sounds ridiculous. What, La Belle West in curls and baby-faced innocence? No, that's not the idea. I'm talking about the plot of the play, not the character as played by the unforgetable Laurette Taylor.

If Mae were to play a *Peg O' My Heart* she need only forego the curls. The Irish brogue and mannerisms suit her personality to a T. An Irish-American shopgirl, say, who finds herself suddenly transplanted into stuffy English society because of an inheritance. Can't you picture Mae in these surroundings?

This plot is the same amusing idea, in reverse, as "Ruggles of Red Gap," which I have just directed. Here we have Charles Laughton and Roland Young, typical Britishers, suddenly transplanted into American Western society as typified by Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles. It hits the funny-bone.

In "Peg," everyone frowns upon her American manners. The only one who sees her true value is the English barrister who is administering the estate.

At the climax of the story, there is consternation in the stuffy household when it leaks out that someone has been attending clambakes with the "heavy."

Mae West in the rôle, realizing that the daughter is the guilty one, would rush to the defense with a crack running something like this:

"Wait a minute. If there is any fun like that going on around here, who do you think would be having it?"

—Tragic Stella—

Do you recall the grand performance the late Belle Bennett contributed to silent pictures as *Stella Dallas?*

If Samuel Goldwyn ever makes the picture again, and he probably will, "Stella" would be a sensational success with Mae in the rôle.

Here is a woman with no culture, no background. A silly butterfly-minded woman who valiantly strives to have her fling out of life, no matter what the cost. Yet she tears your heart out in her vain attempts to be a good mother to the child.

Here is an everyday character much older than *Peg*, much less colorful than *Catherine* and the *Queen of Sheba*.

I should like to see Mae West play the rôle, if only to demonstrate her latent versatility as an actress.

—Go West—

Suppose Mae were to go West? No pun intended, as "West" is a geographical location in this instance. One of the finest rôles in all fiction awaits her. A great woman, nurtured in the raw of the man-made Western pioneer world. A stern-fibered give-and-take girl who was much finer than most of her sheltered sisters.

I GIVE you Mae West as *Cherry Malotte* in "The Spoilers."

In the Rex Beach epic of the Alaskan gold rush days, Mae could go dramatic to the hilt. A touch of rollicking Westian humor here and there, but essentially tragic and bitter.

Can you picture, as I can, Mae as the faro dealer taking the boys? Or, playing a losing game for the hero's love with that gay "you can be had" attitude?

What else could she play? Well, how about that swell little person whose kindly, lovable nature captivated *Charles the First* quite as much as her lure as an actress and her sex appeal?

Nell Gwyn. I'd give a lot of salary for the opportunity to direct Mae in this gay and romantic, but tragic bit of history. Mae could contribute a characterization as rich and racy, laughable and human as was Charles Laughton's *Henry the Eighth.*

Unlike many of our outstanding screen personalities, Mae West will never be limited. She can play anything, and many surprising things well. She has terrific personal appeal on the screen. Women like her as well as men. Mae understands the psychology of her own sex.

She never takes a good woman's man away from her.

Never says "Come up and see me some time" to the wrong guy.

The audiences get a great kick out of Mae. Because they get as many laughs as they do thrills.

I have mentioned a few of the girls Mae West could play if she chose to—*Sheba, Catherine, Stella, Peg, Nell* and *Cherry.* It would not be at all difficult to picture her as *Madame X, Salvation Nell, DuBarry, Salomy Jane, Anna Christie,* or even the gal I've reserved for the last.

How about Mae playing opposite, say, John Barrymore, in "The Taming of the Shrew"?

Shades of Shakespeare! This is no jest. After all, you know, the Bard of Avon's women were down-to-earth gals. In my opinion, Mae could play the shrewish *Katharina* to John's domineering *Petrucchio* as well as most of our modern actresses.

Why not have a go at some of these girls, Mae?

Why not, indeed?

Here are the reasons:

1 . . . "She Done Him Wrong" made picture history.

2 . . . "I'm No Angel" made more money.

3 . . . "Belle of the Nineties" (despite censorship) making new records.

Sure, Mae West can change her character, but who wants her to?

I don't.

Dinner from Old Denmark

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

Sauce: Butter thickly six individual timbale moulds and sprinkle finely chopped parsley over bottom and sides. Carefully drop an egg into each mould so that yolk will not break. Set moulds in pan of boiling water to reach half the depth of timbales. Cover with iron lid and keep water steadily boiling. Whites will be firm in about eight minutes. Turn out the eggs carefully, garnished ends up, onto a platter covered with Madeira sauce. For the sauce, mix in a deep saucepan four tablespoons Madeira wine, two tablespoons tomato ketchup, one cup good stock. Bring to a boil and remove from fire. Mash together one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon cornstarch. Add to sauce and stir until smooth. Put saucepan over fire again and stir constantly until sauce comes to a boil. Sufficient for six persons.

Meatballs: Soak six tablespoons fine dry breadcrumbs in one-half cup cream, or less. Have ready nine ounces beef from loin, four ounces veal and four ounces pork, which has previously been put through a meat chopper five or six times. Better have your butcher do this. Mix the meat and soaked breadcrumbs, adding any remaining cream and one-half cup soda water drawn from a siphon, a little at a time. Now fry, without browning in one tablespoon butter two tablespoons finely chopped Bermuda onion. Stir into the meat mixture two-thirds teaspoon salt, one-third teaspoon white pepper, pinch of allspice, yolk of one or two eggs and fried onions. Shape in small balls and fry in butter, using low heat. Shake the pan occasionally to keep balls in shape. Serve with pan sauce poured over them and, if desired, a border of fried yellow onions.

Pigs' Trotters: Select four pig feet and singe over a non-sooting flame. Plunge them in boiling water with a little soda and scrape carefully. Repeat two or three times, changing the water, after which the feet should be quite white. Split in halves lengthwise, place in two quarts cold water, adding two tablespoons salt. Bring to a boil and let them cook from three to three and a half hours or until a toothpick will easily pierce them. Cool in cold water to make them whiter. Place in the liquid in which they were boiled to turn into jelly. Serve with pickled beets.

Here is another variation of the pigs' feet theme.

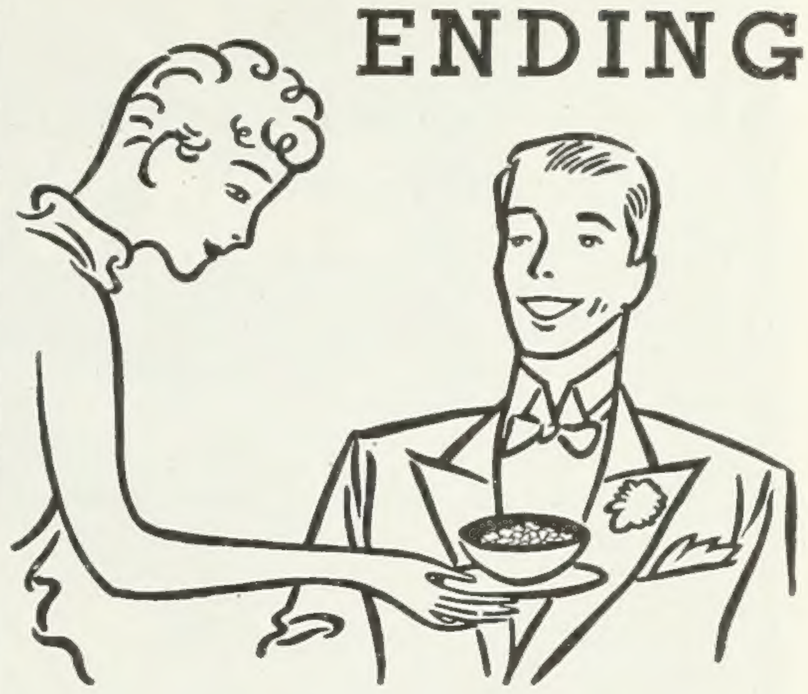
Pigs' Feet Saute: Prepare and cook as above. Cool, brush with a beaten egg, roll in fine breadcrumbs and fry to a golden yellow in butter.

The favorite dessert in the Brisson menu is *ablekage,* or apple cake with whipped cream.

When Mr. Brisson finished "All the King's Horses," he promised the electricians, laborers, wardrobe girls and other workers on the set a big party. Having heard what a typical Brisson meal was like, several of the electricians sent the star the following message: "Would you mind if we asked for ham and eggs? We can't pronounce much else on the menu."

The famous Stone family has moved *en masse* to Hollywood and plans to make its home there. Fred, with Paramount, and daughter Paula

HAPPY ENDING



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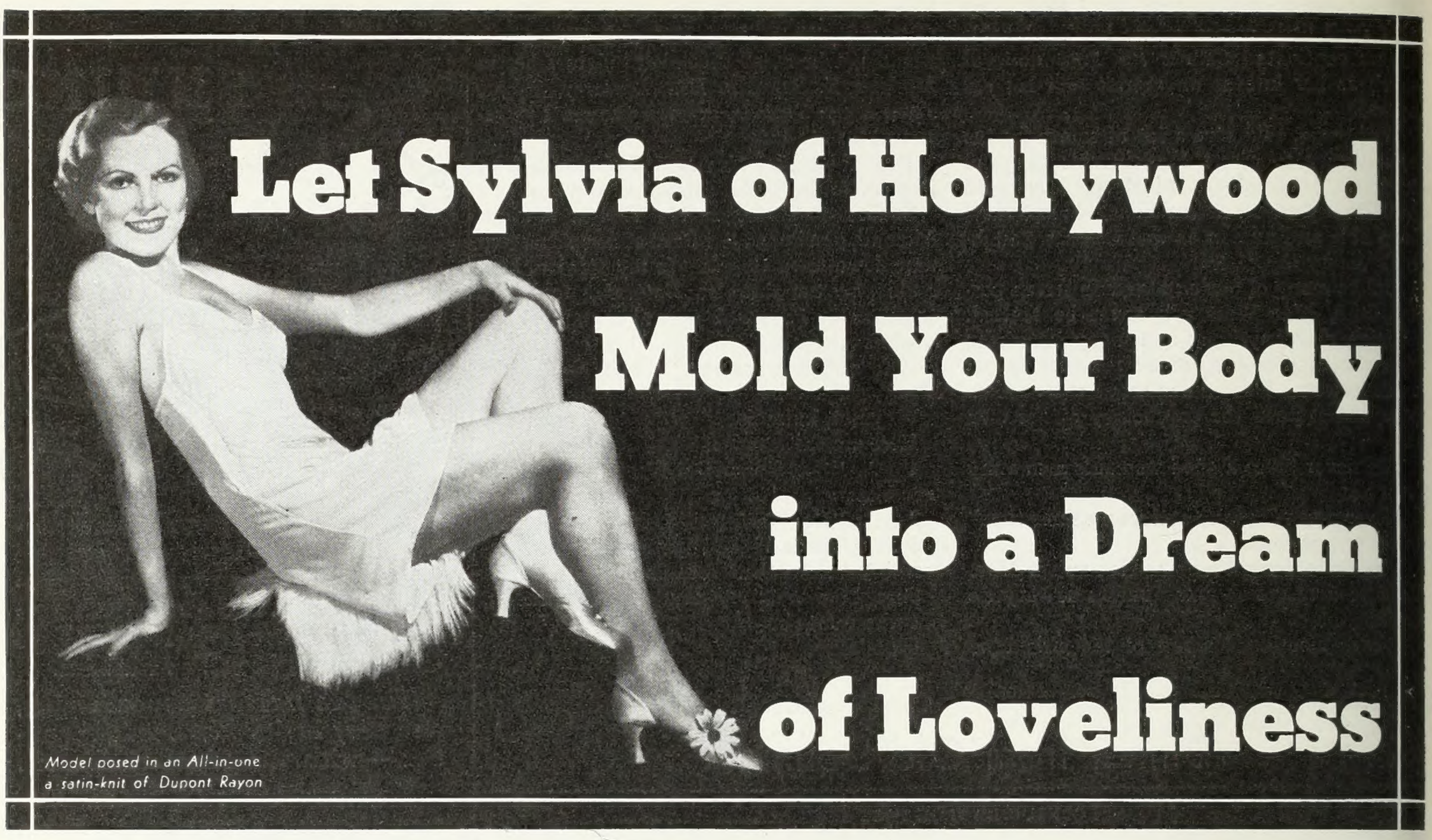

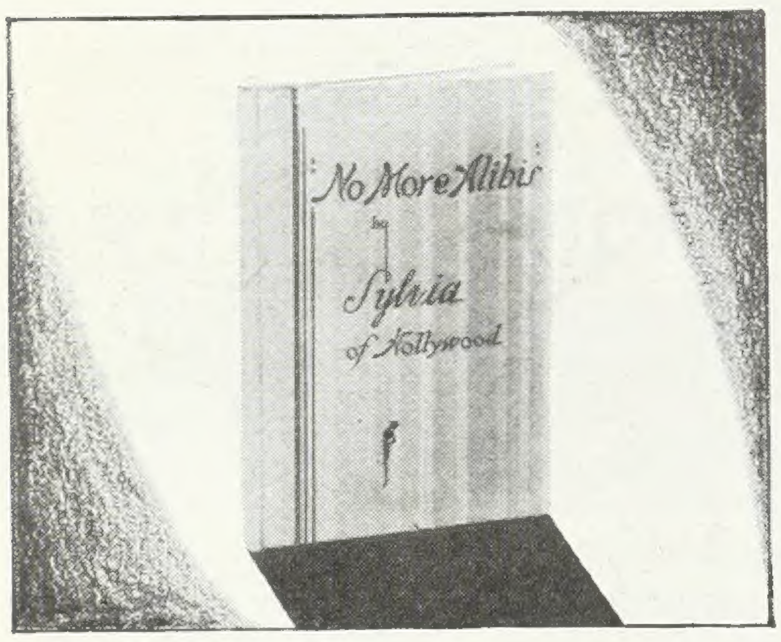

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DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
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THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
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CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepy Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
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And now Sylvia has just put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whit of observation and all the good sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years in making the human body ideally beautiful.

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In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time all of her carefully guarded health and beauty secrets . . . the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by photographs and excellent diets.

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Sylvia of Hollywood

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in *No More Alibis.*

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatments right in the privacy of your own home.

This great book only $1.00

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Address.....

City.....

State.....

Addresses of the Stars

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Paramount Studios

Iris Adrian
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Ben Bernie
Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Mary Ellen Brown
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Cary Grant
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Lois Kent
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Marina Schubert
Ann Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barcena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Jack Haley
Sterling Holloway
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Paul Kelly
Walter King
June Lang
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Valentin Parera
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Albert Shean
Berta Singerman
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Ann Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
Miriam Hopkins
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Ronald Colman
Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Lucille Ball
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Douglas Dumbrille
Wallace Ford
Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Constance Collier
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Dudley Digges
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell
Barbara Kent
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
William Powell
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Pinky Tomlin
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
June Clayworth
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Francis L. Sullivan
Mary Wallace
Polly Walters
Irene Ware
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Grace Ford
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Nan Gray
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Olive Jones
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Everett Marshall
June Martell
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Winifred Shaw
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
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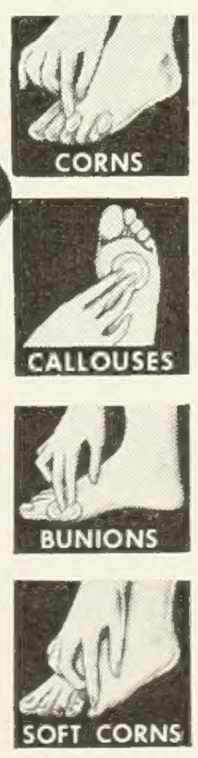

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

BET you don't know who "Lamb Chop" is. Well—it's Jean Harlow. That's what her stepfather calls her. Mama, of course, calls Jean "Baby."

Nobody around the house seems to use "Jean"—and no one in Hollywood ever has called her by her real name, Harlean.

WELL—at last Hollywood has a real prince who shuns the title instead of parading it.

The royal newcomer is Prince Sigvard Bernadotte, who gave up his royal rights to the Swedish ruling house when he married Fraulein Erika Patzek.

Prince Sigvard is enrolled at M-G-M merely as "Mr. Bernadotte," and that's how he wants to be known. "Mr. Bernadotte" is studying film direction and intends to make moving pictures his career, now that posing in ermine robes and crowns is out of style.

CONSIDER the problems of Freddie Bartholomew's Aunt "Sissy" who has to worry about Freddie's health and well being while all of Hollywood idolizes him.

Since coming to America, Freddie has developed an absolute craving for two things: American slang and chewing gum. And this is bad business to "Sissy," who simply can't stand either.

Incidentally, I can't help siding with "Sissy" on the slang question. If there ever was a more precisely beautiful English diction attached to a youngster, I've never heard it. It would be a shame to corrupt it.

However, despite the stories you would read about Jean's shunning night life—it's no longer exactly true. Jean is stepping out a bit now, which is as it should be, say I. No use in not having a whirl every now and then.

Jean does it in company with handsome Robert Taylor, the current big moment of more than one ardent lady in this here world.

Robert seems to have stepped right in and taken Jean away from her school-day sweetheart, Pancho Lucas. But my informants tell me that the Jean-Pancho heart-beat has been slowed down now for quite a spell.

Baby Jane's little exercise for the waistline. She says there is nothing to it. Why touch finger tips when you can touch your head?

LUCKY movie babies—

Hearken to the soft set-up Master or Miss Richard Dix will blink at when he or she arrives via the stork route one day real soon.

A specially built nursery with glass windows to let the full sun rays in, a private bathing pool with a fancy new lifter-upper which mechanically lifts baby right out of the water after his bath and puts him on a drying table, eliminating the chance of his falling and bumping his noggin, and a miniature playroom equipped for his pleasure from the very first "goo."

All this in advance, so when Young Dix arrives life will be a cinch.

FAR be it from me to accuse Jean Parker of going Hollywood, for if there is one sweet little girl who is a sweet little girl off the screen, as well as on, it is Jean.

Incidentally Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey have called it quits. Reason—things got too serious, with Irene saying it is too early in her career for romance.

THAT favorite and luxurious retreat of the Hollywood stars, La Quinta, is near the tiny desert town of Indio, deep in the Coachella Valley.

Recently Ronald Colman returned from a stay there absorbing the well known ultra violet rays, and ever since his friends have been calling him "Clive of Indio."

YOU husbands who have to hold something out on the little woman to get those new golf clubs, can sympathize with Paul Lukas. He has to have a new covering for his airplane, but Daisy doesn't approve of his flying. And Daisy holds the key to the exchequer. Paul is certainly giving his inventive imagination a lot of play these days. You ought to hear some of the funny things he needs just a little more money for—everything, of course, but a new plane cover! (He's only about two weeks away from it now or we wouldn't tell on him.)

I WAS on the set the other day at M-G-M where Bob Montgomery was shooting a scene in "No More Ladies."

I thought my eyes were deceiving me when I saw Bob in the midst of his lines, suddenly break into a spirited jig.

What ho—I thought—competition for Fred Astaire!

Then a set man confided that whenever Bob balls up his lines he always goes right into a bit of footwork. Let's off steam that way.

A CERTAIN Dr. Kressman is showing considerate interest in one Claudette Colbert—or can it be just professional concern?

BACK in 1919 Lloyd Hughes made the first picture at the studio now known in Hollywood as Monogram.

Lloyd played the lead with Enid Bennett (remember her?) in "The Haunted Bedroom." It was the first picture that the late producer, Thomas Ince, made at his new studios.

The other day, Lloyd started his screen comeback in "Honeymoon Limited"—at the same place.

THE demand for technical accuracy by motion picture studios knows no bounds. In the picture "Anna Karenina," being made with Garbo at M-G-M, little Freddy Bartholomew, of "David Copperfield" fame, has a part in which he plays with a number of Russian soldier dolls. These dolls were sent, after considerable costume research, to the art department, and ordered painted to the last accurate detail in the uniforms and correct colors of the old Imperial regiments they represented. They will photograph only in black and white—but it helps to keep the art department busy.

TRY 'em over: thermodynamics, electroballistics, self-synchronizing Silson motor. What's your score? Being able to handle these tongue-twisters won Ted Healy the fire control mechanic's rôle in "Murder in the Fleet"—crime on a warship.

Ted insists he can get laughs out of the long words without mispronouncing them.

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